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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. VALENTINE.

Ballantyne Press
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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. VALENTINE,

DEC 1882
JEYPORE.
BODLEIANA.

With a Sketch of her Father,

JUDGE FRASER OF LUCKNOW.

BY

MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

LONDON:
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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. VALENTINE.

those who were further advanced than himself, and obtaining from them their hearty assistance.

When he was about or a little over fifteen years of age, what with undue exposure to the sun and overwork, he was seized with an illness which every one believed would end fatally. The doctors held out a faint ray of hope to the distressed mother, but agreed that the only chance for her promising boy was entire rest and a long sea-voyage. A kind-hearted captain, who, no doubt, had had some business dealings with the young trader, was found willing to take him on board his own ship for a small sum of money and such assistance as the lad might be able to give in the way of writing and keeping the ship's accounts. The sick—and, as many supposed, the dying—boy was carried on board when the ship set sail for China. The rest, the regular food, and the strength-giving breezes of the ocean, soon had a wonderful restorative effect upon him; so much so, that he was once more restored to his usual health and spirits. The only thing to be regretted was that "his mother could not see how strong he had become." In after-years he used often to dwell upon that period of his life as one of the great turning-points of his history. The comparative leisure on board ship, so opportunely granted, was made good use of by him in reading—nay, it ought rather to be said devouring—the miscellaneous books, only too few at most, that were to be had in the vessel. He showed himself always prompt to give active help at any requirement of ship's duty whenever it lay in his power; and he became such a favourite, that the men were quite willing to pour into his listening ear their stories of eventful life afloat, of shipwreck undergone, and of dangers escaped, foreign

climes, or strange people; and he did not fail to profit by these opportunities.

Beyond doubt, Edward Fraser possessed uncommon natural gifts. His power to reproduce what he read and to introduce it into his conversation astonished and delighted the captain as well as the crew, consequently he was looked upon by "all hands" as a youthful prodigy. This extraordinary conversational power was acknowledged by all his friends to be something far above the average; and it may be mentioned here what a friend, writing on this subject, says in regard to it: "I knew him best through his personal talk, or perhaps I should rather say, it was thus that I first got an avenue into his mind, so as to appreciate its characteristic structure and acquirements; so I can best describe him as I knew him, by speaking of him under this aspect. As a conversationalist he was above all I have ever known—with perhaps one exception—*facile princeps*. He had knowledge, freshness, readiness, wit, sparkle, everything to make his talk not merely interesting but memorable. And while ever ready to pour forth in continuous stream, if need be, as did Coleridge, he was just as much at home and prepared for the 'give-and-take,' which forms the attic salt of conversation. You always felt, while conversing with him, that you were in contact with a man of powerful intellect, extensive information, and unimpeachable morality."

On his return from China he again employed himself in river traffic by boat, somewhat extending his line of business to the purchase of articles from ships that came into port at Calcutta, and then rowing from town to town and from village to village along the banks of the Hooghly, to dispose of his merchandise

to his now numerous customers. In the evening he added the writing of shorthand to his other studies, and became one of the best shorthand writers in India, introducing several improvements into the systems that existed at that time.

On the death of his stepfather, Edward Fraser, when about seventeen years of age, went back to live with his mother, and set himself with redoubled energy to the object of placing her in a position of comfort as regarded worldly means. His tenderness for his mother from his earliest years was one of the most notable things about him among the many that rendered him conspicuous; a trait which was repeated to quite as large a degree in his daughter; for, as one who well knew the latter has expressed it, "one point in her character which always touched me much, and which is affecting to think of to this day, was the very deep and reverential affection she bore towards her father. She would never weary of hearing about him, and her greatest pride was to be like him."

Another illness ere long interrupted his plans; and having found such benefit from the previous trip to China, he obtained a situation as clerk in a ship trading between Calcutta, Singapore, and Burmah. By way of salary for such office he was to receive, besides berth and board, liberty of stowage for whatever merchandise he might wish to take out there. During this voyage he learnt navigation, and soon became an expert in everything concerning the management of a ship. The small stock of goods he was able to bring back in return to Calcutta was sold to such good advantage, that he had serious thoughts of becoming a regular trader, and with this view entered himself as second mate on board a vessel trading to Burmah, Arracan,

and Japan. In that capacity he made the voyage, scrupulously attended to his duties on board ship, also did business for the captain ashore at the various ports, while at the same time he was careful to observe the several countries that were touched at, their social habits and customs, their respective facilities for trade, and other capabilities. In acquiring this information he freely mixed with the people, and on several occasions exposed himself to dangers that might have ended disastrously.

After having made several such trips, turning them always to commercial account, he was thus placed in circumstances of comparative ease, and being now unwilling to leave his mother for any lengthened interval, he cast about for some way by which he could earn a competency on shore. Between times during the aforesaid period he had written newspaper articles giving much useful information about the countries he had visited, describing their susceptibilities for commerce, making accurate statements concerning the political condition, natural resources, inhabitants, &c., which attracted much attention through the press of the day. His trading speculations were now allowed to fall into abeyance, and he became fully employed upon the staff of the "Indian Gazetteer," his mother not only rejoicing to have him thus beside her, but at his clear advancement in position.

About this time his school-friend W—— J——, who had entered the Chief Engineer's office, again renewed acquaintance with Edward Fraser, and these two, along with several other young lads, attended the theatre, and became smitten with such a desire "to strut their little hour upon the stage," that they set themselves to collect money to carry out the desired end. This aid they

received liberally from the numerous indigo-planters and others in the neighbourhood who favoured public amusements; Mr. B——, whom young J—— knew, being especially generous. The young men themselves, with the help of native workmen, erected a theatre in the form of a large wooden shed with cloth hangings, capable of containing 150 or 200 people, in what was then called "Fenouk Bazaar," Madge's Lane—afterwards becoming "The Grosvenor" and "Royal,"—the scenery being painted by the enterprising young men with their own hands, but chiefly by J—— M——, W—— J——, and Edward Fraser.

When the necessary arrangements were completed, they opened the theatre, Edward Fraser taking the higher comedy parts; and so popular did the entertainment become, that it attracted many members of the Civil Service at that time resident in Calcutta, among these Mr. Siddons, a relation of the great actress, Meredith Parker the poet, and Dr. Wilson the celebrated Sanscrit scholar, who to his other accomplishments added a histrionic talent of no mean degree. The first entrance-money was spent in the purchase of chairs and chandeliers, those that were first used having been obtained in loan from the Town Hall, and the after-proceeds in adding to the comfort of the theatre and in securing "stage-properties." This theatrical entertainment was continued for about a couple of years, all the time becoming more popular, until, at the end of that period, actresses were introduced, and the original proprietors withdrew from their connection with it, and became scattered, many of them to fill positions of trust and usefulness. Possibly the last survivor of this youthful histrionic group is Mr. W. J., who, while occupying various successive posts under the Government of the

North-West Provinces, has spent a quiet, blameless Christian life, and is now passing the evening of his days at Simla. There he rendered every assistance in his power to the work of the Anglo-Indian Christian Mission, as well as to other benevolent enterprises throughout Upper India. The friendship he had formed with young Fraser in those early Calcutta days was continued until the death of the latter. They lived on the most intimate terms, unitedly engaging in many good works both in Allahabad and Agra, and to Isabel Fraser as well as to a large circle of friends Mr. J—— was familiarly known as "dear Uncle Jack."

While employed upon the "Indian Gazetteer," the accuracy of Edward Fraser's reports and the terseness of his writings were observed by several members of the Government; markedly so by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who offered him an appointment as assistant registrar for the Sudder Dewani. This post he accepted, the chief registrar being Welby Jackson, C.S., and removed to Allahabad in 1834. His mother joined him a year or two after. In 1838 he married Henrietta C. Smith, daughter of an indigo-planter in Lower Bengal. Mr. Fraser started with a salary of 300 rupees a month, afterwards raised to 400 rupees, a salary in those days very large, for Sir George Kellner takes pride in stating that he began his career as a public servant on 35 rupees *per mensem*. Mr. Fraser entered upon the duties of his office with such vigour as specially to attract the notice of his superiors and to call forth their approbation. In many instances they availed themselves of his services in matters that lay immediately within their respective departments, sometimes expressly acknowledging the

source from whence the assistance came. Though the work was new to him, and he had been raised over the heads of those who had been in the service for years, his strong, well-built frame and active intellect found the duties of his office inadequate to call out the whole amount of energetic occupation he required. He was enlisted as a performer in the station theatre, became an enthusiastic Freemason, was made Master of the Lodge and Principal of the Royal Arch Chapter.

He also began to contribute to the newspapers of Upper India, under the *nom de plume* of X*, a series of letters and articles, which, for the next twenty years, extended over a vast range of subjects, and marked him out as one of the most accomplished writers and keen controversialists in the North-West Provinces.

It was while attending the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. MacEwan, of the first American Presbyterian Mission at Allahabad, that Mr. Fraser became first strongly impressed with a sense of Divine realities. The doctrines of evangelical Christianity, the vital power of the Gospel, the supreme importance of spiritual things, undoubtedly then rose into the ascendant over his mental horizon, where mere temporal concerns had before been all-engrossing. Thenceforward the chief force of his great mental capabilities was thrown into religious channels. Life became too serious a thing with him and time too precious to have any portion of it spent under the roof of a theatre. Freemasonry was laid altogether aside. As he had hitherto worked for the world with all his strength and might, now that he had chosen to be openly on the Lord's side, he felt how much it behoved him to be up and doing his utmost in the Master's service against the abounding powers of evil. The more especially did this conviction

seem to have been borne in upon him amidst a land where not only were vast agencies of iniquity at work, but where the example of so-called Christians was by far oftenest such as to present before heathendom's eyes a flagrant argument against the Bible itself as a converting power. He begun a prayer and Bible meeting in his house, which was attended by the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Mission and by the Rev. Mr. MacIntosh of the Baptist Mission Society.

As the American missionaries had held services in their own house, for want of a more suitable place, the idea of building a church by subscription now took hold of Mr. Fraser's active brain. He drew up a prospectus of the scheme, then set about collecting the money, in which endeavour he was so successful that in a very short time a sufficient sum was raised. The first Presbyterian church of Allahabad was thus built, he being one of its first elders. Previous to that time, the church had been organised by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, who gave it its true Presbyterian constitution, though the congregation consisted of members of all Churches. In an open space in front of the courts of justice, services had been held both on Sabbath and week-days, Mr. Fraser frequently conducting them; and not only was he thus employed in building up the church, but in pulling down what he may have formerly contributed to stimulate in the way of justification for frivolous and injurious amusement. As no one better knew the ground or the excuse for such, so no one could more fitly, duly, and ably undertake to supply the best substitutes in so far as ordinary requirements were concerned. With this view he directed his efforts towards introducing and promoting recreations of a kind in which instruction was made prominent, for the benefit

of young men connected with offices, clerkships, and other posts, whether civil or military, while at the same time youthful tastes were largely allowed for. He formed a Scientific and Literary Society, where he himself delivered lectures, and got others to do the same. Many who were then young men still speak of his lectures with admiration, more especially of two, the one "On Light," the other "On Water." He rendered yeoman service to the Bible and Tract Society, not only writing several tracts himself, but getting others induced to do so likewise, on such subjects as were near his own heart. The whole of the expenses connected with these publications were defrayed by himself.

In 1842 the seat of Government of the North-West Provinces was removed from Allahabad to Agra, when Mr. Fraser was appointed assistant secretary to the Sudder Board of Revenue, Sir Henry Elliot being then chief. It may not be inappropriate to introduce the hearty testimony of his worth and merit from the pen of Sir Henry Elliot's successor, Sir William Muir, who had every opportunity of judging, he having been associated with Mr. Fraser for many years:—

"It is a great pleasure to respond to your request about Mr. E. G. Fraser. I knew him well at Agra for ten years before the Mutiny, and during half of that period was in almost daily communication with him as my assistant secretary on the Board of Revenue. A vigorous, earnest, thorough man, he made his influence felt all around him, and it was all for good. I need not speak of his official worth, in which his integrity and zeal kept a large office under excellent discipline. He was ever on the alert for schemes to benefit the lower

European and Eurasian classes, who abounded at that time in Agra, then the seat of Mr. Thomason's government in the North-West Provinces. Similar were his efforts to educate the young and to ameliorate the state of the poor. He held his own views as a Presbyterian with tenacity, but had a large heart to live and co-operate with all the followers of our Lord; and especially in aiding missionary councils, in promoting the interests of the Bible Society and the Tract Society (which latter was established at Agra during the period I mention), his assistance was invaluable. He gained, as an ardent Christian, the confidence of all classes, from the Lieutenant-Governor to the lowest clerk; and both while my assistant and after that, I entertained the sincerest regard for him.

"After the Mutiny (1857) I did not see much of him, as he was transferred to Jhansi, on his promotion to the post of 'Principal Sudder Ameen' (now known as Subjudge), held previously by Mr. Andrews, who had been cruelly butchered at the gate of the palace by the Queen's own servants. Afterwards he was posted to the responsible office of Civil Judge at Lucknow. This was a suitable reward for his long and faithful service, and I always heard that he maintained there the same high character, both officially and personally, as he had at Agra, and he died regretted by all.

(Signed) WILLIAM MUIR.

"*P.S.*—He was the mainspring of the Sunday-school at Agra, a large institution, which proved of great service to the Eurasian community, and to which many men and women now in Upper India look back, I do not doubt, to this day, with thankfulness for Mr. Fraser's untiring efforts."

In reference to these former Agra days, the Rev. Thomas G. Clark of Odessa, writing from thence, says: "It would afford me great pleasure if, according to your wish, I could gather into a few paragraphs what I recollect about the late Judge Fraser. A man very dear to me, he was the chief figure in the first and most interesting part of my Indian ministry. The time of my intercourse with him now lies far back, upwards of a quarter of a century; but his image remains vivid in memory, as genial and full of expression as when we said adieu to each other on the outskirts of Agra. The truth is, the subject of this notice was an uncommon man, nor could he have been even met by chance without awaking interest, so attractive were, taken together, that broad expanse of candid features, that voluble intelligence of manner, and that high, erect, springy form. Few indeed have struck me as comprehending in themselves so much genuine life. In him the capacity of sympathy took a wide range, no human interest being alien to him; while he had the rare faculty of giving practical shape to his schemes, along with a speculative impulse which cast the charm of liberality over all of them.

"My first sight of him was characteristic. A Presbyterian church had, through his energy, been built at Agra. The plan of the church was his own, with a light, quaint style of spire—curiously emblematic of his composite mind—rising over a polygonal body. And a minister having been arranged for with the Rev. Dr. Duff, on a visit made by that eminent Scotch missionary to the city, it was my fortune to be appointed, in the spring of 1853, to take the sacred charge there. The journey from Bombay by car over a rough tract of eight hundred miles tested the physical and moral forces of

Mrs. Clark and myself, with hot winds already blowing, and the terrible features of Hindu idolatry staring on us for the first time. But all this, by the gentle and chivalrous care of Mr. Fraser, had been considered on our behalf, a noble solicitude of others being a prominent element in his fine nature; and a stage before we reached Agra, when passing the night in the Government bungalow, so as to arrive early next day, we were surprised by his appearance at dawn to welcome us, bringing delicious fruits of every kind for our refreshment; his company thenceforward into the new and strange sphere of duty being an advantage of no slight benefit.

"At all times, from first to last, during a period of eighteen months, our friend showed the same consideration. His house was a general rendezvous in the evenings, when his face blandly radiated with benevolence as time after time the mouthpiece of his bubbling chibouque was taken from his lips, and he poured forth his genial talk, animate with information or with thoughtful remark. Yet the chief thing perhaps which showed his special bent was his singularly efficient conduct of such religious meetings as are often best presided over by Christian laymen. The voice on these occasions was lifted up with a soft pathetic tone in it; not only was the vein of thought most devout, but there breathed through the forms of illustration a happy mixture of the man of the world and of the humble believer's broken and contrite spirit. It comes back on me as if it had been yesterday how once, driving out in my buggy from the manse, which was behind the church, on a visit to a dying parishioner, I overheard him through the open windows as he thus harangued to an attentive audience on the worth of the

soul, the point and earnestness of his address raising the versatile fluency of his ordinary speech into eloquence. A friend he was to the friendless especially. His influence constituted to many young people, single and married, a moral pivot, so to speak, on which their daily lives turned in safety; and being a man of public aims, he entered with enthusiasm into any plan of useful intercourse, any scheme of culture, any arrangements for a course of popular lectures, or aught else of a similar nature which could benefit the community around. The conflict of race between the members of the British Civil Service and the Eurasians, who are of mixed blood but of quite European character in faith and in social habit, was observed by him with passionate interest. His efforts were never wanting to modify it, and to soothe the chafed tempers of the latter unprivileged class.

"Such, in general, was the father of your heroine, Isabel Fraser. His character grew in attraction as the opportunity was afforded of penetrating within the sanctuary of his domestic life. It was natural enough that the partner of his most hallowed social feelings should be, as she was, one less demonstrative than himself. In his wife he had the counterpoise to his own restless, inquiring, active mind. Mrs. Fraser was there, indeed, the fitting complement to what might else have been a life even more quickly expended under those burning skies than it was. Shy, retiring, calm, not often to be seen in mixed company with her husband—she had a wonderful charm when she did come forth, and obviously excited a fascination over the Judge. At once his manner changed on her appearance in the drawing-room; he hovered about her, catching by side-glances every look she dropped, and anticipated her slightest

want with the assiduous care of a lover. On her side, again, in return, she had a way of fixing her eye upon him with the deep, soft, shadowy gaze of her people—being of Eurasian birth—and with a smile of indefinite delight playing on her lips. Otherwise a certain sadness had been left there, no doubt caused by the great disappointment in the loss of her first child—a boy—added to a somewhat delicate state of health, throwing a peculiar light of tenderness about all their intercourse, to which local circumstances further conduced. To complete the picture of the man at home should be added the fond partiality of an aged mother, whose touching foible it was to sing his praises the livelong day. During my stay at Agra the venerable old lady died, and on her tomb was inscribed by her devoted son the epithet of 'a mother in Israel,' which had incidentally been applied to her in the funeral sermon preached on the occasion.

"To my regret now, circumstances at the time did not favour intimate acquaintance with the character of the chief subject of your memoir. Mrs. Valentine was then a mere child, usually sharing the retirement of her mother; but she flits before me with a face which took its form from her father, and yet blended in its expression the soft, feminine glow of the one parent along with the sparkling, energetic intelligence of the other. It was evident that the affections of both father and mother revolved round this darling child, the idol of their hearts, while a pride lurked in the father's glance as he looked on his little 'Dottie'—as she was familiarly called both by her father and intimate friends—and probably counted on the day when she should go forth into the world to be the cynosure of many eyes within her own circle.

"As Judge Fraser was the first to greet us on our arrival, so, on our leaving for Bombay, when a call came to a vacancy in that stirring capital of Western India, he was the last to bid us farewell. Still he lingered for a moment by the side of our carriage outside the city as the crowd of our beloved flock and other friends dropped behind with kindly tears in their eyes; and when at length we shook hands, and he too was gone, it was impossible not to feel that we had parted from a good and a remarkable man.

"I am grateful for the opportunity afforded by your request, of weaving this slight wreath for the tomb of my friend Judge Fraser, and of recalling a time now long past, but vividly linked in interest with his pleasant memory."

The Rev. James Williamson, late of Lucknow, in adding his tribute says: "I had frequently heard of Mr. Fraser, before I became personally acquainted with him at Lucknow, from members of the Allahabad congregation, who had been intimately acquainted with him in Agra. He had been the principal support of the Presbyterian church, the trusted counsellor of the minister, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, which he had brought to the highest state of efficiency; and he had taken a very warm and helpful interest in the Bible and Tract Society. Whenever there was any movement for promoting the social and spiritual welfare of the community, his interest was always certain to give it a helping hand. He had taken a very prominent part in securing the valuable services of the American Presbyterian missionaries to carry on the High School, which was such a boon to the European and the Eurasian inhabitants of the North-West Provinces. Very many young men speak most gratefully of the kindly

encouragement, warm sympathy, and judicious advice which they received from Mr. Fraser; his high Christian character and energetic Christian effort having showed them, indeed, that it was quite possible for a man to be an out-and-out Christian, and at the same time to occupy the highest place as a Government servant.

"When I knew Mr. Fraser at Lucknow, he was acting as Civil Judge, and I believe that there is only one opinion in regard to the nature of his conduct in that important position, and how completely the satisfactory manner in which he performed his duties justified Government in their departure from precedent in appointing a revenue officer to the responsible position of Civil Judge of Lucknow. I believe that it is a well-known fact that the Privy Council in London passed the highest encomium upon some of his decisions, evincing, as they did, an intimate knowledge of the Mohammedan law, and that in the North-West Provinces there was no judge whose decisions were so seldom challenged at home and obtained such praise. Mr. Fraser was a most catholic-minded man, and while, from birth and connection, he was a warm Presbyterian, he was ever ready to work with any Christian who held the truth as it is in Jesus. I valued him as a friend whom it was an honour to know, and from whose conversation I could always benefit."

Bishop French of Lahore bears his testimony in glowing terms with regard to Mr. Fraser's warm sympathy and active influence with the societies and Church missions, and remarks "how many other men of his time remember his interesting letters to the 'Delhi Gazette' newspaper, and speak of them as something wonderful, ranging as they did over such a

vast variety of subjects, all with the view of instructing the large class to whom they were addressed to assist themselves; while his suggestive ideas, rising above the things of time and sense, pointed onward to things of eternal interest."

The press, too, was not behind in paying a just tribute to his memory. A correspondent of the "Delhi Gazette" at Dehra Doon thus writes:—

"You will be sorry to learn that Mr. Edward Gustavus Fraser, the well-known Civil Judge of Lucknow, is no more. He breathed his last at Landour on July 5 (1868). On the following evening his remains were interred in our station burial-ground. Some months ago, in prospect of the event that has taken place, he requested that on his decease his body should be laid side-by-side with that of the late Rev. R. S. Fullerton, American missionary, late of the Farrukhabad Mission. He had formed a strong attachment to his missionary friends years ago at Agra, and this touching tribute of his undying regard for one of them has been paid with a scrupulous regard to his last wishes. Thus has passed away from our midst a man who for the last quarter of a century has held a prominent position in the Anglo-Indian society of these provinces. His talents, his varied and extensive knowledge, his philanthropy, and his genuine Christian principle, commanded the respect of all who knew him. The particular service to which he belonged owes him much. No man of his time did more to elevate and improve 'the uncovenanted Civil Service' than he did. He was its recognised head and its chiefest ornament. Step by step he rose to a rank which had never been attained by any of his predecessors, and it is pretty well known that had he lived a few years longer, still greater elevation awaited

him. On his retirement from the service some months ago, he was warmly recommended for the highest rate of pension ever awarded to 'even extraordinary merit.' This estimate of his character as a public servant of Government by his immediate superiors is borne out by the opinion of all who knew him. It was, however, as a Christian philanthropist that Mr. Fraser's character shone brightest. In the church, in the Sunday-school, in the sick-chamber, among the dwellings of the poor, and wherever sympathy was needed or the liberal hand could help, there was he to be found. How many of his countrymen he has taken by the hand and helped into positions of usefulness and respectability, and how generous have been his contributions to the moral improvement of the natives of the land, the record of our missionary institutions all over the North-West Provinces will show. He has passed away, but his brilliant example will long continue to stimulate others to follow in his footsteps."

CHAPTER II.

HER EARLY DAYS.

IN the magnificent city of the renowned Emperor Akbar, in the midst of her father's recognised usefulness, Isabel Fraser was born. That she was able to appreciate all the gorgeous Eastern splendour of Agra, even at a very early age, can be gathered from her own letters, where she dwells on the happy memories and the surpassing fairy-like beauty of "dear old Agra," as she fondly recalls it in after-years, when telling her children or her home-circle of friends how her early life was spent. An account kindly given of her by her own and her father's much-valued friend, the Rev. Mr. S—— of Laurencekirk, is not without interest:—

"One summer day, many years ago," says Mr. S——, "when going down-street, I met a gentleman leading by the hand a little girl of about seven years of age. He had a grand and a noble bearing which arrested my attention as I passed. In a short time I returned home, and not many minutes afterwards the door-bell rang, and the servant brought me a card bearing the name of 'Edward Gustavus Fraser.' I went down to receive my visitor, and found the gentleman and the little girl whom I had observed walking along the street. He mentioned he had come from India, that he intended to remain in the district for some time, and consequently had called, Indian fashion, to pay his

respects. We soon got into conversation, and from that moment there began one of those few friendships which I look upon as among the great privileges of my life. For a short time after that interview, Mr. Fraser and I met occasionally; then, as we knew one another better, we met frequently, and before he left Scotland we were together every day. And certainly the impression he left upon my mind is very vivid, both as to his power of imprinting himself upon another and of attracting another to him,—a power I may call quite magnetic.

"The picture of the little daughter during that first visit is photographed on my mind in a way that is even yet interesting and amusing. I wish I could reproduce it. She sat upon a low hassock with her limbs doubled under her Hindostanee-wise. The suppleness of her limbs, which were, nevertheless, well formed and strong, struck me much, for they seemed all joint as she moved them about and put them into all sorts of positions, as if they had been flexible throughout. At other moments she would sit with body and head erect, her clear glancing black eyes taking in everything in the room, and at the same time showing she was intelligently listening and keenly alive to all that was said. From that time onward I saw a good deal of her till her education was finished, as, with the exception of one or two visits to India, she was for the most part educated in England, always visiting our district during the holidays. She regularly attended my ministry while here, and felt towards me and treated me as her minister and friend. When she saw me in the street, her first act was to bound towards me, especially if she had been away for a time. And this continued far on into girlhood, when she began to think she was too old, and consequently that it was not the proper thing to do."

The interview here recorded must have taken place about the year 1856 or 1857, when Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, with their daughter, had, very fortunately for them, left India on a visit to Scotland. During their stay there the Indian Mutiny broke out. Mr. Fraser's house in Agra, like many others, was burned down, and, what he most regretted, his very fine library and valuable manuscripts were destroyed. "It was a night never to be forgotten," writes a friend. "All our houses, except those immediately contiguous to the fort, were gutted and burnt; the greater part of our public records were destroyed; and by the lurid light of the fires they had ignited might have been seen those savages, the mutineers, dancing with frantic delight around the wrecks and ruins they had created."

After this time of great anxiety was nearly over, but while the country was in a very unsettled state, we find that Mr. Fraser returned to India alone about 1858, going direct or almost immediately to Jhansi on his appointment as Principal Sudder Ameen, in the room of Mr. Andrews, who was butchered at the palace door by the Ranee's own servants. It was no enviable position he had to fill, nor an easy task to perform. The story of Jhansi, as given in the third volume of "Kaye's Sepoy War," though much abridged, is an interesting account, and well worthy of perusal.

Although the Mutiny may be said to have quite ended before Mr. Fraser took up his appointment, yet mutinous bands were still moving about the country, robbing and murdering any Europeans who came in their way. The journey at that time was performed by means of the palki-dâk; and as Mr. Fraser was proceeding on his way to take up his appointment, accompanied by several sowars or mounted policemen, a cry

was raised, "The mutineers are coming!" Sure enough in the distance a cloud of dust but too surely proclaimed that such was the case. One of the sowars rode back to see, and came galloping up to his companions to confirm the alarm, with the additional information that he believed the force was headed by the notorious mutineer Burzor Singh.

The bearers of the palki, the cook, and the other servants of Mr. Fraser—one man only excepted—together with the sowars, all made off as quickly as possible. The servant who remained was Rahm Alli, who had been in his service since a boy, and now proved his faithfulness by entreating to be allowed to remain with and share the fortunes of his master. Mr. Fraser, however, would not consent to this act; he pulled out his watch and gave it and the whole of his money into his keeping, saying, "You are a native, therefore more likely to escape than I am. If I fall, give these to my wife and daughter."

As quickly as possible they betook themselves to the jungle, at one time escaping down the beds of dried-up streams, through plantations of trees and thickets of long grass. They at length arrived at a village where the inhabitants, being friendly, sheltered and hid them in one of their houses surrounded by a high wall, the back of the house, in which there were no windows, being turned to the street. In the course of an hour or so the mutinous rabble passed through the village, and from his hiding-place Mr. Fraser distinctly heard them asking if an English gentleman had come to the village. The answer was an emphatic, "No—no Feringee had been seen there."

After remaining in his place of concealment for what seemed a considerable time, Mr. Fraser ventured out,

to find himself in the middle of the rebel troop's camp-followers, who had lazily scattered behind. In a commanding tone of voice Mr. Fraser said, "Stand aside! Make room for me to pass." The people were so taken by surprise, or so struck with his appearance, that they made no effort to oppose his passage. This incident well bore out what was said of him, that "his physique was in fine harmony with his mental structure: large and leonine in aspect, while genially mild at heart, he blended power, in no common degree, with habitual gentleness."

Again he and his faithful servant returned through the jungle to the palanquin, which he found had been plundered, but he was thankful his life had been spared. On the return of his bearers he proceeded to the house of the Commissioner of the district and told him what had happened, whereupon information was communicated to the various military posts on the road to look after them. Several hours afterwards the sowars arrived, and reported to the Commissioner that they had been overtaken by Burzor Singh's force, and how they had closed round Mr. Fraser's palki and fought bravely in his defence, yet, seeing that they were about to be overpowered by a superior force, they had beaten a retreat, and had ridden as hard as their horses could carry them to get assistance, but doubtless ere it could reach him the Sahib must have perished.

In after-years Mr. Fraser used to amuse his daughter by telling of the foolish appearance the sowars presented when he stepped out into the verandah and upbraided them for their cowardice.

The city of Jhansi was in a most unsettled state for long afterwards. Near Mr. Fraser's house was a native village, the inhabitants of which were known as regular

budmashes—wicked people; and no sooner did Mr. Fraser and his friends appear on the roof of his house than he was saluted with showers of stones. On asking what this conduct meant, he was told that "the stones proceeded from the ghosts of the murdered people." Mr. Fraser significantly answered, "Then I shall require to guard myself against their wickedness: so if any more stones are thrown, I shall instantly fire in the direction from whence they come!" The "ghosts," hearing these words, quickly disappeared, for thenceforward no more stones were thrown at the Ameen's house or its inmates. It was deemed necessary for all Europeans to arm themselves with a revolver, or some other handy weapon, when going out to drive in their carriages. During the Mutiny and its immediate results, men with strong faith in the protection of God considered it advisable to accustom themselves to the use of firearms.

Throughout these anxious days Mrs. Fraser and her little daughter were residing in England and Scotland, but now that the country had become once more somewhat settled, Mr. Fraser set about getting a new bungalow built at Agra for their reception. It bore the name of the Kunkar Walla Koti. In various parts of the wall which surrounded the large compound, tablets were inserted, on which passages from the Bible were engraved in the native languages, so as to attract the eye of the Munshis—native writers—as they went and returned to the courts. It would then appear—the new home being almost ready—that his wife and daughter received the glad summons to turn their faces homeward. A journal kept "for dearest papa" during the voyage from Southampton to Calcutta is the record of that time. Here occur the first materials

we have from herself, with the exception of a short letter without a date, written in half-text, to her papa, which bears the marks of his careful folding, and is docqueted, "Answered 14th Sept. 1858." There she makes mention of "Alick"—an adopted brother—as having "returned from school," and that she was "sure papa would be glad to know" that she herself "had got a prize at midsummer," and "how eagerly she was waiting for her mother's leave to go back to school," and how ardently she "wished her mamma might allow her to do so soon." The Alick referred to had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Fraser on the death of their own son, a child previous to Isabel, and he thenceforth had become as one of their own family, being treated with constant and tender affection.

The journal shows the methodical turn of her mind, as well as some degree of observation for so young a child. One marked feature is seen in the careful notes she made of the texts chosen on Sunday, and the remarks made on them, showing both the bent of her own mind and that she knew what would please her father best to hear about. From a letter to "my own precious papa," dated 21st January (1859), we learn that they arrived in Calcutta on the 30th of October, and received a hearty welcome from a friend, who came to see them ashore, and who had brought his servant to help. The homeward-bound journey had its little adventures, and was by no means uneventful, as we see by the following letter to her father:—

"*Benares, 13th February* 1859.—We arrived here last night at eight o'clock. Soon after we had crossed the Ganges, such a hailstorm came on that we did not know what to do. We had the horse taken out from the garree

and put into the stables with the coachmen. The hailstones were very large; they were as big as an egg, and it was thundering and lightning at the same time, and we were so frightened lest the hailstones would break into the garree; but at last they stopped, and we went on to the hotel. When the gentleman belonging to the hotel came out to the side of our garree, we asked him if he had a room for us. He said it had been raining so that the water had been coming into almost every room, but he would get one ready for us. We went into the hotel and had our tea, then went to bed. Goodbye, dear papa, and hoping to see you soon, I remain, your precious daughter, ISABEL."

The exact date of their arrival in Jhansi is not given, but it is evident Mrs. Fraser had made all the haste she possibly could: neither the bad weather, the rough roads, nor the unsettled state of the country preventing her, in her eagerness to rejoin her husband. Once more, after no slight amount of anxiety, suspense, and manifold trials, their little home-circle became complete amidst the familiar local associations, though in a new abode. There Isabel, glad to be back beside her beloved father, took up former Indian habits with all the returned schoolgirl's delight. She was at once surrounded again, even more numerously, by her many household pets or their successors, those animals and birds over whose odd ways it was her favourite occupation to take charge, and whose right management, too, both her parents considered a useful habit for herself. About this, as about other important duties, she had to be always regular, punctual, and considerate: this circumstance manifestly forming a significant one in regard to how her youthful life at Jhansi went on.

During her sojourn there, various outward objects impressed the young girl strongly, as they scarce could fail to do, for not only was the town of Jhansi full of historical relics and remembrances, but marked by vivid tokens from the late desperate Mutiny. The very house itself where she lived was thus branded with signs of what had occurred. Within its enclosure European people had been slaughtered when the general massacre took place. Sometimes, in stray nooks or corners, she herself would come suddenly upon some unmistakable fragment of human bone, if not even on a skull. Her father, at all events, having once found such a fragment when she was near him, took it in his hand, and, leading her up to their favourite seat on the roof of the house in the cool of the evening, talked to her of the providential care that had watched over their own lives, then passed to speak of divine wisdom in the structure of the human frame, which had left so pathetic a memorial there, and thus did he skilfully turn her fear into a desire to pursue the subject further. Up there, too, on bright moonlight nights, she listened with intense interest to accounts of his own former life, his childhood at the Cape, his early days in Calcutta, and to tales of his chequered experience when abroad at sea; or he would repeat to her pieces of poetry and fairy tales, many of them impromptu, which added to her pleasure. At other times he would teach her the names of the planets, fixed stars, and constellations, their size and distance from the earth; he would explain the theories that had been advanced as to their being inhabited, and if so, what kind of beings might most probably inhabit them; his own idea in regard to which was that they really were so inhabited, and for the most part by creatures of purer natures than ours, sinless

intelligences who had not fallen. How deeply Isabel Fraser had taken in these thoughtful experiences and high aspirations of a powerful intellect is shown by the fact that only a few evenings before she died, while walking round the garden at Jeypore with her husband, Dr. Valentine, she alluded to these pleasant days at Jhansi, and told him how, in the midst of her lessons or amusements, she looked forward eagerly to the coming home of her father on these moonlight nights, when she would enjoy another intellectual treat.

That happy time, however, was of too short duration. The house, being a native one, was open, and was not only uncomfortable and inconvenient, but it was found impossible to exclude the hot winds and the prevalent jungle malaria. The consequence was that Isabel was seized with Jhansi fever, which so rapidly reduced her strength that the doctors were of opinion she must be sent to the hills. After only a few months of such home happiness, the family was thus once more broken up. The mother and daughter went to Agra, there to remain a few weeks before proceeding to the hills. There her strength seemed in some measure to have returned, though much anxiety existed on her account. But in a little note from herself she writes quite cheerfully, it being a characteristic trait in her to make light of personal trouble or suffering, that she might not unduly distress her parents. "I am busily working very hard at a hookah-glove," she writes to her father, "in the hope that it may be ready and in your hands by the 21st (August)," that being his birthday; and all the notice she takes of her weak state of health is to say, "The doctor has put caustic to my sore, though it is no better yet. I hope it will be soon."

One letter, written evidently after he had returned

home from paying them a flying visit at Agra, is the only hint or shadow of any misunderstanding ever having risen up between her father and herself, so far as we can trace from the correspondence. "I am sorry, dear papa, that you seemed displeased with me before you left, but it was not because I loved you less, dearest papa, but because I was so much taken up with the children that I did not come here as often as I ought to have done." No doubt her father readily forgave the seeming neglect, and rejoiced that her heart was so full of affection that she had enough for her nearest friends, as well as some to spare for her little playmates and others. On the 20th of August she writes:—

"My own sweet papa, we are anxious to hear of your arrival at Jhansi, and hope soon to get a letter from there. To-morrow will be your birthday, dear papa, and I wish you many happy returns of it. I got your hookah-glove ready two days ago, but as dear mamma was trying to get a very pretty set of studs for you, and the man who had them having disappointed her, the parcel is still here. Even if she gets the studs now, they will not reach you in time; you must, however, consider them as birthday presents whenever you get them. I have had fever since you left, and my face got worse, but I am now much better, I am happy to say. With fond love and many sweet kisses for yourself, I am your loving daughter,

"H. S. ISABEL FRASER."

On the 21st her father wrote a birthday letter to her, which, however, it is to be regretted, has not been preserved; but one to his wife shows "how much he misses his dear ones on this particular day." Only he knows "they are with him in spirit in his lonely house in

Jhansi." Then he gives a most touching account of how, as he holds family worship, he sets a chair for his wife and daughter, and prays for them as if they were present. "How grateful should I be to Him who has watched over and cared for me from my birth till the close of half a century of years," he writes, "and to whom I this day raise my Ebenezer of praise! How grateful should we both be to Him who, for twenty-one years and a half, has preserved us together to cheer and comfort one another along the journey of life! With a lot such as ours has been, how ungrateful must we be if we ever murmur and complain! Let us look forward in the exercise of faith, and hope, and love, trusting the Redeemer at every stage, until first one and then the other is borne by Him across Jordan into the promised land of everlasting rest. Meanwhile, may He permit us to see our dear children reach maturity, following us in as far as we follow Him, and entering upon their duties in the world as His disciples indeed." The letter ends with reference to his wife's fears regarding Isabel. "Having stopped here to write a birthday letter to Isabel, I next determined to post it and keep this back for the chance of a mail coming in from Agra; and having done so, find I did right, as your two letters have thus come, in time for me to say something in reply. The first of these greatly alarmed me about Isabel's state of health. She had not sufficient medicine, after the fever she had just before she left here, hence a return of it. But this must not be overlooked. She evidently requires a course of medicine and careful dietary. The caustic marks will, of course, disappear. I am sure you know that yourself. Have you not seen R——'s hands often black? Yet were they so the last time you saw him?"

Adding, in a playful way, "Silly women ought to keep their opinions on things they don't understand to themselves; but they don't, because they *are* silly women."

In this same letter her father mentions the arrangements he is making to send their winter things, in order that there might be no further delay in setting out for the hills; and in a few days after receiving the boxes, the mother and daughter set out for Landour, leaving Mr. Fraser alone at Jhansi.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS IN THE HIMALAYAS—VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

ABOUT the end of August 1860 or the beginning of September, Mrs. Fraser "laid her dawk"—the expression used in India for "made her arrangements"—to start for the hills. The mode of travelling then in vogue was by the "dawk garree," a close carriage resembling a cab, the luggage being placed in the bottom and covered with a mattress and pillows, the traveller proceeding with a tolerable degree of comfort, sometimes even managing to sleep. The horses were changed about every six miles, and the garree rolled along at the rate of seven miles an hour. In this way Isabel and her mother journeyed from Agra to Meerut, accompanied by their faithful attendant Rahm Ali. At the latter place they had to exchange the dawk garree for the "palki-dawk," or palanquin, and were carried along by four bearers at one time, four others running by their side ready to relieve their comrades at the end of the half-mile. A letter written many years afterwards, when on a visit to the hills from Jeypore, may here be inserted for the sake of continuity, as it not only serves to give her own description of the surrounding scenery round her home for so many months of her early life, but the impression it made upon her. It also shows the improvements civil-

isation has made in travelling in India since the date of the letter. Writing from Landour, 1872, to children in Scotland, she says:—

"My dear little friends, I have often thought of writing to you, to try and interest you in things connected with this great land, to which I hope many of you will some day come to tell the poor heathen of the way of salvation through Christ. The part of India you have heard most about, I fancy, is Rajpootana, so that perhaps you would like to hear a little about another portion of it. As I am away from Jeypore at present, high up in the Himalayas, I cannot do better than tell you something about this place, and the way in which we travel over the 500 miles that separate us from Rajpootana in coming here. To begin at home: As there is as yet no railway to Jeypore, we have to travel the first 150 miles by what we in this country call a 'dawk garree.' It is a close carriage, very strongly built, so as to bear heavy luggage outside, drawn by two horses, which are changed every six miles. The driver blows a horn when coming near the place for changing the horses, so as to let the people have time to be ready. In this way it takes about twenty-two hours to reach Agra. I will not in this letter tell you anything of the places we pass through, but I hope to do so some other time. From Agra to Saharampore, a distance of about 250 miles, we have the railway; and a great comfort it is after the jolting, dust, and noise of the dawk garree. From Saharampore to Rajpore, at the foot of the hills, we have to resume the less civilised mode of conveyance, the only difference being that, as we have to cross the low range of the Sewalics for twelve miles through the Mohun Pass, our carriage is pulled by men instead of horses, about twenty or thirty

of them being required for the purpose. You would be vastly amused to hear the noise they make while going along; you would wonder what it was all about, and think they were quarrelling; but you would not require to be long in the country to discover that the natives can do nothing without shouting to encourage one another. Among these hills are found wild elephants, tigers, bears, wolves, &c. They do not often come down as far as the Mohun Pass, yet they have been seen there; and for many years an elephant with one tusk (the other having been broken off in some way) was a terror to travellers. I have not heard of it lately. At the end of the twelve miles we again get horses, and now we drive through the valley of the Doon, the most lovely spot in this part of India. It is quite a natural garden, watered by numerous mountain streams; the vegetation grows in rich luxuriance, and the bamboo comes to great perfection here. The tea-plant is largely cultivated, and the crisp-leaved verdurous tea-gardens with their regular alleys look very pretty. About half-way to Rajpore we pass through Dehra, a beautiful little station, quite a country place, each house being situated in its own grounds; the gardens, which are very fine, being separated from each other by rose-hedges, and the gateways being natural arches formed by two clumps of the bamboo shooting up their jointed shafts on either side and meeting at the top in sprayey plumage. A small canal passes through the station, so that there is plenty of water. At Rajpore we begin to ascend the Himalayas, and as the roads are very narrow and steep, no carriages can be used; but we have a sort of chair called a 'jhampan,' carried by four men, four others running alongside to relieve them at intervals. This is a very

comfortable way of getting along, but as it is slow, many prefer riding. Our baggage is carried up either by men or by mules. Before we have been on the way half an hour we feel the change in the temperature, and in another hour it becomes so cold that we are glad to draw our plaids round us. The scenery begins to get lovely, the hillsides being covered with ferns and wild-flowers. The higher we go the grander it becomes, till by the time we get up here—an elevation of between 6000 and 7000 feet—it passes description. On the one side we see the rich Doon valley and the plains beyond the Sewalik stretching far away in the distance; and on the other, range upon range of high mountains towering one above another, and beyond them all, and higher than them all, the glorious snowy range, the two highest peaks of which, Gungootree and Jumnoeetru (giving their names to the Ganges and to the Jumna, which take their rise in these mountains), are distinctly seen from this place. The effect upon one seeing them for the first time is very solemnising."

We pause for a moment to insert a description of what her eyes would behold, from the pen of her nearest and dearest friend:—

"Who can describe his first impression and feelings the first time he looks upon the Himalayas, those bold rugged rocks which have battled with air and water, and have all but come off victorious, for the scars that time has made have become beautiful glens, with flowers of surpassing richness and beauty? And the rents are resounding with cataracts from morning to morning like the mountain torrents of our dear Scotland. Far above these rugged rocks are the mountains of eternal snow. Who can describe them? who would attempt it? The first time I witnessed them I was speechless.

Having spent seven years in the plains of India, I was struck with the grandeur and beauty of those glorious mountains with their snow-capped summits, their beautiful valleys and waterfalls. Breathing in life and vigour, I could fully sympathise with my dear friend S—— of the Church Mission at Agra, who found me one morning standing gazing upon the snow-white mountains glittering in the sun. 'Ven I did com to de hills de first time,' he said, 'I did not require to look in my Bible, for I saw mine Gott in every mountain top.' Yes, one felt, like my quaint old friend, that we were above the world, and more visibly in the presence of God than we had ever felt ourselves before."

To return to the letter. "The natives of these hills are very different from those of the plains; they are a stronger, more energetic race, and, I believe, when visited in their own villages by missionaries, are found to be far less bigoted and more teachable. There is no fixed mission to them just in this neighbourhood, though near Simla and other places, mission-stations have been established. The American Presbyterian missionaries, who have a station at Dehra, go out itinerating among them sometimes. I must not forget to mention, that in connection with the Dehra Mission is a large school for the daughters of native Christians, and also an orphanage for native girls; both of these are doing a great work. There are also city and village schools for boys.

"Now, my dear little friends, though you are far away from these people and places, yet you can assist them by your prayers, and by helping to send them Bibles and teachers. Let them not be forgotten by you."

This was the third time Isabel had been to the Himalayas. The first time she was but three years old, and had been very seriously ill at Agra, and the next when

she was about five or six. Now when she was more able to understand and enjoy it, more than half the pleasure was taken away by Mr. Fraser's absence. Several small notes were forwarded, all of them telling how much his little daughter missed him, and how she hoped to see him soon again. One of them ends with, "Papa, darling, try and get leave as soon as you can, and come up to the hills, for I want to see your darling face again and give you kisses. Though I can send kisses in a letter, it is not half so nice as to kiss you myself."

In the month of September we find her enrolled as a pupil at Woodstock school, kept by Mrs. W——, her mother residing in the neighbourhood, and being there surrounded by many friends. At Woodstock, as well as at all the schools she ever was at, both in India and afterwards in England, Isabel Fraser was a great favourite. She was always happy; possessed much of her father's love of fun and power of story-telling; and when a difficulty or dispute arose among her companions, the matter was referred to her, even by those who were very much older than herself. From the clear and precise manner in which she gave her opinions, supported by her reasons, she was playfully known by the name of "Logical Bell."

"I watched with interest," writes a friend of her youth, "her development as I met her from time to time during the holidays; for it was just development, as I found that what was bud in the girl was afterwards matured fruit in the woman. That very process was in keeping with her character, one coherent, consistent whole, grown upward from a well-nurtured root. In harmony with this, too, is the fact that I cannot point to a particular stage at which she underwent the great

spiritual change; though that she had undergone it, her after-life was the strongest and most indisputable testimony. I question whether she was ever aware *when* that great change came. My own conviction is that she did not know, as might be expected from having such a father and mother. She was early told of, and trained for, the Saviour, and my impression is that that teaching was early blessed to be saving to her, and that the kingdom of God came to her 'without observation.' From that early date it had gone up through her life, like the sap through a tree, strengthening and enriching every part of her character, child, girl, and woman."

Another friend, who had every opportunity of seeing her as a child both in India and after she came to reside in England, says: "It was no wonder, having been brought up under such influences, that Isabel Fraser should have manifested such a kindly, affectionate disposition. I would say that, from her earliest years, she was a Christian girl, loving and trusting her Saviour always, taking delight in doing God's holy will always, bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit. I remember her father speaking to me about her guileless spirit scarce knowing what evil was."

Isabel remained at Woodstock school till December, the end of the session, when she accompanied her mother to Lucknow, where Mr. Fraser had gone to take up his post as Judge. During the holidays she greatly enjoyed the life they led in Lucknow. At first they lived in one of the palaces belonging to the late King of Oude, named the Chutter Munzil, from being surmounted with a large copper or bronze umbrella thickly gilt, and hence so resplendent as to be popularly believed a dome of pure gold. The rooms were large and grandly decorated, uncomfortably so.

There they remained for about a year, and then removed to a house on the other side of the river Goomtee, called the Kabutar Walla Kotee or Pigeon-house, having been formerly the King's pigeon-house. Here pigeons, bought for thousands of rupees, were kept. Rascals from all parts of the country came, pretending they had pigeons of rare breeds and great value, so that often as much as a thousand rupees were paid for a pair. The pigeons had been cleverly painted, their feathers twisted about in all directions to make them appear rare, while all the time they were actually of the most common kinds. The King amused himself flying them; at other times Persian cats were let loose among them, while the King and his nobles wagered with each other as to whose cat would kill the greatest number. In Calcutta, where he is now a *quasi* state prisoner, he amuses himself by collecting and having about him hundreds of the most poisonous snakes that can be procured.

Lucknow is one of the finest stations in Upper India, abounding with palaces, mosques, tombs, and towers of most gorgeous description. "As the capital of the most fertile and populous province of the British Empire, it will always be a place of interest, and the startling events of the Mutiny make it more especially attractive. The occurrences of that time were such as to make Lucknow a solemn household word in the homes of Europeans for generations to come; and, under the wazirs and kings of Oude in previous years, it had undergone remarkable vicissitudes and incidents of its own, which make it equally interesting to inquiring travellers. Indeed, in no part of the world can millions of intelligent people dwell for several centuries without a history rich in stories, and buildings more or

less connected with them." Many of Judge Fraser's friends, who had passed through the Mutiny, had been shut up in the Residency, and had witnessed the relief, first by Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram, then by Sir Colin Campbell. From them Isabel had heard of the terrible sufferings of the siege, and was familiar with all the prominent positions of defence and attack. Such was the room in which Sir Henry Lawrence died, &c.; the Alum Bagh, a fortified garden, which was captured by Sir Henry Havelock, and in which his death took place, his tomb being to the north of the buildings; and the Secunder Bagh, a high-walled enclosure loopholed all round, where the rebels had held out obstinately, but where some two thousand of them were killed and the remainder scattered on every side by a mere handful of European troops.

In showing friends round the town when they visited it for the first time, she soon could point out the places of interest and describe the scenes that had been enacted during the Mutiny, with all the clearness and accuracy of an eye-witness. In her visits to friends at Cawnpore she had made herself acquainted with all the details connected with Sir Hugh Wheeler's unfortunate position, the sufferings of the besieged, the terrible well into which Sepoy cruelty had hurled its victims, and the slaughter at the Suttee Chowra Ghaut by order of the Nana Sahib. She used to tell her friends and schoolmates, with much emotion, how her father, shortly after the events took place, had visited the scene of General Wheeler's entrenchment, and had picked up bits of ladies' dresses, letters, and other articles still left around, and how he saw bones of little children lying about. She was also able to follow and describe Sir Henry Havelock's march

on Cawnpore, the scene of some of the worst atrocities of the Mutiny, his crossing and recrossing the Ganges, and his memorable stand. Her unusually quick perception enabled her to form a distinct mental outline of such principal places and scenes, and to fill in the main details as they had occurred, often with circumstantial minuteness.

Each year between 1860 and 1864 Isabel stayed at Lucknow from the end of December, when the schools in the hills break up, to the beginning of March, when they reassemble, the winter cold of the hill region being so intense as to prevent their continuance there throughout the intermediate months. The pupils look forward to spending their holidays at home with the more intense delight, inasmuch as Anglo-Indian homes are especially joyous and social, marked by fond terms of intercourse between children and parents, not to say by a warmth of affection that various Indian circumstances enhance. Nothing possible in the way of domestic comfort, even of luxury, is spared to render the home-coming delightful. But Isabel Fraser was certainly in no respect an exception to the rule. For her, vacation-time always brought its supreme pleasure in the getting back when their own household circle was unbroken. Whilst at home, she still had hours set apart each day for study, under her mother's careful superintendence, which were quite as much enjoyed as those passed in recreation or beside her father and his friends, however attractive these latter often were.

At the age of ten years Isabel was removed from Woodstock, Landour, to Charlesville, Mussouree, a school kept by Mrs. W——, and from there and from the houses of numerous friends her letters before us are

dated. These Saturday letters, written from time to time during the next three years and a half, quite bear out what her father's friends as well as her quarterly school reports testified, that her progress was satisfactory in mostly all the branches, and that her conduct never varied from being good, amiable, and attentive. Her letters are full of kind messages to her friends, anxious inquiries as to their health, as well as after the welfare of her pets left in her indulgent father's charge. Only a very few extracts from her letters during this period can be given, and may not be without interest.

"I promised to write to you every Saturday, and I now do so. I received both your sweet letters. I have just returned home from school to find them. In your first letter I received 'Gruffen'" (evidently a little MS. fancy sketch or story). "It was very kind of you to give up so much of your time to amuse me, dear papa, and I am sure it did amuse me a whole hour. 'Gruffen,' I suppose, will start awake in part third. Remember you left him asleep, and you have promised to send me the rest some day *soon*. I like school very much. The mistresses are all very kind and the girls very obliging, and I think I shall get on very nicely. Laura M—— is asking why you don't come up. She says you used to tell her so many amusing stories, and wishes to hear more. I should not like at all to have breakfast at two, or sometimes at four o'clock, as you do. I should think you must feel very hungry by that time; but, dear papa, if you do this regularly, you will get quite ill. Give my bhouth-bhouth salaam to Rahim Ali and the ayah.

". . . How are all my pets? Are Tiny's bucha

(young ones) grown much bigger? Dick and Sue must be very happy, having got two other companions and such a nice hutch to live in. Mamma is going to start early on Monday evening. She will take me to school, leave me there, and then go down to Rajpore. I shall miss my precious mamma greatly. . . .

"I went to Captain R——'s yesterday, and could not manage to write. Though I do not like writing on Sunday, I am obliged to do so, as I know how anxious you and darling mamma become when you do not receive a letter from me. It has been raining this morning, so that only few of the young ladies have gone to church. I hope it will be a fine afternoon, because then we will have to go to church. I am reading 'The Wide, Wide World.' It is such a nice book. Now, darling papa, I think I must conclude, as Mrs. W—— might be angry if I wrote any more to-day. God bless you, darling papa, with best love and thousands of kisses for mamma and yourself, from your loving daughter Isabel."

"My own precious papa, this morning I received a letter from darling mamma, in which she says I am to go down with Mrs. C—— some day next week. O darling papa, you cannot think how happy I feel, and can hardly believe that in a fortnight's time I shall be again at home, to enjoy the pleasures of dear old Lucknow again. Perhaps I shall not spend another Saturday here this year, so do not expect any letters from me next week, as the examination is to come on on Monday, and I shall be very busy. I must now conclude, darling papa, as I have got a great deal to do. After writing thus far, as I came away to my drawing, who should I see but Captain and Mrs. C—— going into the drawing-room. In a little I was sent for, and Mrs.

C—— told me it was all arranged for me to go with her. She asked me if I had any work to do on the road, and when she asked me to work for her stall, as I had none to do, I said I would with pleasure. I am so happy I am to go with her, because she leaves so soon. It will take ten days altogether before I reach home. One to Roorkie, from thence to Cawnpore eight, and then one day to Lucknow. Several of the girls are leaving on the 29th of this month. I think about six fancy! —leaving on one day."

Captain and Mrs. C—— went down the Ganges Canal from Roorkie to Cawnpore, taking the little girl with them. In after-years she spoke of the wonderful sensation she experienced in being thus conveyed homeward, as their great covered boat gently dropped down with the stream, sometimes through bridges, at other times high above the level of the surrounding country. Eight days were required in November 1861 to travel in this manner from Roorkie to Cawnpore, whereas now the journey can be accomplished in twelve hours by train.

It was no wonder that Isabel Fraser should be so overjoyed at the prospect of returning home, for, apart from being there beside her parents, she had various privileges that few possess. At Lucknow her father's position was influential, and from the way in which he conducted the duties of his office, Mr. Fraser not only enjoyed the society but the friendship of some of the highest officials of Oude. Many of the old retainers of the late King called upon him, and from their conversation Isabel learned much of the inner life of the King and of his ministers, and of the causes that led to the annexation of his State. Maharajah Maun Sing, the wily Rajpoot chief, was also a visitor, and from him she heard of the difficult position he was placed in during

the Mutiny; how, when trying to save the Europeans that fell into his hands, he incurred the suspicion and animosity of the natives, and *vice versâ* that of the British authorities; relating the various incidents of his boldness or of his shrewdness, how he had ventured, or how he managed to trim between both parties. He used to add with a laugh—"Without doubt, I deserved to be hanged, but by the kindness, or perhaps stupidity, of the British Government, I have been rewarded with an estate!"

Ministers and missionaries of all denominations still continued to frequent Judge Fraser's house; they brought to it their friends and their most interesting visitors from other parts of India or from abroad, all of whom received a kindly welcome, and more than one of whom went away saying that their host, from his cheerful companionship, his fun and humour and encyclopædic knowledge of all conceivable subjects, was not only the life of the company, but the most interesting sight in Lucknow. So much company was received, that some friend suggested the advisability of putting up the sign of "The Red Lion" at once. These circumstances of place, position, influence, and surroundings deserve mention, if but to show how his daughter's character was formed—a character which she afterwards brought into the active duties of life, fitting her in a most prominent degree for the unique position she was called upon to occupy in the native State of Jeypore. She greatly enjoyed the visits of these friends, listened eagerly to, and derived much pleasure and profit from, their conversation.

During the close of the year 1863 and throughout a great part of 1864, Mrs. Fraser suffered much from a nervous depression, of the same kind which has become

so well known from the sad experience of the poet Cowper. This was, in *his* case, undergone whilst he cherished deep and devout religious feeling, and notwithstanding that his fervid breathings of Christian emotion have become the solace of pious minds in a degree only surpassed by that they derive from the Bible itself. Just so, in some measure, it was with Mrs. Fraser, under forms, of course, modified by her individual type of character and her special position in life. Her state was at times most distressing, for her extensive and intimate knowledge of Scripture enabled her to arraign against her comforters such a phalanx of arguments that it was at such times impossible to soothe her. When this passed away she was one of the most simple-minded of Christians; all the promises of God's Word were yea and amen in Christ Jesus. "Those who knew her intimately," writes a friend, "knew what an excellent wife she was to Mr. Fraser. She had a warm heart, did not know what it was to harbour an unchristian thought, was always ready to help in any good work, and was never so happy as when she was making others happy."

This cause necessitated the closer companionship of her little daughter; wherefore, a change of scene having been prescribed, we find that the journeys to the Hills and back home again are more frequent, as well as short visits to other places. On their way to the Hills once more, they arrived at the Cawnpore dawk-bungalow (wayside staying-house), and while there received much kindness from Dr. L——, who, in the true spirit of Indian hospitality of the old days, hearing that strangers were at the bungalow, invited them over to his house in the immediate neighbourhood; but as Mrs. Fraser did not feel well enough, and having only

her travelling dress to go out in, she begged to be excused. Then we find them at Delhi some months before the vacation. Mrs. Fraser at the time was suffering more than usual from one of her nervous attacks, and Isabel was installed her chief companion. Writing from there to her father she says: "I received your sweet letter of yesterday to-day, and was glad to hear from it that Dr. Douglas thought from my account that mamma was better. I really think on the whole that she is. We went for a drive last evening, and when we came home we sat out on the terrace for some time. Mamma felt so weak this morning that she had to get up at five o'clock and ask for some sago. She had a bad morning as usual, but we got her up and dressed, and brought her out to breakfast. She is feeling pretty quiet now, and, to divert her thoughts, she is trying to read a little or do some work, though she cannot fix her mind on anything for any length of time."

After Mrs. Fraser's recovery from this last attack Isabel returned to school, where she remained till the end of the session 1864. From the time her mother became ill, a degree of thoughtfulness was engendered far beyond her fourteen years, and her anxiety to lighten her mother's rather lonely life and soothe her depressed spirits is very apparent in her letters at this time. They show, too, that intensely loving nature, free from selfishness, which led many friends to say of her in this respect, "She thought of every one and of everything but her own comfort." "I am so glad that you are pleased with my letter," she writes to her father. "Of course I will always try to write long and nice letters, and I shall do all in my power to keep darling mamma happy and cheerful, and not give

her one moment's pain or anxiety, and trust she will continue quite well." Isabel was quite aware that her parents suffered much anxiety on account of the boy Alick, whom they had adopted in the room of her own brother, who died at the early but interesting age of two years. Alick was a child who had come into the hands of the American missionaries. He was trained as the Frasers' own child, sent to Edinburgh for his education, but turned out thoroughly disreputable. Over and over again Isabel seemed determined to make up to them by her own careful behaviour for his want of gratitude. From the time she understood what was the meaning of prayer, she interceded at a throne of grace for this adopted brother, and, to the end of his downward career, hoped against hope in his reformation. "His whole life was a sad disappointment;" but no one ever knew how these good, loving hearts were wounded by the lad's determination to follow a foolish, debasing course of life, or how they tried every means in their power to raise and to rouse him to a better frame of mind. God alone knew how sincerely Mrs. Fraser and her daughter mourned when news of his death reached them in 1876, for now their earnest, loving prayers on his behalf must be laid aside, and there was too great reason to fear his end had been like his reckless life.

It had been an ever-present wonder to Isabel Fraser's mind to meditate on the lad's behaviour—he who had been treated with all the affection of a son, and by such parents, who had enjoyed such privileges as few ever possess, being trained by such a man as her father, of whom all "owned there was a peculiar charm about him," and especially winning in his ways towards young people. He had poured out upon his adopted

son and little daughter the love of his great, tender heart, which she so fondly returned, and which the former, by his behaviour, cast so carelessly away.

During the latter portion of this school session Isabel was evidently most conscientious in her endeavours to improve in her studies, and showed a degree of concern lest her papa should not be satisfied with her improvement. "Darling papa, you know," she thus writes in the spring of 1864, "how hard I was trying for a prize at the beginning of the year, and had the most marks in my class; but that last time I had toothache I kept away from my class for two or three days and lost a great many marks, also when my eyes were sore, then when I went to Mary's wedding, and now again I have lost two days, so that really it is impossible to make up the lost marks again; and as the prize goes by the number of marks, there is no chance of me getting one this year. You know, dear papa, how hard I tried to please you and mamma, so that really it is not my fault. I suppose you have long ere this received my quarterly report. Was it a good one? I hope so."

A few days afterwards she writes: "You can imagine how delighted I am at the happy prospect of seeing dear mamma to-morrow. It seems almost too good to believe. I have heard from her at every place she stopped at. To-day I got two letters, one from Meerut, the other from Roorkie. You will be sorry to hear that I have had toothache again, and my face is so much swollen that I am obliged to keep my room. Is it not bad—just as mamma is coming? I have been so well the whole year, and quite rosy; but, of course, from the pain I have got rather pale. I hope this swelling will go down by the morning. I wished to have my tooth taken out, as there was a very clever dentist up

here, but Mrs. W—— said she would prefer mamma to have it done, and did not think he would be away by the time she came; but to-day Mrs. W—— told me he has gone down. I am so sorry, for really the tooth troubles me very much."

Owing to her mother's continued delicate state of health, Isabel studied at home under a governess from the beginning of 1865 to the month of May, when it was determined to send her and her mother to England. Judge Fraser had at first designed accompanying them home, but unforeseen urgent business compelled him to remain behind. Accordingly, without his intended companionship farther than Calcutta, Mrs. Fraser and her daughter set sail from thence for England on the 3d of May. The latter afterwards told, with much feeling, how she saw her papa walk quickly along the bank of the wide Hooghly, as if trying to keep up with the steamer, and how sad she felt while they swiftly passed down the river and left him waving farewells. The vessel was the "Erymanthe," belonging to the French line Messagerie Imperiale. The following letter sent to her father describes a scene on board ship:—

". . . We expect to be at Madras towards morning, and I am trying to write a few lines, but the ship rolls so, that it is almost impossible. We have had a dreadful voyage as far as this, so rough and so hot; and here is the sixth day, and we have not reached Madras. We have all been very sick, and poor mamma is quite weak; but of course that is to be expected when we can scarcely eat anything. The principal food we take is sago. Mary and I are a little better just now; we have to be up on deck all night and day. For the first three or four nights we slept in the saloon, some on the

table, some on the floor; but last night we could not go down; and as for going into the cabin and trying to get out some clean clothes, why, that is quite out of the question. All the ladies look so dirty. However, they say after we pass Galle we shall not find it so bad. Mamma says to tell you never to come by a French steamer, for it is not near so comfortable as the P. and O. The officers of the ship are so funny: they never come to see if you want anything. Monsieur R—— and Mr. N—— have not even once spoken to us. The lemon syrup is very nice, and we have all enjoyed it. I wish you were with us, papa; daily we miss you ever so much; but the time will pass away, and then we will all be together again."

At Galle, in Ceylon, they spent a few days with old friends who had settled on that island. At Madras several passengers were taken on board, so that Mrs. Fraser was caused some annoyance by a demand being made for her cabin or a portion of it. However, after refusing to give it up, a lady was put in to share it, and they were left quite comfortable, with very good food, and very little to complain of. "This is a very different account from my last," writes Isabel, "but then I was so sick, and everything seemed so miserable. The officers, however, are no better than they were, keeping quite as much to themselves. The most wonderful person on board is the stewardess. I never saw such an active little body as she is; she quite puts the stewards to shame; she is for ever on her legs, and she never gets cross. All the ladies are perfectly satisfied with her."

At Aden, Isabel found the post-bag had been landed before she had time to write home, but managed to send a few lines to her father, favoured by a certain Monsieur

R——, who was sending his letters by a private opportunity. Here she gives an account of the great heat, that caused them to sleep on deck; of thunderstorms they had encountered; of the pleasant hours before "tiffin-time" and after, with work, books, and talk; of the delightful evenings, when the musical gentlemen, ever so many of them, made the hours pass so swiftly with their songs and instrumental music; of the amusing stories told by the doctor of the ship in his funny broken English, and of the Episcopal Padre, who read prayers on Sunday when the weather would permit. "When he cannot, it is quite dreadful to see the French people playing cards and singing songs as usual, with nothing to distinguish the day from any other. I often think of our nice house, and wish I was back again; but the time will pass away, and then you will be with us again. It seems such an age since we left home, and not two months have passed yet."

Mrs. Fraser and her daughter stayed at Paris three days, going to the various picture galleries, which charmed the latter so much. "Seeing so many artists sitting copying the pictures so beautifully," she writes, "made me quite ambitious. How I wish I was able to paint like them! You may be sure, darling papa, that when once I am in school I shall work very hard and try to improve very much in everything. I trust dear mamma will continue quite well, for this change to England ought quite to set her up. I shall do all in my power, you may be sure, to keep her happy till you come."

Mrs. Fraser and Isabel arrived in London June 16, where they remained for a month or two in apartments, then proceeded to Scotland to spend some little time with friends and relatives in Inverness and Laurence-

kirk. The impression made at this time on one of Isabel's friends was: "Although still in her early teens, she stood before you a girl of singularly well-balanced judgment and unswerving rectitude, high-toned honour, which repelled everything mean. She manifested a warm, generous heart, and one that had, above all, come already under the spiritual influence of Gospel truth. It was very enjoyable to hear her make a statement on any subject of interest, or give the grounds of her opinion about it. In telling what she had seen abroad, the language was so clean-cut and accurate, that everything seemed to rise up visibly before you with almost graphic precision. But while so distinct, it had none of the pedantry too often accompanying such a talent, for all was girl-like, all heartfelt and heart-warm, in the eagerness shown for giving pleasure by her vivid account of things."

A lady who had been a fellow-passenger with them from India, and who had been an intimate friend, thus writes: "It gives me much pleasure to tell you that I knew Isabel Fraser from her childhood; and as our respective parents were intimately acquainted, I had many opportunities of seeing her during her girlhood. We were together also on the voyage home in 1865, and on several occasions during her married life. As a child she was most affectionate and dutiful, whilst as she grew older, this strong filial regard still showed itself in an entire and full compliance with all their wishes, no less than an express warmth of attachment to their persons. She was naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition; her ardent spirit, early submitted under Divine influence, was soon enabled to gain full vent in the joy of the Lord and in giving expression to His praises. She had a most genial manner, full of all

kindness; was ever ready with help and sympathy for those in need. Never was a more sincere, never a more faithful friend. As a Christian she fully realised *Whose* she was and *Whom* she served. Actuated by a spirit of true consecration, the best of her mature life was devoted to the Master's service, laying on His altar all she was, with whatever possession had been intrusted to her charge, whatsoever fruit she had been enabled to produce, as a whole and unreserved burnt-offering there."

CHAPTER IV.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

On returning with her mother to England from their short stay among friends, Isabel was entered as a pupil with the Misses W——, Arundel House. There she was very happy, and to the end of her life always spoke of her teachers in terms of the highest praise and affection. The letters penned during this time show how exceedingly conscientious she was in her endeavours to improve in all her studies, while showing at the same time no little concern lest her father should be dissatisfied with her progress. Telling of their examination she says: "I was second in my French division, and Mademoiselle was very pleased. In English dictation I was behind, and I had only two mistakes in spelling. I do not as yet know my place in English history, but in poetry I was second, and in arithmetic (mental) second by two marks. In working of sums I was first, although I am not so far advanced as some others of the girls. I was first in English grammar, and our last lesson is to be a composition on the Persian War. I will, of course, try to get better on next time, though I have tried my best this; still I shall try to be first in those things in which I am at present second. I have done sixteen drawings this time, and Mr. E—— is satisfied. My music is also getting on; and last night Miss Isabella spoke to me, and said she

and her sister saw I did my very best, and they are sure I shall be able to please you with my music, though sometimes I feel a little discouraged when I see girls so much younger than myself playing so much better; but, as Miss L—— says, we have not all the same talents given to us; and indeed, papa, I do try to practise very hard. Mamma spoke to Miss W—— about your wish that I should improve my speaking; and she has kindly pointed me out some girls who she considers speak good English well, and I will try to be with them as much as possible and pick up their ways. Miss W—— says my accent is not at all Indian, but Scotch! though *how* I have got a Scotch accent is more than I know. I wrote to dear Mrs. W—— the other day and asked for her photograph, and to-day I received it. She desires her love to you, and says she can imagine how delighted we must be at the prospect of seeing you again so soon, for it is a joy to her who stands in the outer court of your heart to think of your coming!"

"*January* 10.—Many happy returns of the day, darling papa! Mamma has told me that this is the twenty-eighth anniversary of your wedding-day. What a long time! May God bless and spare you both to each other and to me for many years to come! I received your two sweet letters yesterday; many thanks for them. It was so good of you to have the school-children on my birthday; and the reason I am most glad is, that it kept you so cheerful, while otherwise, if you had been quite alone, you might have been sad. It seems to have been quite a success. I was pleased with Rahm Ali's thoughtfulness in making my birthday cake as usual, and am quite sure the children must have enjoyed themselves. You cannot think how delighted I am at the prospect of

seeing you in little more than three months. I could not sleep with joy thinking of it, and I thought I should jump out of my skin when you come; but mamma begs me to do nothing of the kind. Salaams to Rahm Ali."

Many extracts could be given from very interesting letters for a girl of her age, all written with a view to cheer her father in his loneliness, but space forbids. Early in spring the expected visit of her father was looked forward to with great delight; the more so that Mrs. Fraser's health again caused all her friends much anxiety. From Arundel House Isabel writes to her father, who is at the time on his way to England:—

"I received your dear letter of the 9th from Alexandria, and I hasten to reply to it, so that you may receive this at Stuttgart. I was so glad to hear you had got safe and well so far. Darling mamma is much the same as when last I wrote, though in some things I think she is better. As you are coming through Germany, it would be a pity to miss so good an opportunity of seeing the places, especially as there is no necessity for your doing so. Of course we are both longing to see you; but we must have patience, and the time will pass away. Mamma thinks herself you had better not hurry too fast, but see what is to be seen. Dr. D—— was here yesterday, and he says he does not think mamma is half as bad as she was in Lucknow; and the C——s, who have also seen her, say the same. I will continue to pray earnestly to our Heavenly Father for a speedy recovery for her; and I feel quite sure, if mamma is not better before you come, she will get all right as soon as you arrive. We are having such beautiful weather, I am sure mamma ought to get well soon and enjoy it. She is out walking two

and three hours every day. How I do long to give you some real kisses! I am quite tired of paper ones, but send them with my love from your ever-fond Isabel."

Business detained Mr. Fraser on the Continent longer than was expected, and for a time prevented him from joining his wife and daughter. This was rendered all the more distressing by the fact that the health of the former continued to be in so precarious a state. In reference to it Isabel pours out the grief of her heart to her father in a letter which found him at Paris: "I have no news to give of dear mamma, for she is just about the same as when I last wrote. I do not know what to say of your plan about taking her to the Continent. She herself is very averse to it; but if she *could* have travelled to Paris alone, I would have begged to join you there; but really, darling papa, it is quite impossible in her present weak state." Referring to the business that detained him and the illness of her mother together, she adds, "Yet what is to be done I do not know. Fancy, papa, what happy plans we had laid for the time when you should come home, and now we have been disappointed; but as you say, 'It is man that proposes but God that disposes,' and it has pleased Him otherwise, so we must just submit patiently to His will. I hope, darling papa, I shall not by what I have said distress you, but my heart is full, and I have no one to pour it out to. Oh, I do wish you were here, and yet I do not wish in any way to add to your already many troubles. I can only pray to God to direct you, and I know you look to Him in all things; and, if guided by Him, you cannot go wrong. That is my great comfort."

Alluding to the same circumstance in another letter, she added: "It is very hard for you, my poor dear

papa; but it is has been directed by an all-wise Providence, and we must submit to His will, and learn from the heart to say, 'Father, not our will, but Thine be done.'"

The very first moment possible, Judge Fraser hastened to Brighton, and he and his wife left for a short tour in England and Scotland, a change being considered beneficial for the latter. Isabel was left at school to pursue her studies, but every spare moment she devoted to writing cheerful letters to her parents, many of them showing an amount of thoughtfulness far beyond her years. Writing to her father she says:—

"I received your dear letter, and also one from darling mamma, for which I send you both my best love. Tell mamma it is very good of her to write to me; and now she may say as often as she likes that she does not love me, but I never will believe her. So you have, for the present at least, given up the idea of your Continental tour! Well, perhaps it is for the best; for if this war *does* break out, and it seems very likely it will, you might have got shut up in a foreign land, unable to come to me or I to you; and I do think I shall enjoy my holidays in England much more than in Germany, for it would not seem like holidays having to *parler français et allemand tout le temps;* but if you had gone I should have been quite as happy as long as I was with you and mamma. Mamma said in her letter that perhaps you would go to Scotland. I am sure the Laurencekirk people would be delighted. I suppose you will write and let me know what you intend doing. Fancy only *three* weeks more!! What fun!!!.... I have got a new music piece; that is the sixth this term, and six last, besides one or two that I learned in India. Altogether I think I can play

fourteen pieces, so I hope I shall be able to amuse you a little in the holidays. To-day is the Queen's birthday, but besides the fact there seems to be no interest attached to it above all other days; everything is as quiet as possible except the wind, which has been making a great noise."

In another she writes: "Darling mamma must have left ere this reaches you. I shall be glad to see you both on Saturday. Miss Isabella says she will send me to sleep with mamma to-morrow night, so that she may not be alone the first night she is in her lodgings. I must, however, be back in school on Saturday morning for a few hours, as I have a great deal to do, and not a moment to spare. I am, this time, in the first French class, first division, with A—— P—— and F—— B——, and the latter has learned French for eleven years. I have to work doubly hard to keep up with them. You must not think that I am proud about it, for I am not. I am only glad that my endeavours to please my teachers and my dear parents have not been quite in vain. Miss W—— said I had worked remarkably well during the last year. I suppose mamma told you I have begun to learn singing. I am quite surprised at myself. I have got a song, 'Rambles in a Forest.' Mr. A—— says I have not much voice, but quite enough to be worth cultivating, and that my ear is quite correct. I know you will be glad to hear this. Don't show this letter to any one, for none but you and mamma can understand it, and any one else would think me vain. I am afraid I did not thank you for the beautiful stamps you sent me, but I now send you my love and kisses for them. You are a dear, sweet pet to take an interest in my little concerns."

Isabel made a large collection of postage-stamps by

the aid of her father, who purchased a book on the subject and made it a regular study, arranged and classified it according to connections, dates, sizes, and colours, until the collection numbered upwards of 1800 specimens, many of them very valuable.

During the summer of 1866 Isabel and her parents visited friends in England and Scotland; but unfortunately Mrs. Fraser's health did not improve, and it was deemed advisable to send her for a change to Germany. Thither accordingly she went with her husband, Isabel being left under the charge of the Misses W—— at Brighton for the winter-time. From Arundel House she writes to her mother, whose residence in Germany was in the institution of Mr. Blumhardt at Bonn:—

"I hope, darling, you are getting accustomed to your new mode of life. I cannot expect you to feel at all happy yet, but I do trust and pray, my darling, that you will soon feel that all your misery arose from physical causes, and had nothing to do with the removal of the favour of God. You will find it to be the case, darling, as you have so often done before. I am sure you will soon be your own happy self again. You know how the Bible says, 'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.' Yes, we must wait, and wait patiently and without repining; for we know that 'no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' How happy I shall be to see you again! We have not long to wait, have we?—from next Thursday, only three weeks to the (Christmas) holidays; so you must cheer up. You have really nothing to make you unhappy, for you know, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be like snow, although they are

red as crimson they *shall* be white as wool.' You believe the Bible, then you *must* believe this."

In another, within a few days after, she says: "You see by this that I am at the O——s. Of course papa has told you about his arrangement for spending my birthday here (London) instead of at Brighton. I shall miss you to-morrow very much; but never mind. I shall see you soon, I hope (you know I shall still be seventeen); and then every day is alike, and we can think of each other, can't we, darling? Thank you very much for your sweet little notes. Although you don't yet give cheering accounts of yourself, you cannot think how they comforted me. I do trust and pray, my darling mamma, that you may soon begin to feel returning peace and hope. I am so glad the ladies who speak English are so kind to you. I knew God would raise up friends for you, though you went quite to strangers. I am sure the lady who is especially kind to you must be very nice. I feel quite a regard for, and very thankful to her for taking care of my own mamma. The dear Miss W——s think so much of you, and say they pray constantly for you. They have both been so extremely kind to me since you left, and so have the dear girls. I am going out with papa, and as I have no more news to give you, I think I will conclude this note. God bless you and hear our prayers on your behalf. With fond love from your loving child, Isabel."

On the 20th December, being still in London waiting for her father to join her before they proceeded to Germany for the remainder of the holidays, Isabel writes to her mother:—

"Your sweet letter of the 17th came to hand this morning. Thank you, darling, for it. It was very good of you to write to me separately, as papa was away

in Scotland. School broke up yesterday, when Miss W—— brought most of us up to London. As papa had not returned from Scotland, Captain O—— very kindly came to meet me, and brought me here, and Mrs. O—— and M—— are extremely kind, and the latter has given up her room to me. I told her I was afraid I was putting them out very much, but she won't listen to me at all.

"I am sorry, darling, I have neglected writing to you for some time, but the reason is this. We have been extremely busy with our examinations; yet, notwithstanding, I would have made time to send you a letter, even if it had only been a few lines, but papa being in Scotland, I did not know how to manage about sending it. Now that I have left school, I shall write you nice long letters till I come to you, which will be better than any letters, won't it, darling? Only eleven days more to the 31st. Miss W—— told me yesterday that though my place in the examination was not so good, yet she was satisfied with me, for she says I have been very industrious and done my best; and the reason she says I am not so high this time is that I was away for a fortnight nearly when you were getting ready to go to Germany; but of course, darling, that could not be helped, and I do not regret my not having taken a better place when I know it was for your sake I was absent from school. I have done twelve paintings this time, and both Mr. E—— and Miss W—— say I have improved. I shall, of course, bring my pictures to show you. I have brought some German schoolbooks with me, which I mean to study, and I daresay I shall find some one in Germany who will be kind enough to help me with any little difficulties I may find. Papa seems to have had a nice little trip to Scotland; every one was so extremely

kind to him, and all asked very lovingly for you. They all think you will get quite well at Bonn, and indeed, darling, I think so too. The Misses W—— send their love, and say to tell you they never let a single day go by without thinking of you and praying for you. How good Miss M—— seems to be! It is very kind of her to translate Mr. Blumhardt's discourses for you every morning. Now, darling, I think I must begin to bring this letter to a close, as I have no more news. I continue to pray constantly for you, and I feel assured the answer will come in the Lord's own good time. Now, good-bye, my precious mamma, with much fond love from your loving child, Isabel."

Isabel Fraser used to amuse her friends for years after her visit to Germany by telling amusing stories about the primitive simplicity of Herr Blumhardt's establishment; how countesses and noble ladies laid the tables, washed dishes, and considered it an honour to do anything for Mr. Blumhardt. This worthy man took a great fancy to Mr. Fraser, and made him sit beside him at meals; and if there was any one sausage more highly flavoured than another, Mr. Blumhardt would divide it with him, saying, "Master Fraāzar, I do loaf you!" While describing these scenes with comical effect, she at the same time dwelt with peculiar pleasure on that simple genuine implicit faith in the Saviour which pervaded Herr Blumhardt's whole behaviour, his family, and his household management.

When Mr. Fraser had arrived in England, from the first he was far from well, and the business he had had to transact on the Continent, with the other anxieties referred to, added much to his exhaustion. He, as most Indians do, spent his time in moving about over various parts of the country, to visit friends or to enjoy

beautiful scenery throughout both England and Scotland. A friend, dwelling tenderly on the last time he saw him in life in Scotland, thus writes: "I can never forget his last visit. In the forenoon of a communion Sabbath in December, amidst a heavy snowstorm, Mr. Fraser, to my surprise, appeared in my church. At the end of the sermon I sent him a note saying I should be happy if he would join us at the table. He did so. At the close of the service I found he had arrived late the previous evening, and was to leave by first train next morning. I insisted on his staying in the manse all night, which he did. The conversation that night I well remember. It continued until far on in the following morning. One of the subjects which turned up was the dispossession of the legion from the Gadarene demoniac, and the leave given them to enter into the swine, followed by the destruction of the herd. He recounted cases of professed demoniacal possession and dispossession he had witnessed in India, and discussed the miracle from many points of view in the most arresting way. Next morning I accompanied him to the railway station before daylight, and said goodbye to him in the darkness, as the train hurried away. That visit stays in my memory like a picture, sad but valuable, and deeply gratifying. The only message I afterwards had directly from him was a cabinet photograph of himself, which, with all his own droll and happy humour, he had inscribed on the back—'With the compliments of the man on the other side.'"

After a short residence on the Continent, he set sail again for India early in 1867, but, owing to so many worries, left England in a worse physical condition than when he had arrived, leaving his wife and daughter once more established at Brighton. On his return, his

daughter followed him with her prayers, trying as before to cheer his lonely Indian home by her letters. At one time she "tries to picture him sitting in the verandah with his table and large pile of law-papers before him, surrounded by her pets and little friends;" again, "rejoices that there are a number of nice Christian friends who meet with him for prayer and reading of the Scriptures;" while at other times she tells him of what she is doing at school, of her visits to friends, to dear Mr. S—— of Laurencekirk, and how much pleased she was with one of his sermons from the text, "My times are in Thy hands;" of visits to Aberdeen, with its granite works, to Inverness, &c., &c. Speaking of the time when she left school, she says, in a letter dated 13th August 1867: "Glad as I am that my time of school is over, I sometimes feel sad to think of it, for I have spent many a happy day there; but all things have an end, and I have very much to be thankful for. Yes, darling papa, the day I entered Arundel House I committed myself to the care of my Heavenly Father, beseeching His guidance and blessing; and the day I left it I did so again, and have done so repeatedly since. He has always helped me in the past. I will trust Him for the future." This must have appeared like an answer to his prayer, for on her twelfth birthday her father had written, "God, in His gracious providence, has this day brought you to the beginning of your twelfth year of life. Resolve, my love, that the remainder of your days, so happily begun, shall be devoted to His service. The only happy life is the Christian life. May yours be abundantly blessed."

Shortly after Mr. Fraser's arrival in India he began to feel tired after his work, a most unusual thing with him, who for years had never known what it was to

have almost a single hour's illness. His friends observed that he was losing flesh, that he had occasional attacks of palpitation of the heart, and sometimes slight swellings of the feet; indeed that he was not at all in a good way. He was unlike himself except in his flow of spirits, that never left him. Every now and again rumours of his state reached his wife and daughter at home from other sources, but his own letters were the same as ever. A slight allusion to a passing indisposition was noted, but nothing serious was apprehended until the matter could no longer be concealed. Still the illness was looked at by himself in the most hopeful light, and a new symptom was never alluded to until it had passed. His medical advisers recommended him to go to the Hills during the holidays. He went to Landour, and was most tenderly cared for by the widow and daughters of the Rev. Dr. Campbell of the American Presbyterian Mission. It was at this time that a report was circulated that he had passed away, which distressed him not a little on account of his wife and daughter, who were just setting sail for India; and being afraid they might hear the report, he sent a cheering telegram to catch them at Galle.

He returned from the Hills much in the same state as he had gone, and on visiting his old friend Mr. J——, spoke freely about his state and the possibility of his not recovering; yet, with full confidence and implicit trust, he laid himself in the hands of God, assured that He would do what was right.

Mrs. and Miss Fraser arrived in Calcutta on the afternoon of November 13, 1867, when the latter wrote to her father as follows: "Here we are, thank God, safe and well, once more in dear old India. We found your

two dear letters waiting our arrival, and were indeed glad, darling, to hear that you were somewhat better, though I wish you could have been able to give better accounts of yourself. Your letter at Galle distressed us fearfully, and made us very anxious, and when the telegram was brought in, neither of us had the courage to open it, not knowing what might be the news it contained. Mrs. O—— did it for us, and read it, and I need not say what a blessing it was to us. I am longing to be with you, for us to look after and take care of you."

They hurried up to Lucknow as quickly as they could, and were much shocked to find the strong man brought so low. "Oh it was nothing," he said. He was now much better; the Lord had more work for him to do. Now that they had come, he would send in his resignation, retire from the service, spend half of his time in Dehra and the hot season in the Hills, and engage in as much mission-work as he was able for. Friends shook their heads in doubt and fear, and, indeed, he began to admit that he might not recover. Still his hopeful spirit, accustomed as it always had been to look at the bright side of everything, made him hope for life when others had ceased to do so. With full faith in the God who had been with him all his life, he in most childlike simplicity awaited the issue, assured that, if it were the Lord's will to call him away, he would go to be "forever with the Lord."

A change to Landour was recommended by his medical adviser, and on February 22, 1868, he set out, accompanied by his wife and daughter. On their way through the various stations they met with much kindness, and genuine sorrow was expressed by all at his severe ill-

ness. Loving words were spoken, earnest prayers were offered up on their behalf, and when the farewells were pronounced, the least affected of the company was he whose face they were never to see again.

In passing through Dehra he committed his wife and daughter to the care of his old and tried friend the Rev. Mr. Woodside, adding, "If I should not come down from the Hills again, I wish you to lay me beside my old friend Fullerton in the Dehra graveyard. It would be so pleasant at the resurrection to rise along with Fullerton again." The Rev. Mr. Fullerton was an old friend, a missionary of the American Presbyterian Church. To the Rev. Dr. Morrison of the same Mission, another friend of more than thirty years' standing, he remarked one day, "Ay, Morrison, you and I have had a long race, but I am to get in before you."

Writing on the 19th of May 1868 from Landour to Mr. S—— of Laurencekirk, Mrs. Fraser says: "And now, what shall I tell you of our own sorrow? Ever since our return from England, my dear husband has been a constant sufferer. He was never well from the time he returned; the voyage out, in such hot weather, tried him greatly, and then travelling up country in the month of June and settling to the work of his court quite broke him down. In September he came up to the Hills for a month. The change seemed to do him good, but returning to the plains threw him back, and he has never improved since. For a whole month before we reached Lucknow he was dangerously ill, so that it was feared we should not see him again; but he rallied a little, and when on the 20th of November we arrived at home, we found him looking better than we expected. But he soon got worse again, and about the end of

December had such a bad attack that the doctors gave him quite up, and said he could not live many days. He rallied from that attack too, but evidently his disease kept gaining ground on him, for he has got gradually weaker and thinner, and is now reduced to a most helpless state. From the very first the doctors have thought his case a very bad one, and now they have no hope whatever of his recovery. For a long time it was thought his complaint was of the heart, but the doctor who saw him at Dehra Doon (at the foot of the Hills), and also the one attending him now, say it is disease of the kidneys; but whatever it is, the prospect before us is a sad one as regards ourselves. As regards my dear husband, I rejoice to say that he can look forward with a glorious hope, trusting alone in the merits of Him who died that we might live.

"Though reduced to a state of extreme debility, and with so many unfavourable symptoms attending his case, strange to say, he still thinks he will get better; but of this I believe there is not the least hope, humanly speaking, though I never forget that with God all things are possible. I feel at times ready to sink under this heavy affliction, but hitherto the Lord has most wonderfully supported me. My dear daughter, too, as you may imagine, has had her young heart sorely tried, and with this trying season of anxiety and watching, her health, I am sorry to say, has been anything but good lately, for almost from the time we returned to Lucknow until we came up to Landour on the 17th March she never had a whole night's rest. On our arrival here we were obliged to engage two men of the 79th Highlanders to come and sit up with my husband all night, and thus allow us to get one night's rest. These

men were recommended by the Colonel, and we find them nice and steady, and very attentive. They are both Scotch. The climate up here is most delightful just now. It was thought that Mr. Fraser could not possibly have lived in the plains during the hot weather, so we brought him up, though the journey was most trying for him. His life, no doubt, has been prolonged a little by coming up, but that is all.

"Dr. M—— was with us a few weeks ago for about ten days, and it was a great comfort to us to have him. He was obliged to return to his station, but we hope to have him again with us next month. You will remember seeing him at Laurencekirk some years ago. His health has improved greatly, and though an old man of upwards of sixty, with his hair snow-white, he seems to have all the activity and energy of a young man. He is a most devoted missionary, and I believe his labours have been greatly blessed in this land. We have left Lucknow for good. My husband has, of course, been obliged to resign his appointment, and is now on his retiring pension. It was a sad breaking-up, forcibly reminding us that this is not our rest."

We mention these circumstances chiefly in order to note how unwearied Miss Fraser was in her attentions to her father. She sat with him, read to him, became his amanuensis, and prayed with him, preserving a calm and ever-cheerful exterior, although bowed down with sorrow. Several notes written by her during these midnight vigils show the source of her strength, and during these dark days she stood by her mother, cheering her loneliness, in a way that called forth the admiration of every one who knew her. And so on the 5th of July 1868, on the Sabbath morning, surrounded by his loving

wife and daughter, by kind friends and by respectful attached attendants, Judge Fraser passed away. It was indeed to enter a more glorious rest, the "rest promised to the people of God;" and he now lies in the Dehra graveyard, as was his expressed wish, close beside the grave of his "dear friend Fullerton."

CHAPTER V.

A NEW BOND.

"Poor Mrs. and Miss Fraser," writes a friend, "most keenly felt the last separation from their beloved one when it came, but accepted their loss with entire Christian submission." Early in August they went down to Dehra, to the house of Rev. Mr. W——, for the purpose of making arrangements to erect over the grave of Judge Fraser a suitable monument. It so happened that at the same time Dr. Colin Valentine arrived at the house of their host, and after visiting the mission schools, returned with Mr. W—— to the bungalow, and was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Fraser. It was impossible for them entirely to hide their deep grief, yet they entered into the conversation, showing a grateful interest in the kind words of sympathy and comfort that were spoken, Miss Fraser now and again dropping a remark so unmistakable in its import, that, as one of the company expressed it, "you could not but feel how assuredly it came from one who well knew the alone true source of comfort." Dr. Valentine had come to remain some little time on his way toward Landour Hill station, for the purpose of arranging several missionary matters, and particularly of speaking about the Medical Missionary Training Institution, a project always foremost in his mind. Mrs. Fraser and he having thus met for the first time on an occasion fitted to elicit the kindliest intercourse, she gave

him a cordial invitation to visit them when he came to Mussourie, and on his arrival there soon afterwards he accordingly at once availed himself at the first opportunity to cultivate their acquaintance. In giving an account of those early days of friendship he says: "I had the happiness to live in the house of the Rev. Mr. A—— of the American Presbyterian Mission from Allahabad, whence, shortly after I had arrived, Mr. A—— and myself went out upon our calls, as is the custom, leaving our cards with every one in the station from the commandant downwards. Amongst others, we visited Mrs. Fraser and her daughter, and found them wonderfully cheerful under their sad bereavement. On our return home, telling of everywhere we had been, Mrs. A—— spoke in the highest terms of Miss Fraser and her tender care about her mother, very warmly praising her intelligence, piety, good sense, and amiability. On the Sabbath we all attended the station church (Church of England). At that time a very good and able man was officiating, in consequence of the illness of the regular chaplain, who subsequently died while I was there. Very sad and very solemn it was to see the men of a Highland regiment carrying the coffin on which the gown and surplice of their chaplain was laid, and hear the plaintive notes of the bagpipes wail out some coronach that had moved the hearts of clansmen in the days of old. There is something more than usually sad in the funerals of our fellow-countrymen in India. The station is small; six or seven individuals form the whole community, who are moving about, each at his or her ordinary duties, when a report spreads that Mr. or Mrs. so-and-so is not well—a cold, mayhap, or slight fever; the next report is that he or she died in the night, and is to be interred before sunrise

in the morning. In the little graveyard they meet to perform the last sacred duties. 'Earth to earth, dust to dust,' is pronounced, and then they separate, there being one fewer than there was yesterday. It must be borne, and no doubt some one with a warm, kindly heart drops in in passing upon the bereaved family, perhaps left helpless, with children who will henceforth miss a mother's gentle love or a father's care, as the case may be."

In the evening there was a service held in the house of a Mr. W——, a godly man, a member of the Baptist Church. He had formerly been a deputy collector, but had retired from the service, and was now living on his pension in the Hills. He and his wife had been friends of the Fraser family for years, the latter attending the meetings, and greatly enjoying the occasional preaching of Mr. A——. After Dr. Valentine came up, he and Mr. A—— conducted the most part of the services to the end of October, many references being made in Miss Fraser's correspondence to these delightful Sabbath services and other meetings. The A——s, like Dr. Valentine, had come up to the Hills for their health's sake, and the former being desirous to make the most of their time, arranged little parties of Christian friends to go out to spend the day at some of the beautiful spots in the Hills. These picnics were made profitable as well as pleasant, for while fully enjoying the scenery and each other's society, they had often occasion—several of them being missionaries, others pious laymen—to speak of the wisdom and goodness of God in His wonderful realm of nature, which led them together to praise Him as sovereign over His most wonderful kingdom of grace. At these parties Mrs. Fraser and her daughter were occasionally induced to be present. Dr.

Valentine and the latter being often thrown together, he was more and more led to appreciate her varied excellences. Although, amidst all, there was a pervasive sadness, owing to her father's recent death, yet her conversation was cheerful; it showed she had read much, had thought deeply, on a variety of subjects. In some departments she had acquired marked proficiency, and gave her own idea on these in a way that was altogether free from affectation; while on all others, whether wholly or only partly acquainted with them, instead of expressing any view whatever, she would give most patient attention to what was said by every one around, until, perhaps, asked to state her own impression.

There were, in fact, between the pair thus favourably thrown together, more than one topic of joint interest. Foremost among such was a warm remembrance of their mutual friend, Mr. S—— of Laurencekirk, with that of the many pleasant days they had both spent there; talk about Scotland, moreover, Dr. Valentine's own birth-ground, forming a common bond of attraction. It was found, indeed, that each had had a grandmother among the Cowie village folks, near the Howe-o'-the-Mearns district, so that *hers* must have known *his*. Discoveries like these, it need scarce be said, afforded no little satisfaction under such circumstances, where instinctive attachment had already become clear.

The result was that early in November 1868 Miss Fraser and Dr. Valentine, with her mother's full approval, became engaged. Writing to a friend on the subject of her intended marriage, she said: "For some years past my prayer to God has been that He would mark out a sphere of usefulness for me, that I might spend the rest of my life in His service, and that if it was His will that I should ever marry, He might give

me one who would be my guide and counsellor through life, and help me on my way heavenward."

Having spent the greater part of her life in India, she was thoroughly acquainted with the vernaculars of the North-West Provinces and Oude, and could speak them as fluently and idiomatically as the natives themselves, both in the polished style of the nobles of Lucknow, with whom, from her father's position, she often had come in contact, and also in the patois used by the villagers and common people. She could also, with considerable fluency, read Urdi in the Persian character.

Learning from the Rev. Dr. M—— that Hindi was the language used in Rajputana, she placed herself under his instructions. Four days after she had commenced, she, in writing to Dr. Valentine, said, "I am getting on famously with my Hindi; I am reading a little now. Dr. M—— says I am very smart, but I am not at all sure of it." So thoroughly alive was she to the importance of knowing the language of the people among whom her lot was to be cast, and so perseveringly did she apply herself to its study, that by the time she arrived in Jeypore, a couple of months afterwards, she was able to read the Hindi New Testament, "Peep of Day," and other books translated for Indian use, as if they had been printed in English.

Previous to this she had commenced to teach a little girl of the lower caste, and alludes to it as follows: "Do you remember my telling you I was teaching our sweeper's little girl to read and work? She was getting on so nicely, but her father won't let her come here any more, as he says his friends are angry about it. I am so sorry about this, as I had hoped to be able to do her some good." The reading had been in Urdu in the Persian character, the work sewing and knitting, &c. The

prevalent ideas in England are that caste and caste rules are confined to the Brahmins, Rajputs, &c. But such is far from being the case. The very lowest castes—indeed, those who have no caste at all—are bound hand and foot by customs and rites as grievous to be borne and as obstructive in their way to progress, enlightenment, and Christianity, as those binding upon the higher castes; while the enactments of the Punchayet (a council literally consisting of five members, but often of more than thirty or forty individuals), fines of tobacco, liquor, cloth, &c., are as greatly dreaded by these people as the swallowing of the five excretions of the cow and a pilgrimage to the Ganges are by those of the higher castes. And what is even more extraordinary still, much of the separation that exists in the artificial life of India among Europeans and professing Christians is very largely regulated by the same feeling of caste.

During the period of Miss Fraser's engagement, her letters breathe out love and gratitude to her Heavenly Father for all the way He had led her and the prospect of usefulness that was opening before her. "My heart is overflowing with gratitude to our Heavenly Father, and I feel as if I could not thank Him enough for His great goodness to us." In one of her letters of that time she says: "I long to do something for my Saviour. It is indeed a great work, and well may any creature be proud to be engaged in such a glorious cause."

A great cloud passed over her young life that caused her much sorrow about this time. In the early part of December 1868 it was resolved that she and her mother should accompany Dr. and Miss M—— in their missionary tour, and march by stages from Dehra to Saharumpore, where the annual meeting of the upper and lower

branches of the American Presbyterian Mission was to be held that year. She looked forward with pleasure to these meetings, with their religious services, and the reunion with her own and her parents' friends, and, above all, to the opportunity she would have of doing something for the Agra Medical Mission scheme, which Dr. Valentine was at that time advocating, and through her exertions Dr. M—— brought it before the missionaries, who expressed their entire concurrence with it, and also aided it by substantial pecuniary assistance.

On the 2d December she spent her nineteenth birthday in Dehra; many missionary friends joined the little party, and in all her bright prospect for the future but one speck of trouble appeared. This lay in the anxiety caused by the threatened illness of her mother. Writing to Dr. Valentine she says: "You will be sorry to hear that dear mamma is not very well, and says she feels the action of her heart a good deal disturbed. I trust she will, by the blessing of God, soon be all right again, but still it makes me very uneasy about her, as, poor darling, she has suffered. Pray for her that it may pass off."

Although Mrs. Fraser was in great suffering, it was thought that the change might do her good, and it was resolved that they should commence their march. The journey between Dehra and Saharumpore was very different in those days from what it is now, so that the discomfort of travelling can scarcely be imagined by those who now pass along. During the second and third stage Mrs. Fraser grew much worse, and was seized with severe cramp and palpitation of the heart. In the middle of the night, believing that she was dying, she awakened her daughter and told her so, adding that if it was indeed the Lord's will to call her

away, she wished her to give loving messages to friends, and earnestly invoked a blessing on her daughter and her intended husband.

Situated as they were at midnight in the Pass of Mohun, where the tiger and wild elephant often ranged, this trial was severe to one so young; and, to add to their distress, it was found that there was not a single grain of medicine of any kind in camp. In the course of another day, however, Mrs. Fraser being somewhat improved, the party was enabled to move slowly forward. Writing of this anxious time she says: "Oh, it seems so hard, just when we were so happy; but it is all for the best. Oh that I may be able to trust Him implicitly. The God of Jacob is our refuge." Another difficulty was in the irregularity of communication with places which were connected with railways, telegraphs, and post-offices. The railway only extended to Meerut in those days, and the mail-cart took sometimes twenty-four hours between Jeypore and Agra, and was frequently robbed *en route*. The mails were consequently slow and irregular. It took nearly a week for a letter from Jeypore to reach Saharumpore, and a telegram from the former place had to go to Rookie, and from there be sent by a coolie or runner to Saharumpore. Dr. Valentine, who was written to for advice, sent off a parcel of medicine immediately, which fortunately reached them in safety. Everything during this time devolved upon Miss Fraser, for, apart from her mother's illness, she was greatly troubled by business matters and worries of various kinds, causing her to feel the bitterness of her father's loss deeply. Still she did not sit down and make her great grief an excuse for doing nothing. She kept on, hoping, praying, and working.

In the midst of these sore trials, she ventures to look

out on the future. "Now," she writes, "I am going to talk of the future, which is much brighter than the present. I picture to myself our home in Jeypore. Oh, the very thought is bliss! Troubles may overtake us, but we shall share them together, and, putting our trust in our Heavenly Father, we shall go on our way rejoicing. Whenever I think of all the way the Lord has led me, of the many, many mercies which He has showered upon me, I feel as if I never could distrust Him; but my faith is oftentimes very weak. Oh that I could leave all in my Heavenly Father's hands. 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' What a comforting thought that is! May we realise it through life, and be enabled to act according to its injunctions, being supported by its gracious assurance, 'for He careth for you.'" Referring to the work which she hopes to engage in when she reaches Jeypore, she says: "Does the Maharajah read the Bible you gave him? May the Lord Jesus Christ bless it to his salvation. I long to do something, and if I am spared to come to Jeypore, you must put me in the way of doing something really useful in the mission cause."

After leaving Saharumpore they came on to Meerut, where there was no regular station-house, and where, through the rudeness of one of the officials, they had to spend the most of the night in the darkness and cold of December. It was the 18th of the month when they reached Agra, and on the 23d they were joined there by Dr. Valentine, who accompanied them to Lucknow, and after making several preparations for their present comfort and for the future, he returned to Jeypore for a short time, there to await his nuptial summons.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. COLIN VALENTINE.

So new and remarkable was the sphere on which Miss Fraser was about to enter—so essentially, too, was the course of her whole after-life determined by her marriage—that it is desirable for the reader to have some distinct knowledge of the position occupied by him with whom her fortunes were to be linked, and of the peculiar circumstances whereby he had been placed in Jeypore at the Maharajah's court. We here give a brief account of these facts. To few men of the present day, even amidst the strange vicissitudes of Anglo-Indian adventure, had it been given to pass through a more notable series of incidents, beginning with his own early days. There is a singular resemblance in some points between his self-raised prominence in India and that of Judge Fraser himself; and there is evident reason for thinking, that among the grounds of strong sympathy which had drawn the Judge's daughter towards her future husband, this marked resemblance of character on the part of the latter to her father constituted by no means the least attractive feature.

Colin Valentine was born in Montrose Street, Brechin, on January 7, 1834; his parents being handloom weavers there. Owing to their straitened circumstances, they were thankful to give the boy up to the care of his maternal grandparents when he was a mere child,

while his two brothers remained at home. His paternal grandfather had been a flaxdresser, an exceedingly intelligent man, fond of reading, and his wife a particularly well-educated woman for her station. On the other hand, his maternal grandparents, with whom his youthful upbringing went on, were a different kind of people having less book-knowledge, but more truly religious. Colin Strachan, the old man, had been in early life a private in the Forfarshire Militia, and altogether careless as regarded religion; but one Sunday, when the regiment was lying at Musselburgh, he was walking through the churchyard whistling in a low tone, and asking himself the question, "Shall I go in to church or shall I not?" When passing a tombstone he paused, seeing there a little more carving on it than ordinarily, and was much struck with the following lines:—

"Remember, man, as thou pass by,
What thou art now, so once was I;
What I am now, so thou wilt be:
Prepare thyself to follow me."

The lines had a strange fascination for him; he read and re-read them till they proved "an arrow of conviction to his soul." He hesitated no longer; entered the church, heard a faithful sermon, and his heart being already touched by the spirit of the Holy Ghost, the careless soldier left the building a new man, having cast himself unreservedly on the love and mercy of Christ. His wife had been in her early years much among the Seceders, and had always been a godly Christian woman. She had followed the regiment with her husband, and eked out the small amount of pay by washing and dressing the officers' linen. When the regiment was disbanded they returned to Brechin, the *birthplace* of Colin Strachan, and there they settled,

and there their children were born, one son and two daughters, the eldest of whom was Colin Valentine's mother. The youngest, Annie, who died in childhood, lived in the memory of her mother to the end of the good old woman's days. She loved to talk especially to her grandson about this little child, and would dwell on the dark days after little Annie was taken from them, and then recall to mind how light broke in upon their sadness at family worship. The passage that came in course to be read spoke of the eternity of God —"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years." It was like a voice from the Father Himself to them, for they seemed to realise how short time is with its sorrows, and how long eternity is with its joys, and the old soldier returned to his work, feeling he had received a deeper view into the things of God.

These conversations had a greater effect upon the boy than his grandmother was aware of. Colin was a delicate child, with a high-strung sensitive nature, and as a child he thought much about death and eagerly read books about heaven, Watts's "World to Come" being a great favourite. Often after one of Grannie's stories he would return to a quiet corner and weep bitterly, and pray that God would make him good, and that some day he might be allowed to be a minister-missionary. His very happiest moments were those spent behind the arrangement of stools to represent a pulpit which his companions placed before him to hear him—the bishop, as they called him—sing and preach.

All the recollection of his old soldier-grandfather is not much, as he passed away in 1841, when the boy was seven years of age; but, as he slept with the old people, he used to hear them repeating hymns, and quoting passages of Scripture; and when they discovered he

was lying awake, although he had said his prayers before going to bed, he was reminded "to say his gude wordies over again before he fell asleep." And lying quietly, too, at the back of Grannie in the early morning, on the Sabbath more especially, he would listen to his grandfather repeating some of his special hymns reserved for such occasions; one particular favourite being—

> "Another six days' work is done,
> Another Sabbath is begun,"—

showing that to the worthy old man the Sabbath was indeed a day of rest. And in the evening, dear old Grannie would recall her recollections of grand sermons she had heard "lang syne" from some old Secession divine, perhaps on sacramental occasions, when folk could sit listening for hours and then think the time had been short, not one of them wishing for the blessing to be pronounced even after "a double yoking," as was the phrase for a service when two successive sermons were preached without any mid-day interval.

After the old man died, his wife, to help her slender income, kept a few boarders, generally weaver lads, who were great politicians in those days, and great readers. Though there was much in the conversation that would have been better left unsaid before the boy Colin, still he heard much that was useful to him, and he was stimulated to read and think for himself. At an early age Colin was mounted on the loom, his parents determining to make a weaver of him; but being always a sickly child, and a great sufferer from headaches, it was soon apparent that his health was failing, and they therefore made up their minds to give him as much education as lay in their power, and to trust in the Lord as to his future. Accordingly the boy, after being

some months longer at school, was apprenticed to a chemist and druggist, with whom he served the usual time. Then he went to Falkirk to a situation, and, with his parents' approval, he began to save his money for the purpose of proceeding to college; but the youthful aspirant toward academic distinction fell ill, and the carefully hoarded store was soon spent. There was nothing for it but to return to Brechin, where he heard of a small school that had become vacant in connection with the Free Church. The school was held in a very primitive kind of place, but there the lad carried his love for preaching, and held prayer-meetings and delivered addresses in his own earnest, simple fashion. In the summer evenings he went about to the various farms and took photographs of the people, and at the end of the session he strapped his little camera on his back and tramped round Loch Rannoch, taking views of the houses and photographs of the inhabitants. He tried hard to get near a central place by Saturday night, and then next day, if the church was far off, or in the evenings, he preached to good and appreciative audiences. Between the school fees and the photographs £25 were saved, and, with this sum in his pocket, Colin Valentine matriculated in Edinburgh University. It was a struggle for all of them, for the boy who went, and for his friends who remained at home, to keep him at college; but the parents willingly worked early and late with this object in view, his mother at the loom, and his father trudging the country for miles to solicit orders when not at his loom also. Touching as the circumstances appear, yet this was but one in many cases of such noble effort and patient self-denial among the honest peasantry of Scotland.

At the end of the first session Colin Valentine did

not know if ever he would get back to college. On the last night, after he had packed his box, he went and looked through the college gates, the tears coming in spite of himself to his eyes as he stood wondering if ever he would take his place in the old classroom again. He had heard of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and had become acquainted with the late Dr. Coldstream, Professor Miller, &c., and he sent in an application to be taken in as one of their students, his application being backed by the recommendation of many kind friends, who were aware of the lad's determination of purpose, his industry, and indomitable spirit. He had scarcely been at home a week when he was asked to meet the committee, and to his great joy, and that of his parents, he was enrolled as one of the students. His path was thus made plain before him. He obtained an introduction to the late Dr. Somerville, who engaged him to read along with his son John, a student in the same classes; receiving for this assistance £2 a month, which the young man found amply sufficient to supply his temporal wants when aided by a periodical box of provisions from home.

For some time he resided with Dr. Burns Thomson, in the Medical Mission House, Cowgate, as his assistant, until, at length, he was chosen by the United Presbyterian Mission Board to go out as their medical missionary to India. On the 8th of October 1861, Colin Valentine was married to Mary, second daughter of Dr. Somerville, then Secretary of the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, and on the 12th of the month they sailed for Bombay. Unfortunately his young wife caught cold almost immediately after they left home, which developed itself in September 1862. *She died* in the house of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Bombay.

The instructions he received on leaving for India were conveyed to him in the form of a letter. Therein he found that though he was expected to attend to the health and to see after the comfort of the missionaries, the main object for which he was deputed was to labour among the natives of Rajputana. "The great difficulty which the missionary experiences is to induce the natives, whose spiritual good he seeks, to place confidence in him, to look upon him as a friend, and to listen with interest to his message. . . . But when any one removes any of their bodily pains and effects their relief from a disease, their feelings of gratitude are excited, and they come to regard their benefactor with favour. . . . There are thus three things which you will keep steadily before you, and labour by divine grace to accomplish: First, you will visit the people; and, to enable you to do so efficiently, you will have to acquire their language, and do what you can to heal their bodily ailments; secondly, you will carefully and prudently take advantage of your position and influence to commend Christian truth to your patients, and, through the channels which gratitude has opened, to drop in the seeds of the Divine Word; thirdly, you will regard yourself as a pioneer or herald of the ordained missionaries, and as one whose duty it is to remove, as far as you can, obstructions out of their path."

That Dr. Valentine carried out these instructions is amply borne out by the testimony of his brother missionaries; and from the time he reached his station at Benares in 1861, until he left for Jeypore in 1866, we find him heartily engaged in the ordinary duties of the Mission, as well as aiding, through every means at his command, "to drop in the seeds of the Divine Word," according to his instructions. He gave general satis-

faction to the Rev. Mr. S——, of Benares, who found him a ready helper and agreeable companion during itinerating tours in the neighbouring villages, as well as by making himself generally useful as opportunity occurred.

Under Dr. Valentine's charge the medical and surgical portion of the dispensary greatly increased, and in 1864 he was appointed civil surgeon to the station of Benares and medical officer to the Ajmere and Mairwara police corps, the duties of which appointments he carried on in conjunction "with those of the Mission, handing over the whole of the emoluments derived from the Government appointments to the funds of the Mission. He had in town and country from 12,000 to 14,000 patients, and a larger number of surgical cases than he ever had had in any one year before." In the last cold season, according to the "Record" of June 1866, "he accompanied Mr. S—— through parts of Mugra, Marwar, and Meywar; taught in the school for the two months when the ordinary teacher was absent on his tour; and in the close of that year and the beginning of the next he went with the Deputy Commissioner through Mairwara, preached occasionally in the villages, vaccinated a considerable number of children, prescribed for a large number of patients, and performed minor surgical operations,—in one case removing successfully a diseased upper jaw. He examined all the Government schools, which were found to be in a wretched condition, and drew out a plan by which they might be regularly examined and reported on. He has compiled a prayer and promise for every day in the year in Hindi and Persian Urdu; written a small scientific treatise for the higher school classes and teachers; prepared a tract in Mairwara on small-pox, and another

on cholera in Mairwara and Persian Urdu; five hundred copies of each of the two last have been circulated by the Government. Besides these things, he has attended the jail and regimental hospitals; written various reports on public matters; induced the Government to appoint two native vaccinators; and he has been instrumental in abolishing several improper customs. By him and the two native vaccinators, who have been placed under his direction, more than seven thousand children have been vaccinated. How many were thus preserved from the destructive malady will be seen from the previous circumstance, that out of thirty children attending the senior classes in the Todgurh and Beawr schools, only eight had escaped having the disease, while two had each lost an eye."

And now the time arrived when all his work must be given up in Benares, owing to the opening up of a still wider field in the city of Jeypore. "There are times when God's providence sets before a man an open door and a great career, and calls on him to decide at once before the opportunity passes away for ever." So wrote Mr. S—— in connection with the change that took place, adding: "Such an opportunity has been granted to our dear brother,—an opportunity which, if lost through indecision or delay, might never have occurred again." The story of Dr. Valentine's going to Jeypore, told by himself, is as follows:—

On his way to the Hills he arrived about the 10th of April, and was very kindly received by the Political Agent, Captain Beynon, and his wife. Captain Beynon was the son of a missionary of the Church of England, who had been in India for upwards of forty years without having once visited England. Mrs. Beynon was a daughter of General Sumner, and niece of the

then Governor-General. They were good Christian people, lights in the surrounding darkness, who had been long wishing and praying for the introduction of Christianity into Jeypore. The first morning of Dr. Valentine's visit—which he intended to be of only two days' duration—he was informed that the students of the medical college, who had been under medical training by Dr. Burr, then surgeon to the Jeypore Residency, were to be examined that afternoon in presence of the Maharajah and Durbar at the palace, and he was asked by Captain Beynon to take part in the proceedings. Along with Dr. De Fabeck, he accepted the invitation, was presented to his Highness the Maharajah, and after a little conversation the examination commenced. Though suffering from a severe headache, as it was the final examination, Dr. Valentine took the opportunity of saying a few words to the students, reminding them that the education they had received was a gift from God; not for their own glorification, but for the good of others. The Maharajah was much pleased, and then and there took a great fancy to Dr. Valentine, urging upon him to prolong his stay, and made him promise to visit him in the morning. He accordingly went, and had his photograph taken by the Maharajah himself. In course of conversation, his Highness the Maharajah informed Dr. Valentine that one of his queens had been sick for upwards of a year; that she had been given over by the native doctors, and that, although under medical treatment, she was getting worse; that the court physicians had said there was no hope of her recovery, and asked him to visit and prescribe for her. Dr. Valentine explained to the Maharajah that he was merely passing through Jeypore; that if he did attend the Maharani, it must only be along with Dr. Burr, her

medical attendant; and as Dr. De Fabeck was also in Jeypore, he proposed that he should be asked to be present also.

This being agreed to, a time was fixed for their waiting upon Her Highness, when Dr. Valentine, from his knowledge of the language of the people of Rajputana, was enabled to elicit many facts concerning the origin and progress of the disease that had hitherto escaped observation; and acting as interpreter to Drs. Burr and De Fabeck, mentioned what he had discovered, stating his opinion as to the nature of the malady from which the lady was suffering, and sketched out what he believed was the proper line of treatment for the future. The other two doctors concurring in his opinion, he was asked by the Maharajah to undertake the case, and under his treatment the Maharani began to recover. Dr. Valentine for this got much credit and repute, but he himself always ascribed the praise to God.

Seeing that the Queen was recovering, and his leave was running out, Dr. Valentine prepared to depart, and had actually sent on his heavy luggage to Agra, when the Maharajah sent a message by Captain Beynon, saying that he wished Dr. Valentine to remain until the Queen was restored to health, and at the same time made overtures for permanently retaining his services. Captain Beynon strongly advised Dr. Valentine to think over it seriously. It was a field of no ordinary interest, and was being opened in no ordinary manner. By schools and college, education had made great progress under the enlightened reign of the present Maharajah, a young man little more than thirty years of age, who had been trained under the care of the British Government, who during his minority governed the state. He was anxious for the welfare of his people, and did what he

could to educate them as well as to develop the resources of his country. Connected with the institutions, a number of intelligent Bengalese, educated at mission schools, had formed themselves into a society, and were discussing such subjects as female education, the customs of the Zenana, and other questions that will sooner or later revolutionise the whole strata of Indian society. Captain Beynon was sure that His Highness would place Dr. Valentine at the head of these institutions were he to remain in Jeypore; so with all these considerations before him, he wrote to Dr. Somerville, saying: "I need not tell you how I felt, Beawr and our dear mission on the one hand, Jeypore, with 150,000 heathens, on the other,—'dear sweet Beawr,' as our dear Mary used to call it. My ambition never rose beyond it. To go out and in amongst our dear native Christians, sit with them in their little mud-houses, rejoice in their joy, and weep with them in their sorrow; and when the Lord's time came, be laid in the little quiet graveyard in the station corner: these were all my ideas."

Two years after their marriage the gentle spirit of Mary Somerville had passed away, another victim to climate and hard work of a missionary's wife, so that Dr. Valentine clung with all the more tenacity to his first home in India and to his brethren of the mission. But there was Jeypore, with its heathen, with its noble institutions, conducted, it is true, not on Christian principles, but which when ordered aright might become such engines for good in the whole North-West Provinces. In the meantime, Dr. Valentine had several long and interesting conversations with His Highness the Maharajah on religious subjects, who had expressed a desire to have and to read a copy of our Scriptures. Daily Dr. Valentine became more impressed with the importance of the

field, and the time and circumstance being favourable for mission-work. The wishes of the Maharajah being distinctly made known to Dr. Valentine, he stated that, as he was a missionary, he could only accept of His Highness's proposals upon the distinct understanding that, as such, he would be allowed without let or hindrance to teach the doctrines of the Christian religion. This was acceded to, and, to the honour of His Highness the late Maharajah, he never once departed from the engagement which he had made with him.

The college and educational institutions were made over to him; a grant of 10,000 Rs. was made for a college library and philosophical instruments. The European members of the station were formed into a little church, the services being conducted after the manner of the Church of England, Dr. Valentine preaching or giving the address. A considerable number of improvements were set agoing, which they trusted, by God's blessing, would be for good.

Dr. Valentine had taken this step on his own responsibility, it being impossible to consult the Mission Board before the decision was made. "I have been," he says when writing to the secretary, "forced into circumstances in which I have (or, at least, I have supposed) seen the hand of God leading me to take a certain course, without commands, and perhaps even against commands. *I have not dreamed of leaving the Mission.* If they will allow me to be their servant, I will be rejoiced. 'Ye are not your own' are words which, for months past, have been ringing in my ears; and my prayer, like Paul's, has been, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' I have believed that He has sent me here for some great work. Oh that His Spirit may be with me and support me in my work!"

In a minute of the Foreign Committee, dated 26th June 1866, we find that "the sub-committee, looking at the apparently providential character of this movement, and at the fact that Dr. Valentine was called suddenly to give his decision, and could not consult either his brethren or the committee, recommend that the committee approve of what Dr. Valentine has done, *gladly still recognise him as one of their agents*, and agree to give him up for twelve months to the service of the Maharajah of Jeypore."

The committee cordially approved of this recommendation, and recorded "the earnest hope that this very interesting movement will lead to the opening of the door for the entrance of the gospel into that important native state."

The opinion of all the members was "that the hand of the Lord was evidently in the matter, and many friends of the mission were not only deeply interested in Dr. Valentine's letter, but expressed themselves satisfied that he could not have done anything else than accept the offer made him;" Mr. Shoolbred, from his station in India, stating, "that to his mind, considering the extraordinary circumstances of the case, Dr. Valentine would have failed in his duty had he acted otherwise than he had done."

Strengthened by the approval of the committee, of his brethren in India, and of friends at home, Dr. Valentine entered upon his arduous duties. He was quite aware that his position would have difficulties, and that there was much need for "caution, tact, and prayer, but he was earnest in purpose, energetic, full of plans, and not easily appalled."

During the whole time Dr. Valentine was at Jeypore, he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the Maharajah, and was thus enabled through him to establish several institutions for the physical and moral advancement of the people. Amongst these may be mentioned the School of Arts, the Public Library, the Philosophical Institute, a museum, a Medical Hall, branch dispensaries, jail discipline, and the introduction of prison works, &c. When Dr. Valentine went to Jeypore, the central prison contained between 800 and 900 prisoners, many of whom had been confined for years without ever having had their cases looked into. On his representation many of these unfortunates were released. All were entirely without discipline, wandering about in a state of idleness and almost perfect nudity, bartering the grain provided for their food for opium and other intoxicating drugs. These were reduced to order. Workshops were erected, and the prisoners taught useful trades. All these and other institutions were established at the suggestion of, and for years carried on by, Dr. Valentine. Captain Beynon, in his report for 1868–69 says: "Dr. Valentine is deserving of the greatest praise, not only as being the projector of these valuable institutions, but for the ability, zeal, and disinterestedness with which he continues to labour for their advancement, and for the ultimate fulfilment of their object." In explanation of the word "disinterested," used by the writer, we may explain that for years Dr. Valentine received nothing for his labours in connection with these institutions, simply drawing his pay as private physician to the Maharajah.

With regard to the missionary work, the present Bishop of Lahore says: "Dr. Valentine's work and its results are both a precious memorial for the Church of God of the wise and skilled working by which His

never-failing providence ordereth all things, and also a signal instance of the hold a medical missionary may obtain on a heathen prince and people. Having twice preached at Jeypore in former years, and having had my spirit stirred within me by seeing the city wholly given to idolatry, I have marvelled the more at the way in which God has made an entrance for the gospel, and given His servants a key to the hearts of some of the most bigoted adherents of idolatry."

As a first-fruit of this mission, two hopeful inquirers were instructed for months by Dr. Valentine himself; one an old man, a Gar Brahmin, one of the highest caste, formerly a priest. He afterwards taught in one of Dr. Valentine's schools. The other, in token of his sincerity, broke caste by throwing away his Brahminical thread and necklace. These two converts were baptized by Mr. Shoolbred, one receiving a new name, Isa Das (servant of Jesus), who exclaimed after the ceremony was over, "Blessed be the day that I came to Jeypore and heard of Jesus Christ. Blessed be the day that I met with Dr. Valentine at the Maji-Kebagh." The other, Husan Ali, had been a convert before, but had gone back, causing much grief to the missionaries at Beawr, who continued day by day to pray on his behalf. An evident blessing rested on Dr. Valentine's faithful treatment of him, so that it was with unspeakable satisfaction they were able at the weekly prayer-meeting to receive him back into the Church. The Rev. John Robson's testimony, in a letter dated 22d February 1868, was: "I was glad to find Dr. Valentine in much better health than he was when I visited him twenty months before. He could undertake work without seeming to feel it much, and altogether he seemed in a better state of health than I have seen him since the first

years of his residence in India. There was also progress in all the departments of which he has a supervision. In the college there was a decided improvement. A good Medical Hall has been opened, and a School of Arts established, that promises to be a boon to all Rajputana. He is thus, by his position in Jeypore, doing a great deal of material good. But by far the most pleasing sight that we witnessed there was the beginning of a native church. . . . There are already at Jeypore six church members, of a character, as far as I could judge, to form a most hopeful nucleus of the future church there."

The beginning of 1869 found Dr. Valentine thus heartily engaged in his duties for the Maharajah, and as busily in the work of the Mission. Though he received no salary from the Mission Board from the date he entered the Maharajah's service, he had, according to a minute of the Foreign Mission Committee, "devoted both time and personal funds to promote missionary work in Jeypore;" and, as stated in the "Missionary Record" of July 1869, "a large central school is a standing witness to the existence of our Mission, and a proof that its object is the spread of Christianity."

We close this chapter by a quotation from the October number of the "Record," showing that Dr. Valentine was prospering in his mission-work, and stood high in the estimation of all with whom he had to do. "Few men in India seem to be more honoured of God than our admirable friend and missionary, Dr. Valentine. His position at Jeypore is known to our readers. It has been found for him by a Providence as gracious as it is almighty. His labours as our missionary are entirely gratuitous. Indeed he has expended his own funds rather than drawn upon ours. He has founded a

native church, and already brought upwards of a thousand of the native youths of Jeypore under his scheme of instruction, which includes the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Mission Board has resolved to sustain Dr. Valentine in his labours by such pecuniary aid as he may require *in erecting a place of worship and promoting Christian education*, as well as by seconding his wishes and strengthening his hands in sending out one or more to labour along with him. Providence seems to be signally employing his energy, wisdom, and tact in opening a door that promises to be 'wide and effectual.'"

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE—JEYPORE—THE MAHARAJAH.

THE morning of the 20th of February 1869 did not dawn on a more contented, happier bride than was Isabel Fraser. Dark clouds had, for the last few months, hung over her path, yet she was now able to thank God for such painful experience, considering it as one by which her trust in Him was confirmed. By these trials devout reliance was not only intensified and strengthened for the time being, but ever onward to the end of her days. When alluding to this period of her life, years afterwards, she did so with gratitude, adding, "I know that the Lord is the hearer and answerer of prayer." She had been strengthened with a strength she knew not of; crooked places had been made straight; and the dark clouds had showed, in manifest response to her prayers, "their silver lining." Her implicit religious trust was something remarkable; it was with her a living reality. "It is the will of the Lord," she writes on one occasion, "and it must be done—the more willingly on our part, too, the better for us—even although its performance should, meanwhile, cause as much pain as the plucking out of a right eye or the cutting off of a right hand."

We have already seen how she looked forward to Jeypore as the scene of her life-work, and the pleasure and honour she experienced in being able to work for

Him who had been so merciful to her. The manner in which Jeypore had been opened to the entrance of the gospel, the cure of the Queen, and the promise of the Maharajah to allow Dr. Valentine to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation (a promise, be it said, which, to the honour of this noble Rajput prince, amidst conflicting interests, he fully kept to the last), was looked upon by her as another instance of the power and wisdom of the wonder-working Jehovah.

Surrounded by a few sincerely attached friends, Isabel Fraser was married on this 20th of February to Dr. Colin Valentine, by the Rev. James Williamson, a chaplain of the Church of Scotland. The ceremony took place in the Bibiapur palace, that had been built by Ausuf-u-dowla for a country residence in his sporting excursions. It is a two-storied building, thoroughly in the English style, General Martin being its reputed architect. The site is well chosen, upon a considerably elevated spot at a bend of the river Goomty. To this retreat the Prince-Regent was in the habit of making excursions in a small steamboat, constructed in 1819 by an English engineer, the first steam-vessel known in India.

Mr. Williamson had been an old and valued friend of Mr. Fraser, and, referring to the time of the marriage, he says: "I then thought what a pleasure it would have been to Mr. Fraser to have handed over his daughter to a missionary who had done so much for India."

In a few days afterwards they entered Jeypore, and it will not be out of place to give here a brief account of that important native Rajput city, as well as of its ruler. It lies to the east of the province of Ajmere, and is separated from it only by the small native State of Kishingurh. The capital, also called Jeypore, is

about eighty miles east from Ajmere, situated on the road to Agra. This city, which was built about 160 years ago by the celebrated Jai Singh,—distinguished for his scientific attainments, especially his skill in astronomy,—has a population of 150,000, and is one of the finest native cities in India. It is two miles in length and one in breadth; the principal street, which runs from east to west, is 120 feet wide, intersected by streets of equal breadth, having at each intersection a market square. The palace, which occupies the central part of the city, is a magnificent collection of buildings, half a mile long, the front of which rises to the height of seven or eight stories. It has within it several spacious courts; the hall of audience, a splendid oblong room, is built entirely of white marble, and it has attached to it a large and richly-supplied garden. The Maharajah Ram Singh was, at the time of Dr. Valentine's arrival in Jeypore, a little more than thirty years of age. He had been trained under the care of the British Government, which, during his minority, ruled the State, and which was ever anxious for the welfare of the people of the country, amounting to nearly three millions. He did what he could to educate them, as well as to develop the resources of his territory. He was a Rajput of the Katchwai tribe,—one of the *avatars* of Vishnu being a tortoise, the Sanskrit of which is Katch, whence the tribal epithet, as the tribe of the Katchwais are fantastically said to have sprung from this avatar or incarnation of Vishnu.

He was born in 1833, but considerable obscurity hangs over his birth. His father, Jai Singh, died at the age of seventeen or eighteen. It is said that the education of the young Maharajah was neglected, and,

as is usual in such cases, temptations and allurements were placed before him in order to draw his mind away from the duties of his position, and allow them to fall into the hands of interested parties. Amongst one of his first acts, when he came into full power, was to appoint as Prime Minister his pundit tutor, Sheo Deen, a Brahmin; when a struggle, similar to what often transpired under our own old feudal system, took place between the crown and chief nobles. The hereditary officials lost their position and influence, while the King introduced such measures in the governing of the kingdom as he deemed best.

Sheo Deen died in 1874, but before his death he had lost much of his power and influence in the State. It was through him that Dr. Valentine received his introduction to the Maharajah in the first instance, which afterwards led to the opening up of Rajputana as a mission station. It happened in this wise. Towards the latter end of 1863 or beginning of 1864, the Maharajah of Jeypore came to Ajmere, and was invested as Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. Dr. Valentine was at Ajmere at the time, taking the place of the civil surgeon, who had gone on leave. The latter had been most kind in attending the missionaries, and they all thought that, if Dr. Valentine was to act for him, it would be a graceful way of acknowledging his kindness. It was in this way that Dr. Valentine met with the Prime Minister, Sheo Deen, and in conversation told him who he was; that he was a missionary as well as a doctor, but was acting at present for the civil surgeon. Dr. Valentine also informed him that he was taking advantage of his presence in Ajmere to deliver a course of lectures on natural

science, with experiments, in the Government College, and on physiology in the Mission bungalow. The Prime Minister expressed a wish to be allowed to be present at one of the lectures in the latter place. So interested was he in what he heard, that he cordially invited Dr. Valentine to come to Jeypore, and took the first opportunity, before he left Ajmere, to introduce him to the Maharajah.

At home, in Jeypore, the Maharajah was a very simply-living man. In his dress you would not have been able to distinguish him from one of his attendants. In Durbar also, that is, on state occasions, he was plainly dressed. The only ornament or piece of jewellery he then wore was the Star of India; many of the chiefs on such occasions being literally laden with jewellery, often to the amount of £20,000 or £30,000. All this the Maharajah looked upon with contempt. He was a man considerably below the ordinary height, being not above 5 feet 3 or 4 inches, with a stoop, too, as he walked. Usually he had a thoughtful, almost melancholy expression; but when pleased with anything, and lit up with a smile, his countenance beamed with intelligence. When indignant at any act of injustice his frown was withering. He had great command over himself, that is, he could bide his time rather than act upon the impulse of the moment. He was a great judge of character, and in a very few minutes could take the measure of a man. He acted upon the principle that to err is human; to errors he was charitable. Those, however, who by selfishness or deceit fell under his displeasure were never allowed to obtain his confidence again; he might and did use them in carrying out his measures, but it was always apparent to themselves, as well as to

others, that they were outside his confidence. To his friends he was a most sincere friend, the last man who would desert a friend "under fire;" and from personal experience Dr. Valentine could testify to this, that when troubles overtook him and his wife from quarters the most unexpected, the Maharajah's friendship became more firm.

On Mrs. Valentine's arrival in Jeypore she was enthusiastically welcomed by the members of the little native church, the women of which, in their profusion of delight, clasped her feet, and called her their religious mother. Speaking a kind word to each, she told them that she would ever look upon them as sisters, and hoped that they would do the same by her. They were pleased above measure at the manner in which she returned their greetings, and equally surprised to find a lady who could speak to them in their own language as one of themselves. Major Jacob, whose friendship towards Dr. Valentine has remained unchanged from the first day he came to Jeypore to the last, had arranged their furniture in their new house, so that what was required to be done was only to add those finishing-touches which a lady's hand can alone give.

When settled down, the day was regularly divided out, and a time set apart for some particular work. A working class for the women was formed, and while thus employed Mrs. Valentine encouraged free conversation. In this way she became acquainted with the history, character, and temper of each, found out their good points as well as their failings, and manifested such a genuine interest and sympathy with each, that she quickly obtained their confidence and love. They looked upon her as indeed a sister in Christ, consulted her in their troubles,

and even in the arrangement of their household matters received her advice, encouragement, and occasional rebukes, in the spirit in which they were given. Gradually the work was extended; a reading as well as a working class was formed for the systematic reading of the Bible and other books. "The Peep of Day," "Women of the Bible," "Christian Mothers," and several other books of this kind in Hindi, were read through and greatly enjoyed. Her notes show how thoroughly she prepared herself for the Bible lesson: hundreds of expressions, ideas, forms of thought, and rules of practice, which to those who have been all their life acquainted with the teachings of the Scriptures are easily understood, but present difficulties to young Indian converts to a much greater extent than many have the least idea of, and in many instances not being understood or appreciated, are insufficiently provided for. The builder-up of our native church in India must be one who thoroughly understands and appreciates the difficulties with which he has to contend, and carefully, prayerfully, and lovingly sits down amongst the native Christians as one of themselves, leading their feet into the way of holiness. Those who engage in the work in this way and in this spirit need have no fear of "compromising their dignity" or "demeaning themselves in the eyes of the natives," but, on the contrary, may rejoice that they are permitted to imitate the Saviour in His method and work. Idioms were explained, manners and customs different from those of the people of India were pointed out, and the teaching of the passage illustrated and enforced by means of parables and examples taken from every day life. Nor were such instructions confined to those who were avowed converts; the wives of the servants, and even

women from the adjoining native village, hearing that the new Mem Sahib loved native women and could speak to them in their own dialect, began to come in, and were treated kindly. The house, with its chairs, tables, clock, pictures, piano, &c., were never-failing sources of wonder and delight, and the uses of each were explained with such patience and fulness as called forth their admiration. The virtues of cold water and cleanliness were dwelt upon, and, above all, she directed them to the Saviour. A friend once remarked to her, "I cannot understand how you can possibly trouble yourself with these people or spend so much time upon them." Her answer was, "I love the people; I love to point them to the blessed Jesus."

In her second year's residence at Jeypore her heart was greatly touched by the sight of the number of poor children growing up in a state of ignorance, and to meet this want she commenced a school in the verandah. Writing to her mother at this time she mentions her plans and hopes:—

"*9th November* 1870.—I opened my school this morning with eleven children, some nice bright little things; nine came from outside, and I had Gopalia and one of the Bhishtee boys. The mother came and said he had learnt Hindi a little, but had forgotten it again, and wished to be admitted, but I thought him too old for an infant school. I am so glad to have made a beginning. I have already the promise of four or five more children. I trust by the blessing of God I may be enabled to do them some good. First they must learn to read, and then, by reading and being read to, I hope they may come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and by the grace of God be

drawn out of heathenism into the fold of the Good Shepherd."

On the 11th of the same month she again reports the progress of her school:—"My little school is increasing. I have already fourteen children now. This morning I began a singing and working class for the girls." Many touching allusions to this little school are found scattered about in her letters to her husband, his parents and friends. Writing 1st April 1873 she says: "I have been obliged to close my little school for a time, as there is small-pox in the village near us, and one of the boys has had it; but I trust before long we shall be able to begin again. Some of the little fellows got on so nicely, I quite miss them of a morning. We have much need of your prayers as well as of others of God's people. This is a large field and the seed is being sown, but the increase must come from above."

"*January* 15, 1872.—The new missionaries (Dr. Somerville and Mr. Macalister) were very much interested in the school, it being the first of the kind they had seen."

The school increased in numbers and usefulness until it became one of the most important of her many works. Children who had been running about in perfect ignorance were, before she left for Scotland in 1874, remarkably good scholars, able to read Hindi and Urdi with great fluency, and could go through the life of Christ, His work, death, and resurrection, relate the parables He spoke, the miracles He performed, and the trials He endured, as correctly as any scholars in Christian Scotland.

Running over, by means of her own letters, the various objects that were appreciated by her at this

period, we find there were other forms of work which had been commenced before her arrival, but which so thoroughly engaged her interest and assistance that they became practically her own. Among these may be mentioned the Sabbath-school. There were several day-schools in the city connected with the Mission, and the boys were brought up by their teachers on the Sabbath morning for the purpose of going over again the Bible lessons which they had learnt during the week, and on the whole they were pleased to come. After her arrival in Jeypore she threw herself heart-and-soul into this department of the work. She had ample resources for interesting the children by means of tales which she composed, in which local scenes and characters were introduced, while great truths were explained, illustrated, and enforced. By help of pictures, the stories of the Bible, when related by her, possessed new attractions. Instrumental music and singing were introduced into the service; and so interested did the children become, that in an incredibly short time the attendance was doubled. Many who had no connection with the week-day schools swelled the ranks on Sunday, and on many occasions walked upwards of a couple of miles to be present Sabbath after Sabbath. Numbers of grown-up people were also attracted towards the services after the introduction of native instrumental music and the singing of native hymns.

Mr. Shoolbred, writing an account of a visit he paid to Jeypore in the beginning of 1872, shows how fully occupied Dr. Valentine also was in his department:—"How great a pleasure it was for me to meet, after more than four years' separation, with my dear brother, Dr. Valentine; to find him well and unchanged, unless,

perhaps, that his warm heart had grown, if possible, warmer, and that his genial, joyous manner had mellowed into still greater depth and richness of tone. As usual, he was up to the eyes in work. Besides daily visits to the palace to see patients in the Maharajah's household, he had several sick people to see in different parts of the city; had classes reading the Bible with him, not only from his own schools, but from the Maharajah's college as well; was giving lectures on physiology every alternate Friday to the members, natives and Europeans, of a society which he has formed for the promotion of social science; was ever ready to enter the lists of argument with the heads of the various religious sects who flock to Jeypore as a centre of wealth and influence; and, as if these abundant labours were not sufficient, was conducting a discussion, by letter, with the Roman Catholic hierarchy in India, through the columns of the 'Delhi Gazette,' in the hope of being able to open the eyes of some poor members of that Church to the spiritual tyranny under which they are living, and of leading them to seek, through the truth of a free Bible, that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free."

Some months before this visit, the hearts of Dr. Valentine and his wife had been greatly cheered by the kindness of the Maharajah. Dr. Valentine, in a letter to the Mission Board Secretary, says, "The Lord has opened up the way for us here in Jeypore. A few days ago His Highness the Maharajah granted me a piece of ground and a well for a bungalow and garden. The Persian Kaifiat, putting me in legal possession of it, has also been received, and this morning I was out seeing it measured. It consists of twelve beegas of land, and a well, worth about 1200 to 1500 rupees

(£120 to £150). It is a personal gift to myself, and it makes me one of the Jagirdars of the Rajah. Of course I shall have very much pleasure in handing it over to the Mission. I shall commence work at once in the way of levelling the ground and erecting a bungalow. I am more thankful for this than I can tell you, and have been praying for it for a long time; and now I shall ask those friends who were praying for it also to join me in thanksgiving to a covenant-keeping God for this new mark of His favour to us and approval of our work in Jeypore."

Though sadly requiring a change, owing to an accident when out riding and an overstrain of work, Dr. Valentine remained in Jeypore watching every opportunity to push his petition for the grant, but his heart was abundantly cheered by the open doors he found for mission-work during the year. "The seed in much prayer has been cast upon the waters; some one may find it springing many days after we are gone." One of the highest men in the State, a Mussulman, is found asking for a copy of the Scriptures, which is read, and a Hindu expresses a wish to have one also; and one day Dr. Valentine is talking with the nobles in the council chamber on the subject of caste, clean and unclean things, his attentive audience consisting of upwards of fifty people. Again the open door is with the Maharajah himself. Having to call upon him, he found him surrounded by his chiefs, busy engaged telling them about some chemical wonders Dr. Valentine had been explaining to him three days before. The Maharajah requested him to explain them over again, and from one thing to another they were led to go over much the same ground that had been gone over in the council chamber with the nobles, as well as to speak about

religion, when he expounded some of the principles of the gospel. One of his converts had meetings with the teachers and pupils every Sabbath morning in the school. The Sabbath-afternoon meeting at the bungalow was often attended by people from the city, who would stop behind to speak with Dr. and Mrs. Valentine. Several of the very interesting sect, which is confined to Jeypore, named Dadu Panthis, called upon Dr. Valentine, and he had long conversations with them. A follower of Guru Nanak came, too, to the morning service one Sabbath, and had a long and interesting talk with the Doctor Sahib. "There is a decided spirit of inquiry about," writes Dr. Valentine in his report for 1871. "I have been more satisfied this last year with my native church than in some previous years. Our agents have, on the whole, worked well, and entered with much interest into the various questions that have come before us. Mr. Martin was particularly pleased with the little school my wife has got up for little boys and girls at our bungalow. Speaking the language like one of themselves, she has drawn them out wonderfully, and I am sure you would be pleased with the intelligence manifested by them and the zest with which they enter into their hymn-singing."

Mrs. Valentine had laboured in this vineyard from early youth, having, under her father's superintendence, taught a class in a large Sunday-school, so that it was no new thing for her to gather in the children from the district to teach them daily to read the Bible in the vernacular, simply, perseveringly, prayerfully, and lovingly, in the work which had been so auspiciously begun.

Mrs. Valentine's work was not, however, confined to the children alone; she engaged actively in training the native Christian women by means of Sunday Bible

classes and meetings during the week. Not only were these meetings directed to Biblical instruction and devotional exercises, but in time were utilised for social purposes, so that these poor women were made to feel the sweetness of society and sacred harmony. At these social re-unions Mrs. Valentine led the singing, and charmed the hearts of all her hearers by the hearty way in which she encouraged the singing of the Christian choral bhajams or hymns, which were universally beloved and known by the natives. Young lads came to her, too, entreating her to teach them English, and, after consideration, she promised she would, on condition that they formed themselves into a class for the study of the Bible. They eagerly complied; and from that time forward she held a boys' Bible class every morning in the spacious verandah of their bungalow.

She had now two children, Nellie, born 5th April 1870, and Ettie, 8th October 1871; but though these new ties brought fresh cares, she still continued to take her full share in mission-work. The only alteration made was to reduce her correspondence. This was a great sacrifice to her, as she had a large circle of friends and herself liked letter-writing. Her friends were pleased to hear from her, and made common property of her letters, circulating them among each other. One of her last letters, after having been a round of her friends in England, was sent to the Canaries, and then was returned to the lady to whom it originally was addressed. Never did a mother more wisely or tenderly love her children than she did. Almost all her letters contain tender and touching allusions to them, and the progress of her life-work is noted with thankfulness. Its difficulties draw her more closely to Christ, and

while praying more earnestly herself in each new difficulty or complication, she entreats all her friends to join her in praying that God would remove them and bless the cause which is His own.

Mrs. Valentine was not in the habit of keeping a regular diary or journal, but frequently made entries in the notebook she had beside her for jotting down her daily accounts. In one of these the following entries are found, of which we make extracts:—"I wish I could do something every day for Christ.

'Labour on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that crowns are won.

'Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win.
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderers to come in.

'Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice,
For toil brings rest, for each a home.
Soon shalt thou hear the welcome voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold I come.'"

The next entry is: "Just came upon this little notebook by chance, and as we are soon going to leave home for the Hills, I intend writing in it from time to time. This will be our last Sabbath here for several months. Colin leaves for Sahadabad on Monday, to attend Nawab Irshad Ali Khan, the rest of us (D.V.) on Thursday.

'Here the parting word is spoken,
Where our hearts the closest cling,
And upon the spirit broken
Like a knell its accents ring.

There, before the Saviour's throne,
Parting is a word unknown.'"

At Sahadabad Dr. Valentine had many precious opportunities of speaking for Christ, and there he wrote a good many letters that appeared in print by and by on Roman Catholicism.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSION WORK—SCENES IN INDIA.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Valentine had most conscientiously carried out the instructions given to him by the Secretary of the Mission Board when he set out for India, and that although from the time of his going to Jeypore he received *no money for mission services*, he and his brave-hearted wife still worked as laboriously in the gospel cause as if there were no Maharajah requiring his medical attendance. The duties of a medical missionary were "to heal the sick and talk to them in their own language, introducing Christian truth at every favourable opportunity." This rule in connection with Dr. Valentine was amply exemplified and carried out, abundant testimony to the fact being recorded. And having laboured well alone, and the work increasing, he was now to show that he had been for others "a good pioneer;" in short, that the overwhelming obstructions in his path were, by his wisdom and tact, being swept away, whilst free room was thus being made for the ordained missionaries.

In a letter written to her father-in-law, dated June 11, 1870, Mrs. Valentine writes: "You have heard before now that Mr. T—— has not come to Jeypore. There was no immediate opening for a missionary to come here, that is to say, there was no house for him to live in; and much as dear Colin would have liked

to have had him, he was obliged for the present to remain in Bewar. However, the Maharajah has sanctioned a piece of land for a Mission bungalow, and as soon as Colin hears from the Home Board the building will be commenced. When this is ready, some missionary will join us, though it does not seem certain who will be sent. There is some talk of Mr. G—— coming; he is a good, earnest man, and would be well suited for this place."

Again, in another, dated 29th October 1870, she writes: "We are anxious that the Mission bungalow should be begun, as Colin has got sanction from the Mission Board to build it. I hope before long we shall have the pleasure of having a missionary stationed here. The work is being carried on regularly by bazaar-preaching, bookshop, schools, &c."

Again she writes on 5th May 1871: "You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the Maharajah has again repeated his promise of giving us ground for the Mission bungalow. He has told Colin to choose a site and let him know—says, "of course, he will give it." We are very hopeful, therefore, of being able to begin work pretty soon. Colin is anxious for Mr. G—— to come and live in our house while we are away in Simla, to carry on the work and to get into the ways of the people of this place; it will be very nice if this can be managed."

It was not till the 1st of January 1872, however, that the foundation-stone of the bungalow was laid, in no public way either; but the occasion was noted to call forth the gratitude of the infant church in Jeypore to God for His goodness in the past, to fill their mouths with praise and thankfulness, while taking fresh courage for the future.

As Dr. Valentine and his wife visited Simla along with the Maharajah on several occasions, all the travelling expenses being defrayed by the Maharajah, the former was enabled to remain in India longer than he otherwise would have been able to do. The return of one of these journeys was taken when their second child was scarcely a month old. A rather interesting account of it may be inserted from the pen of Dr. Valentine:—

"We started from Simla Nov. 7th (1871), on a long and fatiguing journey. From Simla to Kalka is about forty miles, and you are carried in a *jampan*, a sort of chair, by four men, who have poles resting on their shoulders. The jolting is severe and the danger imminent, as the road is in many parts but a few feet broad, and the precipices more than a thousand feet. Sometimes the turnings on the road are so sharp that the *jampan* and the person in it are actually suspended over the thousand feet. You can therefore imagine, if one of the poles were to break, or a man were to stumble, or a child to kick out of the chair, what the consequences would be. Such accidents do happen, but the Lord has hitherto preserved us, for which we desire to be thankful. Many parts of the road between Kalka are very steep. You will be better able to understand this when I tell you that the distance between Kalka and the first stage, a place called Kussowlee, is only ten miles, and the ascent 7000 feet. The second stage is a place called Hurreepoor, another ten miles, and we have descended 4000 feet. Thus we go on and rise gradually until we come to Simla. The roads are cut along the sides of the hills, and of course they wind about greatly. With the sun right behind your back at starting, you will have turned right round

about several times before you have gone a mile. The men who carry you are natives of the hills, and in many respects very different from the natives of the plains. They are, as a rule, not such large men as the Rajputs, but they are more hardy. The clothes, too, they wear are different—warmer, of course, as they live among the snows. I rather like them; they are more primitive and makeable than the people in cities. Their morality is low in every way. When carrying you they will always persist in walking upon the edge of the precipice; when spoken to they laugh and say, 'Did you ever hear of any of us falling over; and is it possible that we could drop your lordship or ladyship over the cliff?' You can easily imagine that this is not very reassuring."

These visits to the Hills were not merely spent in idleness or in recruiting failing health, either in the case of Dr. Valentine or his wife. On the way to or from the Hills the former preached in Agra, Meerut, Umbala, in English, and in Hindostani in the Mission church of Saharimpore. At Simla he identified himself with the mission-work of his friend the Rev. Gulzar Shah, preaching in his church in Hindi to the Hillmen. He presided one year at the examination of his school; went with him and Mr. Fordyce to a large religious mela, and there preached. He also preached in the home church at Simla once for Dr. Murray Mitchell, and for several successive Sabbaths for Mr. Fordyce when he was laid aside by an accident that threatened to end fatally. Among the audience on these occasions were several members of the Maharajah's court.

Mrs. Valentine, too, interested herself in the work of the Rev. Gulzar Shah, and, by mixing with missionaries and others, profited by their experience in the

work in which she herself was so heartily engaged. Towards the beginning of the hot season in 1872, she began to feel exhausted from her many labours, and the health of the children was such that it was deemed advisable for them to spend the season at Landour, as the assassination of Lord Mayo had caused the Maharajah to postpone his usual visit to Simla. The latter was very much attached to Lord Mayo, who reciprocated the feeling warmly. Dr. Valentine having often been the interpreter between them, had occasion to see how truly they loved one another. The first time, after the death of Lord Mayo, when Dr. Valentine went to the palace, he was told the reason the Maharajah was absent from his accustomed place was, that he was "acting grief" for the loss of his friend, but on his appearing it was plainly to be seen the grief was sincere. When he entered he asked for a newspaper, and said, "Read that part again; by hearing it repeatedly I will get accustomed to it, and the grief of my heart will become less." But when some one began to read, the Maharajah rose and left the chamber without speaking. He erected a splendid bronze statue of Lord Mayo in the Ram Nuwas Gardens.

From Landour the daily letters of Mrs. Valentine to her husband are full of interesting accounts of the station, the many friends she met, the delightful services in the Mission church, and the work in which she was herself engaged. Like her energetic father, it was quite impossible for her to remain idle, and even her increasing home duties did not prevent her entering on philanthropic work wherever her sojourn was. She commenced a Sabbath-school for the soldiers' children, engaged in tract distribution, and, in order to interest the children of the Home Church in the Mission, she

made drawings of places of interest, and of the different classes of people, with illustrations of their manners and customs. She began, too, to sketch out short articles for the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine," but her work had to be laid aside by the dangerous illness of her second child, which required all her time and attention.

In writing to his wife from Agra on the 10th June, Dr. Valentine mentions that Mr. and Mrs. T—— had arrived in Jeypore on the evening of 7th June, and for the time being, till the Mission bungalow was ready for their reception, they took up their abode in the house of the former. In giving an account of the different kinds of mission-work which he found going on when he arrived, Mr. T—— says: "After I came to Jeypore, I frequently went into the city with Dr. Valentine, and called with him on the head men. I was thus introduced by the Doctor as his brother-townsman, friend, and as their *padre*. By all I was received most kindly, for his sake, and with some soon became intimate. These visits were most interesting; for the Doctor, having seen and prescribed for the sick where such were, the conversation quickly turned to religion. Often, often, as we sat in those barons' halls, surrounded by their attendants, have we been able to speak of the cure required by the soul, and to explain the principles of our holy religion. These visits have been repeated at their own request, and most interesting conversations have been held and inquiries made. They have also visited us at our bungalow; books have been received and read, and the spirit of inquiry started or strengthened."

Scarcely had the little child been restored to health when Dr. Valentine, who had been detained in Jeypore on account of the delicate health of one of the queens and a more than usually severe outbreak of cholera,

was also stricken down with severe illness that threatened his life. On his partial recovery he was ordered off to the Hills; and in passing through Dehra, the medical man then gave it as his opinion that it would be decidedly dangerous for him to remain another hot season in the plains. During the whole of that year he was a great sufferer in many ways, and his wife was kept in great anxiety on his account. Dr. Valentine was most anxious to remain if possible another year in India to see Mr. T—— fairly started on his work, yet at the same time felt it to be his duty to take advice from the best medical authority on the subject. For this purpose he, accompanied by his wife and family, went to Calcutta early in 1873. On his friend Dr. M—— being consulted, the latter gave it as his opinion that Dr. Valentine had a serious affection of the liver; that if his remaining in India was a matter of great necessity, he might try to remain, but if certain symptoms, which he indicated, should set in, he must leave the country at once at all hazards. He recommended a run down the river for a few days in one of the coasting steamers, and his advice having been taken, they went down as far as Chandbally, the effect proving beneficial. This decided him to return to Jeypore, where he was enabled to do one or two things for the Mission from his Raj connection that were not altogether unimportant.

From entries in a journal kept at this period by Mrs. Valentine we find what an anxious time it was to her, but how nobly she struggled up to quell the gloom.

"*November* 24, 1872.—These are dark days for me. My heart is very sore, and at times I feel as if I could not bear it. My darling husband is ill, and he is anxious and uneasy about himself. At times I think

there can't be much the matter with him, he looks so well, and I remember so many persons who have lived for many, many years with liver complaint; but then again my heart misgives me, for he is a doctor, and should know. Oh, my God, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me, if it be Thy will. Lord, Thou hast bid us cast our cares on Thee. O gracious God, grant an attentive ear to the voice of my supplication.

"Yesterday, after writing this, I fell on my knees and poured out my sorrows before my Heavenly Father. I told Him all, and cried unto Him for help and comfort. I rededicated myself to Him, and rose a different being. I opened the little book 'Daily Light on the Daily Path,' and my eye fell on this page, 'I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my case. Is anything too hard for the Lord? . . . Be careful for nothing,' &c., 'casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you.' I *was* comforted, and enjoyed throughout the day that peace which passeth understanding. Praised be God! Yesterday was indeed a blessed Sabbath to me. Colin felt better, and took the service. His text was Heb. xii. 1. The women's class, too, was very interesting, Luke v. from 27. May God follow with His blessing what was then said, and may love to the Father increase in their midst."

"*November* 26.—Yesterday was the marriage of the son of the Vizianagram Maharajah; we (the T——s, Mrs. S——, and ourselves) drove into the city to see the procession; the whole street from the Sanganeer gate right to the end was illuminated, and the display of fireworks was really magnificent. We were all well pleased with the *Tamasha*. The trappings of the elephants were gorgeous, and seemed to astonish Mrs.

T——. Dear Colin seemed so thoroughly to enjoy himself and was in such good spirits, that it filled my heart with gratitude to God, for I am sure it was in answer to my prayer. He must be feeling better to be so much more cheerful. This morning's leaf in the 'Daily Path' is so sweet, 'The Lord delighteth in thee.' Lord, be with me throughout this day; give unto me Thy Holy Spirit; lead me in the path of righteousness; enable me to run in the way of Thy commandments; give me wisdom and grace for this day's duties and trials; bless me and make a blessing of me for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"*November* 27.—Not much to note down this morning. Yesterday was a quiet day. Colin felt his side less painful, and was in good spirits. Mrs. S—— dined with us. The T——s spent the evening; we had music, and read 'David Copperfield.' To-day I wish to write some letters; must try and set myself to it with determination, though I do not feel much inclined for letter-writing."

"*December* 1.—Here we are at the beginning of a new month. How many mercies has God bestowed on us during the last month, and how far short I have fallen in my duties. This day, with God's help, I purpose to spend entirely in His service. Before breakfast I translated a portion of 'Children of the Bible' into Hindi, then read over the chapter of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' that will be to-day's subject in the women's class; at eleven o'clock, service; from one to half-past two o'clock, women's class and singing class; half-past two to three, private reading and meditation; half-past three, dinner; five o'clock, service. In the evening read aloud a sermon, either Guthrie's or Spurgeon's.

"O Lord, grant unto me thy Holy Spirit to lead me

and teach me, and sanctify my own heart, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"My little ones, God bless them. Oh, how I long for them to be Christ's from their earliest infancy. Jesus, thou Good Shepherd, do Thou take these our lambs and carry them in thine arms; lead them by green pastures and still waters; never leave them, O Lord, never forsake them. Grant that their young hearts may be early given to Thee, that their names may even now be written in the Lamb's book of life. Preserve them, gracious Father, from the evil in their own hearts and from the evil of a wicked world, and, oh, keep them pure and unspotted from the world. If it be Thy holy will to spare them to grow up to maturity, may their whole life be devoted to Thy service; and when Thy wise purposes are finished with them here below, take them home, blessed Jesus, to be with Thyself in glory everlasting. Give us, I would beseech of Thee, a due feeling of the heavy responsibility laid upon us in having these two little ones intrusted to our care. Grant, O God, that grace unto us as parents that we may be enabled, both by precept and example, to train up these little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Grant this petition, imperfect and weak as it is, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Writing to her father-in-law on 9th December 1872, Mrs. Valentine says: "What a pleasant meeting that must have been of Dr. B—— T—— and Dr. T—— at Brechin; but surely that wonderful description of Jeypore, our house, &c., was not given in public? Do you know where it came from? The account of the city is pretty fair, though much too highly coloured; but the description of our house is so fearfully exaggerated that it is difficult to see the resemblance at all, and I fear

such descriptions of our way of living would not do us any good at home. It is true we have a very nice large house, in a large piece of ground, which we are trying to make into a garden, but in this country we have so many difficulties to overcome that it makes but slow progress; and though the house might strike a person new from home as something grand, owing to the large-sized rooms and verandahs, which are quite necessary in this country owing to the heat, yet it is only what every person has, and here we think nothing of it. In Agra some friends of ours live in a much larger house than ours, and pay only a nominal rent; so you see, after all, we live in a very quiet way in an ordinary-sized house, instead of a palace as represented. Now I must try and give you a description of some grand doings we had here the other night. The occasion was the marriage of the son of the Maharajah of Vizianagran (a very enlightened prince in the Madras Presidency) to a daughter of one of the Jeypore nobles, some distant relation, I believe, of our Maharajah. We heard there was to be a marriage procession through the streets by torchlight, so we and our friends drove into the city and found some of Colin's native doctors had placed chairs for us in the balcony of the third storey of a house, giving us a splendid view of the whole street up which the procession was to come. We had not long to wait, when, at the farther end of the street, near the gate of the city, a great noise commenced, and at the same time a blaze of light; this was the rockets, fire-balloons, and other fireworks that were being let off as the procession entered. I must not forget to mention that the whole street was illuminated with thousands of little native lights. The procession consisted of—first, a handsome carriage draped with scarlet cloth, drawn by

two camels, and escorted by a number of women. This was going to fetch the bride. Then came bands of music, soldiers both on foot and mounted, camels, &c., and after them the royal elephant carrying the Jeypore flag; next the bridegroom, mounted on an immense elephant, most gorgeously caparisoned with gold, silver, and scarlet cloth. Then other elephants almost as grand, on one of which sat the bridegroom's father, the Maharajah of Vizianagran. The seats or *howdahs* on all these elephants were made either of solid gold or silver. All this time the noise and glare of the fire-works were going on; the whole sight was grander than anything of the sort I have ever seen. A day or two after, both the Maharajahs and all the nobles of the place were present at the distribution of the prizes at the college; there are over 600 students in this institution, all receiving a good English education. Babu Keshub Chander Sen, of whom you must of course have heard when he was at home, was here on a visit, and delivered a most interesting and polished address; it was quite a treat to hear him. From the college, the other schools, Medical Hall, and School of Arts were visited, and all seemed to be delighted with what they saw. Another day they had an elephant-fight. I was too late and missed seeing this, but we stayed fully an hour watching them trying to get an elephant into his stall. It is strange how fierce they are when let loose, and how the moment they find themselves in the stall they will allow a single man to manage them perfectly. The way they have to do to get him in (for he is not at all anxious to leave the large open plain on which he roves) is by a great number of men on foot with spears and four or five horsemen surrounding him at some dis-

tance; they dare not go too near him; the horsemen, however, do sometimes venture pretty close. After appearing not to notice any of them or to mind them in the least, he suddenly makes a rush, and then they have to get out of his way as quickly as possible. He generally chases a horseman, who has to put spurs to his horse and ride very fast to escape him. It is while he is giving chase that the horseman makes for the entrance of the elephant's stall, and sometimes he follows him in, when they shut the gate, and immediately the huge creature becomes perfectly docile. The day we saw it, the elephant rushed back from the stall twice after getting in. It is rather dangerous sport, however, as were any of the horses to throw their riders, I fear they could not escape with their lives.

"There is to be a great missionary conference at Allahabad from the 20th of this month to the 1st of January. Missionaries of all denominations from all parts of India are to meet; each one is deputed to prepare a special paper on a special part of the work, and these subjects are then to be discussed and settled. Colin is preparing a paper on Medical Missions. He is very anxious to be present and read the paper himself; and as Mr. Shoolbred from Beawr, and likely Mr. Traill too, are going, I hope Colin will be able to go along with them. There never has been such a conference, and probably such an opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with so many old and experienced men will not occur for many a long year.

"Our greatest piece of news I was nearly forgetting to give you. We had a baptism here yesterday. The man is a convert from Hinduism; he had first been a Sikh and a teacher among them, then he became a

teacher to the orthodox Hindus, and was considered a great man among them; he then became a religious teacher to another sect of Hindus called Dadu Puntis. 'Dadu' was the name of a religious man who founded the sect, and 'Punt' means a way or system. Dadu Punti therefore means the sect or followers of Dadu. He first heard the gospel in the Punjab, then from our native catechist at our out-station Sambhur. He came in here a short time ago to receive further instruction. His heart seemed really changed, and he had such a desire to be baptized and to tell his fellow-countrymen the good tidings of salvation, that Mr. T—— and Colin agreed it was right to baptize him at once, and he was received into the visible Church of Christ at our morning service. He looks so happy to-day, and says he has only one desire now, that is, to bring others to a knowledge of salvation. Of the other baptizing and mission work you will have heard from the T——s, so I need not here repeat it."

Another extract, dated 25th December, a fortnight after the above. "Dear Colin left with Mr. Shoolbred and Mr. Traill on Monday afternoon for Allahabad, where they must now be. I miss him so much; the house seems empty and desolate without him; but he will only be away a fortnight, and I am sure he will enjoy himself, and, I trust, be able to speak a word for the Master. I should have liked so much to have gone with him, but it is a long tiresome journey between this and Agra, and with children in the cold weather is not safe. If the railway had been ready, I think I would have gone. Colin intends, if there is time, taking Mr. Shoolbred and Mr. Traill to Lucknow, to show them the place which we are both so fond of.

"You would be amused to see how we spend a Christmas out here. Nearly the whole day is taken up receiving native gentlemen visitors, each of whom brings a 'dali,' which is a present consisting of oranges, pomegranates, grapes, almonds, raisins, sugar-candy, &c., &c. So you can fancy by evening we have more than we know what to do with. Then a number of workmen, such as carpenters, turners, or workers in gold embroidery, &c., bring some little things of their own making as a present, and of course expect a present in money in return. All the regimental bands come up in turn and begin by playing 'God Save the Queen' without the least regard to tune or time, and to get rid of them we have to give them a present. In fact, Christmas Day is looked upon by the natives as a day on which 'Sahib Logue'—Europeans—are so happy, that they delight in making others so, and they look forward to it the whole year. Really when one sees how a trifle will make them so thoroughly pleased, it does one good to give it, and makes it indeed a happy day to us.

"Last evening the agent, Colonel Beynon, had a large dinner-party; twenty-two of us sat down at table. The Maharajah was also present. It was a very pleasant gathering; we had some fine music and singing. This evening there is a return dinner at the palace. I wish dear Colin was here; but as he is not, we make up a party and go with Mr. and Mrs. S——, that is, mamma, Mrs. T——, and I. The mission-house is just about finished, and looks quite nice; it has a large drawing and dining room, nearly as large as ours; a large bedroom, with dressing and bath rooms, a study and a dressing-room for Mr. T——, besides pantries, store-

rooms, &c., &c. A fine verandah goes right round the house, and there is a staircase to the roof of the house, where it will be pleasant to sit in the hot weather. They have a circular flower-plot right in front of the house, with a carriage-drive sweeping round it. When they get up a few more trees it will be a very fine place."

When Dr. Valentine, Mr. S——, and Mr. T—— were on their way to the Allahabad Conference, while passing through the territory of Bhurtpore, and within half a mile of one of the mounted police stations, they came upon a number of highway robbers plundering a rich native woman who was travelling in her palanquin. This took place at between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The occupant of the palanquin was a dancing-woman, who had been at the court of Bhurtpore, and was taking on with her a large quantity of jewels and money. Her attendant came rushing up to the missionaries' carriage, with his turban off his head, bleeding, and declaring that he and his mistress had had been looted of a large sum of money, &c. The woman, too, was screaming at the top of her voice; whereupon, hearing and seeing all this, Dr. Valentine stepped out and challenged them. The leader was most insolent, and threatened to fire upon the gentlemen if interfered with; and as the dacoits were mounted and armed to the teeth, they were compelled to drive on, doing all they could for the unfortunate travellers by going to the police station to report the case. Though the sowars got out quickly, no trace of the robbers was found until months afterwards, when they were caught in the Dholpore territory; but unfortunately they were let off, there being insufficient proof brought against

them, though it was to be regretted none of the missionaries were called to identify the leader, as they would have been able to do.

Writing on the 27th December to her husband, after hearing of this event, Mrs. Valentine says: "Your dear letter of Christmas Day from Agra came in last evening, and I felt so thankful to know you were safe and well; but oh, it set me trembling to think what a narrow escape you had. Surely God had been near to save you! That morning I read in the little daily book, 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' and it had comforted me. I felt I could trust you, myself, and our darlings to Him, and I prayed very earnestly that He would be with you by the way and protect you from every danger, and before many hours passed He came to your rescue. But what a dreadful thing it is that those dacoits can't be put down, and that they should be so bold as to venture out in broad daylight.

"We were at the palace last evening; the usual *tamashas*, of course, went on; but we dined in that little place that the Maharajah sits in during the hot weather; the other room was fitted up most beautifully in good taste, and everything so chaste and pretty that it did one good to see such a fine drawing-room. The Maharajah was more *khush* and affable than I have ever seen him. We arrived before the 'Burra Sahibs,' only Captain J—— and Mr. A—— were before us. The Maharajah came forward to receive us, and said to me that we would find it cold there, but he would take us to the drawing-room. After taking us in and hearing our praises, he said he must go back to meet the 'Burra Sahibs,' but would be back directly. I had of

course mentioned your encounter with the dacoits to Colonel B——, and the people were all talking about it. I saw the Maharajah looking from one to the other, and then he said to me, 'Mem Sahib, I hear them saying something about the Doctor Sahib; tell me what's the matter.' When I told him, he seemed quite anxious, and said, 'But you have heard from Agra, have you not? Is the Sahib all right?' Then he asked me in whose territory it took place. Colonel H—— was in a great state of excitement about it, asked me for full particulars, and has sent off a number of men after them. He says he thinks he knows the ringleader, and would like to catch him. Of course I was pleased to hear the Maharajah also saying to Colonel B——, 'Dr. Valentine Sahib has made good arrangements for the health of the city. He is never pleased until he has made his arrangements complete.'

"The Maharajah showed us a splendid locket he has just received as a present from Lady Mayo. It has on one side a design in pearls, over which is a crown of gold studded with pearls and diamonds; on the other side are the names and titles of Lord Mayo, with the dates of his birth and death. Inside is a beautiful coloured photo of Earl Mayo."

"*29th December* 1872.—Yesterday I sent you only a wee note, as I had no time for more, so I must try to make up for it to-day. . . . This will reach you on New Year's Day. I wish I could be with you, but I will be in spirit. May this be a very happy New Year to you and each one of us. In looking back on the past year, we have much to be thankful for as husband and wife, and also on account of the little ones God has given us. And I am sure we can say, 'Hitherto

hath the Lord helped us;" and we can trust Him for the future with all that is dear to us, knowing that He that hath helped us hitherto will help us all our journey through. Wish all friends a very happy New Year. What nice services you will have to-day. I wonder who will preach. You will, of course, give me all the news. The pundit conducted the service, and I have just had the women's class. What did Mr. Shoolbred think of my translation? I am afraid he could not read my Hindi, and perhaps thought the metre was not right. I read it to the women to-day, and they are delighted with it. We have been trying it on the piano and it goes nicely. They are all writing it out for themselves, and say they will learn it before next Sabbath. We are all well. Nelly came to service this morning, and was so good all the time."

"3*d January* 1872.—Your two letters of the 31st December and New Year's Day are both in. Mrs. Traill and I are in high spirits at the thought of having the husbands home so soon, in spite of the delight we showed when you left! I have missed you much. Home is not like home without you. Yet I am really glad you went, for I feel sure you will both have received and conferred benefit. I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing so many friends here. The way I propose putting them up is this (if you approve): Dr. Wilson, the upstairs bedroom; Mr. Woodside, the upstairs dressing-room, both using the one bath-room. We will sleep in the children's room, both the little ones sleeping with mamma. I will use mamma's dressing-room, and you your own bath-room. I have a large tent, with two rooms, I believe, for Dhanjebhoy and his daughter. Mrs. Traill insists on

having Mr. Shoolbred this time, so we are all accommodated. I think this a better plan than clearing out your study; it disarranges both it and the dining-room, and puts you to great inconvenience, not knowing where to find your things. How I have been thinking of you in Lucknow, revisiting all the dear old places. How I wish I could have been with you; but you must tell me all about it."

CHAPTER IX.

SCENES IN INDIA—A VISIT HOME—HONOURS CONFERRED—CARES AND ANXIETIES.

ANXIOUS to render all the assistance in his power to Mr. Traill, Dr. Valentine lingered on at Jeypore, when again, during the hot season of 1873, he was attacked with dysentery at a time when it was impossible to move down to the seaside. This confirmed them in the necessity of seeking a change at home. There is no need to enter upon the trial which Anglo-Indians pass through in being forced to break up their homes, and part with neighbours rendered dear to them by many associations. It is easier imagined than described. Writing to her father-in-law in September 1873, Mrs. Valentine says: "The time is hastening on, and very soon we shall have to be preparing for our voyage to Scotland, if all is well. It is a great pleasure to look forward to seeing you and other friends, yet there are thoughts of a different kind which mingle with these, such as leaving our work, and, when returning again to India, parting from our little darlings. But we are all in the hands of our Heavenly Father, and as our day our strength will be." Again in November she writes: "The time for our homeward journey is drawing near now, and if it is the Lord's will to spare us all till then, what a happy meeting we shall have! It is very good of you to make so many arrangements and preparations to receive us and make us comfortable. I am sure

everything will be very nice; only you must be quite sure and not make yourselves uncomfortable in the least to accommodate us, for this would make us feel so sorry. As to your question with regard to what garden seeds we would like you to put down, anything and everything you usually sow. We in India always aim at having some home flowers and vegetables in our gardens, but of course the best of them are not equal to what you have, so that everything will be a treat. We are looking forward to the gooseberries next summer. Colin says for a whole week he will do nothing but lie under the bushes and eat the berries. We are beginning to sell off our furniture, &c., preparatory to leaving for Scotland, so now things begin to look as if we were really going."

P.S. from Dr. Valentine.—"We have really commenced in earnest to prepare for our long journey. I have sold off a number of my books, and I am also busy winding up my work. When one has been for a time connected with any work, they begin to suppose that no one can carry it on so well as themselves. I often think so, and have a desire to remain and do this, that, and the other thing; but I must really have a rest. I am twelve years older, by time, since I left, and quite twenty years in actual strength, but, with God's blessing, I will pick up, I hope. It will be a joyful meeting; may it be blessed to us all. Remember me kindly to all my friends, and say, 'Colin's comin'!'"

In another letter, written from Jeypore palace at the end of the same month of November, he says: "My dear parents, on Sabbath last the Maharajah was operated on for cataract by Dr. Macnamara, Calcutta. The eye was opened to-day, and is found to be all right. I have been living here at the palace night and day ever

since. Our new missionaries and the young ladies who have come out to marry two of our men arrived here in Jeypore on the 12th—the very day that, twelve years before, I arrived in India. Their marriage came off in Nusserabad yesterday. As I was to be at the palace, and Mrs. Fraser has gone to Agra, Lucknow, and Allahabad to see her friends, I thought it would be a good opportunity for Bell to go through to Ajmere, Nusserabad, Beawr, &c., be present at the marriage and meet all our friends. I hope to be able to go for her in about fourteen or fifteen days. I have not been down in these parts since 1867, and I should like to revisit them before leaving India. As the time approaches, I begin to feel a double desire sometimes working so strongly within me as to make me feel sad—a wish to remain and a desire to go. And yet it appears to me to be a clear duty for me to go and try the rest and change of climate of home, and to leave the whole matter with God. It is indeed a great consolation for us to know that He is at the helm of all our affairs, and will do that which is best for us if we entirely leave the matter with Him. Bell is keeping her health very well; she is not very strong at present, but I trust it will be all well with her. Let your prayers be especially directed for us. The wee lassies are as well and happy as can be; they are to act as flower-girls at the marriages. They have commenced early enough at this sort of thing. It was very mindful to think of the garden. Just put into it everything you would like yourselves. Everything will please us, because we know that your wish is to please us in everything."

Dr. and Mrs. Valentine were much gratified by receiving from the Foreign Mission Committee a minute, dated 10th June 1873, acknowledging his earnest

labours and powerful influence in Jeypore. It speaks of him as a *true missionary of the Church* with which he is connected, though accepting *no salary*, and farther acknowledges that it is their belief that "in Jeypore we exist (that is, the Mission) simply because Dr. Valentine is there." "On reading his letter," so runs the minute, "in which he states the circumstances in which he visited Calcutta with the view of determining whether, for reasons of health, he should not visit for a time this country in order to recruit, and from which it may be inferred that from considerations as to the needs of Jeypore more than those of his own health he had returned thither to his post for some time longer, the Sub-committee agreed that the Committee instruct the secretary to write in their name to Dr. Valentine, and to assure him of their readiness to assist in any arrangement that can be made with any of our medical missionaries to supply the blank in Jeypore which will be created for a time by his visit to this country; to suggest to him that this visit ought not to be too long delayed; to take occasion to thank him for his long-continued and effective services to the cause of Christ in Jeypore, which he had rendered gratuitously; and that the Committee, still viewing him as their missionary, though, at his own desire, meanwhile unsalaried, were prepared to charge themselves, as a matter of justice, with his travelling expenses, and with the wonted allowances during his absence from Jeypore."

After visiting their missionary brethren at Ajmere, at end of 1873 they returned to Jeypore, where, on 26th March 1874, their third child, "Darling Aggie," was born, and on 16th April they left Jeypore *en route* for England, leaving Dr. Husband, who had been appointed by the Mission Board temporarily to fill

Dr. Valentine's place while at home. Owing to the time occupied in preparing for their journey, &c., Mrs. Valentine was unable, before leaving India, to utilise the sketches and drawings she made, or write out the little articles she had planned for the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." The book was left in India, so she looked forward to carrying out her resolutions on her return there, as well as to copying out a number of her father's nicest letters to herself when she was a girl, and sending them to her own little girls after she had left them.

But, alas! the drawings are still in her portfolio, her sketches in the outline, her father's letters carefully laid aside but uncopied, and many other things she had purposed doing were never commenced. To use her often-quoted maxim, "Man proposes; it is God who disposes, and He does all things well."

They left Bombay by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer of April 1874, and in due time reached England and Scotland in safety, Dr. Valentine having been absent from his native country in the mission-field for thirteen years without a break. That he required a rest, and that he had earned it, was the opinion of every one both in and out of the Mission Board. But scarcely had they been settled at home when the first hints were heard of coming trouble, causing Dr. Valentine and his wife much deep, heartfelt sorrow. Reference to these trials will afterwards be made. Meantime, it may here be explained that these began with a refusal on the part of the medical missionary to draw his salary from the Mission Board, and his insisting on drawing the allowance payable as physician of the Maharajah.

It must not be supposed that during this visit to

Scotland it was all sorrow on account of these annoyances having arisen. In moving about in various parts of the country they met with an amount of kindness rarely accorded to returned missionaries, and made many friends, who, after their return to India, sent out kindly remembrances in the shape of books, newspapers, and loving, comforting letters. During the summer, Dr. Valentine made short runs from Brechin to Edinburgh or to Innerleithen, to visit his first wife's father, Dr. Somerville; and as his health was causing much anxiety to his wife and friends, he at last consulted Dr. Begbie. The result was a source of thankfulness, as the Doctor's opinion was that though there was need for caution, and the nervous system much exhausted, there was nothing seriously wrong, only a necessity for taking complete rest.

But it is by no means an easy matter for a missionary newly returned from an interesting field of labour to hide himself under a bushel. Wherever he went, his love for the cause in India, and his anxiety to speak a word for its support, &c., induced him to hold meetings in almost every place he visited. While he was at Innerleithen, Mrs. Valentine was, at Laurencekirk, holding, to her great joy, intercourse with her old friend Mr. S—— and his wife. There, too, she was present at some interesting missionary meetings in connection with Madagascar; and, writing on the subject, she showed that her heart was still with the little native church at Jeypore, for in a true missionary spirit she says: "I thought, while listening to the address, what a grand thing it would be when the same account could be given of Rajputana; but yet we know the same Lord has promised to bless us too, and we must continue to sow the seed in faith, knowing that

the time will come when the whole of India will be brought to God."

As it had been in India, so it was now in Scotland; she allowed neither her many duties nor her own personal convenience to stand in the way in her anxiety to get the boxes for Mrs. T—— despatched in good time to Jeypore, and entered as heartily as possible into any scheme for advocating the cause of the mission so dear to her loving heart. They both, indeed, made it the business of their home visit to advocate the claims of the Agra Medical Missionary Institution, which had enlisted the warm sympathies of Dr. Duff and the 163 missionaries at the Allahabad Conference. The month of August 1874 was spent at Millport, and though the season was wet and disagreeable, they enjoyed their stay there very much; the children benefiting from the sea-bathing as well as the out-of-door life on the sands, as the weather permitted. They took advantage of the many steamers that ply on the Clyde to visit the various places of interest, one day going to Ayr, another to Arran, &c.; but, strange to say, scarcely a time when they went out, but, either in going or returning, they were caught in a thunderstorm and heavy rain. From Millport they went to Rothesay, receiving there a greater amount of kindness, if it were possible; and, after residing with friends, passed on to Oban and Inverness. While there, Mrs. Valentine was sorry that she could not visit the scenes that on former occasions had given her so much pleasure, for, unfortunately, being unable to throw off the cold she had caught in Millport, she was at last really ill and forced to keep the house.

In October, or early in November, they came on a visit to Dr. Macgill, with the view of looking for lodg-

ings in Edinburgh for the winter; and having found suitable rooms, they returned to Brechin for a short time, and then came back with their whole party. This included, besides Mrs. Fraser, Esther, an Indian native Christian, who had come with them from India, and was to have been with them all the time of their stay at home, but unfortunately she tired of the country, and so was sent back in the charge of some Brechin friends who were going out. During this sojourn in Edinburgh, Mrs. Valentine studied with Professor Simpson in his private classes, and attended practical demonstrations at the Royal Infirmary under Dr. Croom, all for the purpose of assisting her to pursue Zenana-work when she returned to India.

The year of 1875 found both Dr. and Mrs. Valentine as eager and anxious as ever to work for the Master. Regardless of the injunction given him to rest, Dr. Valentine went from town to town to address those interested in mission-work, and to form committees to collect money for the support of the Medical Institution at Agra. When at Oban he had found Dr. Murray Mitchell and his wife there; and while the gentlemen addressed meetings in the Free and United Presbyterian churches, the ladies gave interesting accounts of their work in India at drawing-room meetings, both there and in Glasgow. As her health appeared to be suffering from the trying climate of Edinburgh, it was deemed advisable to go to the South of England, and accordingly they moved southwards. But even during their journey Dr. Valentine is found along with his wife pausing for a week or two to address public and private meetings at Manchester and Liverpool, &c., while Mrs. Fraser with the children proceeded to London, there to await their arrival. Here Etty, their second child, took

scarlet fever, which caused them some days of anxiety, but they were able "once more to give her up to the Lord, and leave the issue of it in His hand."

After Etty's recovery from the fever they left London in April and went down to Little Hampton, a quiet seaside place in Sussex. They resided there for about a month, enjoying many strolls along the fine, spacious sandy beach, and watching the blue waters of the English Channel rolling along and breaking in long lines of white spray upon the shore. It was a great treat to escape from the bustle and sight-seeing of London to this quiet spot; the weather being fine and warm, added to their enjoyment. Here Dr. Valentine took, for the first time since his arrival, the complete rest he so much needed, "living," as he facetiously said in one of his letters to his parents, "the life of a mushroom, a puddock-stool." Here, too, they first heard of the intention of the Sub-Committee of the Mission Board to ask the Synod to ordain him, a circumstance that partly gave rise to much of his subsequent trouble and distress.

The delightful rest came only too soon to an end, for at the end of a month they had turned their faces northwards once more, Mrs. Fraser going almost direct to Brechin with the children, while Dr. and Mrs. Valentine paid short visits to friends at Melrose, Edinburgh, Bridge of Allan, &c., on their way thither. From Brechin they went to Crieff Hydropathic, and spent the month of July, an interesting journal of their visit having been kept of the whole days they were there; and so interested were the visitors in the two meetings held there by Dr. Valentine and the good word spoken by his wife, that £230 was subscribed for the Agra Medical Mission scheme. August and September were taken up between meetings in behalf of the Agra Medi-

cal Mission and living at Glenesk, near Brechin. Dr. Valentine then left for Glasgow to hold a series of meetings, his pet scheme being the subject; and gave besides the addresses a series of magic-lantern exhibitions of Indian scenes. While in Glasgow, Dr. Valentine was greatly cheered by receiving a communication from the Treasurer of the Mission Board, to the effect that a lady had given a donation of £240 towards the scheme for the female branch of the Agra Medical Mission; and on answering his letter from Brechin about it, Mrs. Valentine says: "I am delighted to hear of the grand donation of £240. If you could find half-a-dozen such ladies, you would not be long in raising the sum you require. The Lord will bring all things to work together for our good, for we *do* love and trust Him, though very imperfectly it may be at times."

It is very evident to one reading the daily letters that passed between Mrs. Valentine and her husband during the years of 1875 and 1876, when he was away from her, holding his many meetings in aid of the Agra scheme, that a load rested on her heart. Seldom did it make its appearance, however, unless some new occasion manifested itself; and all throughout their correspondence the large spirit of charity towards those who were unjustly maligning her husband is the most prominent feature." "She was often quiet, more thoughtful, even at times sad, but, when questioned, her old, joyful, playful manner was resumed, and, above all, the comfort from God's own Word was her stand-by."

It must have been no little satisfaction to her when the Sub-Committee of the Mission Board proposed to the Synod to ordain Dr. Valentine as a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, and that their Synod, after

considering the question, cordially agreed to the proposal of the Board, and recorded in a minute dated 22d June 1875, that "the Synod, having ample evidence of Dr. Colin S. Valentine's qualifications for the office of a gospel missionary, and of the blessing which has attended his evangelical labours in the State of Jeypore, authorises his ordination to the sacred office." Accordingly, this was carried out in his native town of Brechin on the 23d February 1876.

The month of March was spent on the Continent along with their good friends, Rev. Mr. Morrison, of Auchtermuchty, and his wife; this forming one of the happiest episodes of her life, and being looked back to with delight for many days after, even till within a few days of her death. She had need of this respite from the cares and anxieties of the next few months before a suitable home could be got for the two children who were to be left behind. This, too, was a matter for earnest prayer, and they were enabled to leave them with Mrs. H——, of Dollar, with the utmost confidence.

The latter months of 1876 had been occupied by Dr. Valentine, as the months before, by way of *resting*, but holding as many meetings as possible, in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen; and now they were to say goodbye to their friends—farewell in her case—and with sore-tried hearts leave their children behind. In a joint letter to his parents at Brechin we can see but a shadow of what a loving father and mother have to endure when so situated. "We have just left the lammies. They fully realised that we were leaving, and cried very bitterly. It has been an awful trial. Nothing like it in all our present experiences. Still the Lord has been very gracious. We have felt His support in answer to your

prayers, and to those, I am sure, of many, many friends. We try to dwell on the special mercies, and do feel ourselves and the dear ones are safe in His arms. I am writing, because thinking, confusedly, but you can quite understand all this."

Parting thus from them, they set sail for India, and arrived in Calcutta on the afternoon of January 9, 1877, after a pleasant voyage, in excellent health, the rest having done them a great deal of good. And now again landed on the shores of India, their desire was to devote their lives more and more entirely to the glory of that beloved Master who had been so good and kind to them, hoping that the Lord, in whom they trusted, would make a plain path before them.

CHAPTER X.

A WOMAN'S WORK IN INDIA—ZENANA MISSION, ETC.

ON the morning of their arrival in Calcutta, the passage for the day was noted because remarkable: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Jehovah Nissi (the Lord our banner). We will rejoice in Thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banner. My brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; valiant for the truth, fight the Lord's battles. Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; . . . fear ye not. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." This was taken by her as a distinct message, and she wrote on the top of the page, "WATCHWORD."

Miss P——, of the Church of Scotland Female Orphanage, and superintendent of the Zenana Mission, Calcutta, kindly invited them to live with her during their stay in that city. She was an old friend of the Frasers, who had known and highly respected her when she was connected with the Lucknow Girls' School. She in her turn loved the Frasers, so that it was with real pleasure they had renewed her acquaintance when at home, and now accepted of her hospitality. Writing from her

house to little Ettie, Mrs. Valentine says: "You wee darling, we are back now once more in India, and very thankful we feel to the good Lord who has taken care of us by the way. We are staying with dear Miss P——. You remember she came and stayed a few days with us in Brechin, and was so kind to you and Nellie, dressing dolls for your Christmas-tree. She sends much love to both of you. Num-Num (the pet name for the old servant, Rahim Ali, who had been in the service of her parents at the time for upwards of thirty-eight years) came to the ship to meet us, and was asking very many questions about you. He sends salaams for the nice shawl you and Nellie sent him. When we go to Jeypore, he is to write a letter to you. Of course he can't write himself, but I will put down what he tells me. God bless and keep you, and may you be His own dear little ones, is the earnest prayer of your loving Mamma."

Miss P—— gave a number of dinner-parties during their stay, when she invited almost all the missionaries, European and native, to meet them, and occasionally Hindu friends were introduced, amongst whom they had again the pleasure of meeting Keshub Chander Sen, and his brother, Krishto Bihari Sen.

Scarcely had they arrived in Calcutta when they were literally deluged by the slanders that had been put in circulation against them; one friend, who had been recently in Jeypore and other stations, and who had heard the state of matters there, assuring them that they would be received with suspicion by all, and by many with determined opposition.

It is impossible to tell how deeply Mrs. Valentine was grieved; sad at heart on account of the recent separation from their children, &c., yet trying to look at the

brightest side of the matter for her husband's sake, because, feeling perfectly satisfied with the sincerity of their purpose to devote themselves now as before to the glory of God, she hoped by His grace they would be enabled to live down the slanders, and to show those who were acting through ignorance that they had formed a wrong opinion of them. They left Calcutta on their up-country journey on 17th January, arriving in Lucknow on the morning of 19th January 1877. Writing from Agra on the 26th January to Mrs. H—— of Dollar, Mrs. Valentine says: "My husband went on to Jeypore on Tuesday, and we hope to join him the beginning of next week. Jeypore is only 150 miles from this, and as we have the railway now, we think nothing of it. We have enjoyed our journey from Calcutta so much; we have friends at most of the principal towns we pass through, and many of them we had not seen for several years. I had not been to Lucknow for eight years, when I left it immediately after our marriage. My papa was civil judge there for nine years, so that we had many pleasant associations connected with the place; but what changes time has wrought! We only found three or four of the old friends remaining." And in a letter written to her children by same mail, she says: "As soon as our house is empty, papa will write and tell us to come. We shall be very glad to get home again and settle down before the hot weather comes in. There is a dear little girl here, Jessie; she is a year younger than Nellie, and six months older than Ettie, and she reminds me so of both of my darlings, I feel quite fond of her. I undressed her and put her to bed to-night, and I thought I had you back again. She said her prayers beside me, and this too helped me to recall the days I had you beside me; but though I

thought much of you, yet I felt thankful to know you were in Scotland with all its advantages of climate and education. Dear little Aggie is well, and every one is delighted with her. She is taking very kindly to the natives, and can say two or three words of Hindustani, but as yet she cannot make herself understood. Now, my darling, good-night. I shall, I hope, find one or two letters waiting for me from Mrs. H—— at Agra, and I trust they will contain good news. God bless you both most abundantly. Papa, grandmamma, and Aggie send much love and kisses, and so does dear MAMMA." A mother's loving heart prompting her to mark out to the little eyes her own special name.

Dr. Valentine arrived in Jeypore on the evening of January 23rd, and was met at the station by a large number of native friends. That same evening, when he went down to the palace, he received a most hearty welcome and Rajput embrace from the Maharajah, his whole manner showing how heartily glad he was to see him back again. For some days he was busily engaged taking over his Raj institutions and getting their house set in order; and this being done, he telegraphed for his wife to come, and on the morning of the 2d February she with her mother and little Aggie arrived at the railway station. Quite a crowd of native friends again met them, and most hearty and sincere was the welcome she received. The mingled feeling of pain and pleasure of returning to the old home is touchingly described by her in a letter to "Pet Ettie," and will awaken memories in many an Anglo-Indian heart that has passed through the same experience.

"MY OWN PET ETTIE,—You see we are once again [redacted]r old home. It is the same house, the same fur- [redacted] the same portraits, yet it is not the same to us:

there are two little faces wanting that we were accustomed to see running through these rooms; and as we come across your old toys or books or clothes, our hearts yearn for you and our eyes fill with tears. But we know, darlings, you are better where you are, and we rejoice to think of all the advantages you enjoy in Scotland, of the happy home you have with Mrs. and Miss H——. You, my little darlings, will, with God's blessing, become wise and good girls, I know. We are very glad to be back in Jeypore. There is much to be done here; thousands of people who have never heard the name of Jesus, and so few of us to tell them of His love. I have one piece of good news to give you. Your ayah Rani, whom you remember, and to whom you sent a sixpence, with the message that she was to buy a Bible to learn about Jesus, is really going to become a Christian. Her son Kesru has learnt to love Him and has been baptized, and now Kuloo, her husband, and all their little children, are to receive instruction, as they wish to join the Church. The native Christians all ask lovingly for you and dear Nellie, and are so pleased to see your pictures and hear the good accounts we can give them of you. I am going to begin my schools and classes again as soon as I get a little settled down. There are a great many native children wanting to be taught, so I shall have my morning school in the verandah as I used to do, and in the daytime I will teach work to a class of girls, and while they sew or knit I will read to them."

They found that during their absence many changes had taken place in Jeypore. The railway had been opened, and quite a number of new houses had sprung up. New faces were seen in the station, and old and loved friends had left whom they had hoped to meet.

Several had gone to other stations, and others had been removed by death. Among the number of the latter was Mrs. Traill, whom Mrs. Valentine deeply loved. Other changes were also noticed, which, in some respects, were more painful than death itself. Estrangements had taken place, and those who were wont tc receive them with smiles looked upon them with suspicion; even many of those who had been their special friends had had their minds so disturbed by what they had heard, that they did not know what to think, but treated them with charity!

All these things were not easy to bear, but still they were back in Jeypore; that in itself was a token of the Lord's favour. There was much work to be done, and the manifest blessing of the Lord upon the seed that had been sown in the early days of the Mission, which had borne fruit in the bringing to the Saviour of this whole family, were causes for their rejoicing and renewed hope to work for Him. The house was speedily put in order; the beautiful new things brought from home were arranged in their places; pictures, lamps, &c., were hung up; and again around the fire, when the day's work was done, they commenced a course of reading with the new missionary. In this way they tried to bring back the dear old happy days, and the evenings they used to spend before they went home, and before there was the slightest jar to mar their intercourse. Alas! alas! it was soon found, however, that bygone scenes and times can never be recalled. Little remarks and questions reminded them how far they had drifted from their old landmarks. Still, making it a matter of prayer that nothing might be allowed to come between them and those who were engaged in the same work as themselves, they deter-

mined to try their best to bear up in the face of much trouble. Once more the social gatherings were commenced; friends from other parts of India came to visit them; the verandah school and native Christian women's class, which had been allowed to go down in her absence, were reopened; and, as we have already seen, her heart was greatly touched by the conversion of the family already mentioned. A daily class was formed for them, in which they read through the Gospels, learnt an excellent compendium of Christianity named Guru Gyan (a catechism), prepared by her own and her father's friend, the Rev. Mr. Ullmann of the American Presbyterian Church. A working class was also formed, in which they were taught knitting, plain sewing, the way to cut out their own clothes, embroidery and fancy work, while Dr. Valentine had a daily class with the young men of the family and others.

The school increased in numbers and interest; the old scholars came in, and soon made up what they had lost. A number of young men from the city came and wished to be instructed, and were warmly received, but only upon condition that three mornings of the week would be devoted to reading of the Scriptures. In these classes the assistance of her mother and husband were enlisted, along with that of paid Christian agents. Added to all this, "a great and effectual door was opened to her in the special work of Zenana missions."

This kind of work was well suited to one of her discreet, firm, and kindly nature; and being so well known and beloved in the city, once she gained access to the homes of the people, she as surely gained their hearts. This was a source of much joy and thankfulness to her and her household, as it had been a subject of many

prayers in the years past. Once, when Nellie was a baby, they thought the longed-for opening had come, for on a grand state occasion, when Mrs. Valentine was seated on the top of one of the houses to see the procession pass, she and her little baby were observed by the queens from their screened point of vantage opposite, and a messenger was sent requesting that the Mem Sahib and baby would come to the palace at once, as the Maharanis wished to see the child. Had the Lord's good time come at last? No wonder their hearts were filled with joy, for they were well aware that if the queens would receive a European lady, the whole State would follow their example. In no place was the exclusion of the Zenana more strict than in Jeypore, the women of the palace priding themselves on the fact that no European had ever looked upon the face of a queen of Jeypore. Through corridor after corridor Mrs. Valentine followed her guide, but alas! at the last door she was told the child must go in alone while she waited without. "Would that the little one had been able to lisp the name of Jesus, for, as she was the first European to look upon the Maharanis of Jeypore, so she might have been the first to bear His message."

But in June 1877 Mrs. Fraser was able to forward the good news to Laurencekirk: "My daughter has also got admittance into the Zenana of one highly respectable Hindu, and this she visits three times a week, teaching the women and girls of the family to read and work. She also reads the Scriptures to them for half an hour each visit, which they listen to very attentively. This is a very small beginning, but it *is* a beginning, and we are all very thankful for it. There are some young ladies in Jeypore who used to visit this

same family, but they never ventured to speak on religion. My daughter, however, said she would only teach them to read and work on condition that they would listen to her for half an hour while she read and explained our Scriptures. They made no objection, and she has been doing this for about three months. Perhaps more doors will be opened ere long; in the meantime, and as long as this trying hot weather lasts, she has as much to do as her strength will allow her to undertake."

In a letter of Mrs. Valentine's to Dr. J. Mitchell of Glasgow (almost the last link of the old Secession chain left) she says: "We are all very busy, and the time passes so rapidly we can scarcely accomplish all we would wish. I teach four hours a day, sometimes five. In the morning I have a village school, of boys principally. There are forty names on the roll, though the average attendance is thirty-two. During the day I have a class of native Christian children, and teach Hindi, Urdu, and English, including grammar and arithmetic, and the girls are taught plain and fancy work. Besides this, I go to the city three times a week to instruct some native ladies in the Zenana or female apartments of a wealthy man's house. All this is very pleasant, and I feel very thankful that I have health and strength to do some little promoting of the Master's kingdom in this dark heathen land. . . . This kind of work is very interesting. There are eight women connected with the family one way or another, and they are very anxious to know about our religion, and often ask far-reaching questions, and make many wise remarks. We have been praying for this opening for years, and now that it has come, we desire to be very thankful. One house in a city containing 250,000

people is not much, but it is a beginning—the day of small things. The mustard-seed is small, and yet the Saviour's illustration had its power from the circumstance that it bore a great tree. So is it with the Lord's work. Let us work in hope."

It is not our intention to enter into a lengthened account of how these Hindu and Mohammedan ladies pass their days in the seclusion of the Zenana, the long monotonous hours, the entire stagnation of intelligence, and the utter absence of any moral development; above all, the complete blank as regards spiritual and religious life. Ample justice has been done to the subject by such writers as Mrs. Murray Mitchell, Mary E. Leslie, and others, whose accounts of the sufferings endured, especially by those left widows or childless, has thrilled many a true womanly heart in Great Britain. But when we think of Mrs. Valentine, how thoroughly well suited she was for this important field of labour, we can but grieve all the more deeply for her untimely removal at so early an age.

An account, given by herself, of her experience as a visitor, however, may not be out of place here. "The first house we went to was that of one of the Maharajah's priests. We were kindly received by the old man himself, who, after seeing us comfortably seated, retired, and soon after we were joined by the female members of the household. I found that the daughter-in-law of the old man, who, as his wife was dead, was the head of the Zenana, was well educated, that is, she could read and write Hindi well, and now expressed herself desirous of learning English. I did not discourage the idea, for although I could not see what use it was to be to her, yet I felt that it might be the means of gaining admittance to that house at least.

I told her, therefore, I would gladly come and teach her English, but, at the same time, candidly stated the only condition on which I could do so, viz., that some part of each visit should be spent in reading and explaining our Scriptures to them. They said they would be very happy indeed to hear of our religion, but that I must ask and gain permission from the Sardarjee, as without leave of the head of the house they could do nothing. As soon as it was certain that the women had got quite out of sight (for the daughter-in-law must never show her face to her father-in-law), the old man, attended by his sons, came in. I confess my faith was weak, and I hardly dared hope that the permission I was about to ask would be granted. I told the old man at once what I wished to do. To my great joy he smiled and said, 'Do you think I am a fool, that I should lose such an opportunity for my women to gain knowledge? Besides, when you are to be so kind as to come two miles twice a week, do you think I would dictate what you are to teach and what you are not? No; the religion which prompts you to do such a thing cannot be such a bad religion. Consider this as your own house, and do just as you like.' I left, promising to commence my regular visits on the following day. I have taught as many as fifteen women in that house, including servants. They have gone through the 'Peep of Day' twice, and are nearly through the Gospel of Luke."

Mrs. Valentine was also able to get an opening among the shopkeepers' wives. The way she used to do was this:—She used to drive down in the carriage with Julia (her Bible-woman) to the mouth of the lane, taking her little medicine-box with her. They enter

a courtyard where six or eight women are employed in grinding corn, singing in a low monotonous tone, to keep time to the motion of their arms. The fact that a lady moving in her position, and driving in a carriage, had now come amongst them, was a circumstance to attract their attention more than anything else in the first instance. In a few minutes the courtyard was crowded with women and children, sometimes to the number of forty or fifty. If any were ill, these were brought forward first and attended to—a sure thing to gain their hearts—and when some sort of order was obtained, Mrs. Valentine and Julia sang a Hindi hymn, which the former afterwards explained, and then told them some incidents in the life of our Saviour, pointing out to them the way of salvation. "Since commencing this form of work, I have more than ever been struck with the necessity of female medical missionaries. It is so little I can do for them; and if anything serious is brought to my notice, I am obliged to tell them I can do nothing; they must go to the hospital. If it is the case of a child, my advice may be taken; but if it is a woman, they would rather die than go there to be treated by a man."

The reader will see what earnestness, kindness, tact, and perseverance this particular work needed. Morning after morning, when the sun was high and hot, she would go through these lanes and courts, accompanied sometimes by Julia or by a native catechist. While Mrs. Valentine was instructing the women of the households, he would be teaching and reading to the men. Not only did she occupy every possible moment with Christian work, but she was ever intent upon finding out new modes of labour.

All seemed to be going on as she could have wished. With a rare unselfishness which characterised her, she threw herself heart and soul into the work, and felt happy. The weekly letters from the children were unfailing sources of interest, and in her turn she tried to amuse them by telling everything about themselves, likely to keep their memories green about their old home, the saying and doings of little Aggie, as well as the manners and customs of the people, and incidents connected with her work. Particularly her letters to the children show how incessantly she followed her little ones and all their movements with her prayers. In a letter to Nellie there is an account of the manner in which her birthday was kept up in Jeypore. She had immense resources for entertaining children, and she was always happy when she had it in her power to make others happy, neither sparing her own strength nor money to attain this end. On 5th April 1877 she writes, and it may be taken as a specimen of many letters sent home to the two children:—

"MY OWN PRECIOUS NELLIE,—This is your seventh birthday, and we have been thinking of you all day long and talking about you. May God abundantly bless you, my pet; and as every year comes and finds you growing bigger, may it find you getting wiser and better. Try and love God more this year than you have yet done; try and remember that He sees you at all times, and always try and do those things that you know will please Him. Our hearts have longed much for a sight of you and dear wee Ettie to-day, but as we could not see you, we have tried to make as many people happy as possible. Dear grandmamma came

home this morning, after an absence of a month, so that has added to the pleasure of the day. I am writing late at night, so as to catch the mail that goes early to-morrow. I am very tired, but still must tell you what papa and mamma did to keep up their seven-year-old girl's birthday. In the morning I had my schoolboys up, but instead of lessons they got pennies and a holiday, and were told to come again at five o'clock in the afternoon to see the fun. At five o'clock a great number of children, Europeans and native Christians, came pouring in, all dressed in their best. Then came the schoolboys, our servants and their families, besides a great many other persons. I am sure we had more than 200 people. We also had some friends to help us to amuse the children. We all sat at one end of our large lawn, while at the other end a juggler did some wonderful tricks. Then some men did wonderful gymnastics on a tight rope and a tall pole, and after they had finished, we had a man with three performing monkeys and a performing goat. By that time it was getting dark, and we brought the children in to tea. The tables and verandah were decorated with garlands of flowers, and if you could have seen the number of plates with sponge-cakes, cookies, and biscuits, not to forget native sweets, of which there were a great many kinds! The children seemed to enjoy the good things, for they disappeared rapidly. I had almost forgotten to tell you of the beautiful cakes Num-Num had made, one large one for Nellie and two small ones for Ettie. They looked like little castles covered with white sugar and spangled over with gold stars. On the top of each, coming out of a beautiful bouquet of coloured paper flowers, was a golden flag.

After the children's tea, we set them to playing games, 'dundan,' thread the needle, and blind-man's buff, and we went into the drawing-room and had tea. Then papa showed a magic lantern with all kinds of funny figures, and last of all came a nice display of fireworks. The party broke up at nine o'clock, and all said they had enjoyed themselves. Ranee and Jilly put on the nice clothes you and Ettie sent them for the first time to-day, and all the other servants got a shilling each as your present to them.

"Now, my darling Nellie, mamma's eyes are closing with sleep, and I must be done. Kiss darling Ettie fondly for us, and tell her our letters are intended for her too; but as it is your birthday, they are addressed to you."

On the 25th April she writes again to Nellie: "We have a young gentleman staying with us for a few days. He has just come from England, and is very much surprised at all he sees in this country. He read papa's letter to Ettie about the snakes and snake-charmers; and as he had never seen one, I gave orders for one to be called, and a little while ago I heard a sound not unlike that of a bagpipe. It was the snake-charmer. He is sitting at the back of the house waiting till papa and Mr. P—— come back from the city, when he will show his tricks. . . . Well, we got the snake-charmers to show us what they could do, and Mr. P—— was very much astonished and pleased. Four or five men came, dressed in brick-coloured clothes, which they always wear to show that they are *Yogis*, or religious men. Each man carries two baskets slung at either end of a pole, which he balances on one

shoulder, and thus they go about. Well, do you know what they have in their baskets? They were full of snakes. Dear papa has told you how these men remove the poison-bag from their snakes and thus make them harmless so that I don't need to tell you again. When we were all seated, one of these men stood up, and throwing off a large cotton sheet he had had over his shoulders, appeared with the upper part of his body bare. He then commenced walking about the lawn in an excited manner, all the while blowing his pipe. This was supposed to attract all the snakes in the compound. He asked us where we would like a snake caught. Papa said, 'Out of one of the servant's turbans.' The man came forward and sat down in the middle of the lawn, while the snake-charmer danced round him in a way that would have made you laugh. Suddenly he sprang back, declaring he saw a snake; then throwing his pipe on the ground, he suddenly seized the servant's turban off his head, dashed it down, and sure enough out came a black cobra six feet long. We next told him to take a snake out of a rat's hole that we pointed out. In the same way he danced round the hole, then taking up a little quantity of sand in his right hand, he dashed it upon the hole, when immediately, as before, a long snake lay coiled on the spot. Of course, all these tricks are done by sleight-of-hand, and when the snake-charmers perform before Europeans they generally acknowledge this; but among the Hindus they declare they do so by certain charms, and by the help given them by their gods. We knew it was sleight-of-hand, but still we were astonished at the cleverness of these men; for, as I told you before, their arms and upper part of their

bodies were quite bare, and they were narrowly watched by many eyes. As all our servants and many outsiders had gathered to see the fun, this made it very difficult for them to avoid detection. One man did not manage his trick quite so neatly, and one of my little school-boys (for they, too, had remained after school to see the "*Tamasha*") cried out in perfect astonishment and indignation that he saw the man draw the snake from the cloth he had round him. The boy's astonish-ment showed that he had been taught to believe the man used charms and really caused the snake to rise from the ground. All the boys laughed heartily at the man being detected, and we were pleased; for we hope that, with the lessons they are daily taught, that there is but one true God, and with such discoveries as this that the little boy made, they may, with the blessing of God, lose faith in their false gods and become lambs of Jesus Christ."

As may be remembered, the year 1877 was a most trying one. The rains of Southern and North-Western India completely failed. The season was one of the hottest ever experienced. In the language of Scripture, "the heavens above were as brass, and the earth beneath as iron," while the heat that descended from the one and radiated from the other was simply overpowering. The hot winds blew night and day. Thousands of people everywhere died of heat, apoplexy, and starvation. During this trying time Mrs. Valentine still continued her teaching, until it was plainly to be seen she was taxing her strength too much, and therefore was for-bidden to go on by her medical adviser. It gratified her much to see the earnest faces and hear the pleading entreaties of her pupils to continue the school when

the month's holiday was proposed. "I had great trouble in getting them to go away," she writes, "and only succeeded after yielding one point, viz., that those who are learning English should come and get a short lesson every day. When this was decided, they left the verandah, but not the garden; they went and threw themselves on the lawn, after taking off their coats (and as they wear no shirts, the upper parts of their black bodies were quite bare), and began playing all sorts of antics, standing on their heads, somersaults, leaping, wrestling, &c., and when quite exhausted they came to the verandah to see if I was angry. Of course, I could not help laughing, and this was the signal for more fun. After which they started off running as fast as they could out of the garden gate. Poor creatures! it is nice to see them happy and be able to contribute to their happiness."

In another letter to little Nellie she mentions a circumstance connected with one of her scholars which pleased her greatly. "One of the boys in my school brought a cage with some pretty little birds and gave it to Aggie. Grandmamma asked him if he had bought them. He said no; he had had them a long time. Then she said, 'Why do you give away your pets?' He answered, 'I used to make these little birds fight with one another; you have been teaching us that it is wrong to make creatures fight; and as I only kept them for this purpose, and I don't want to do what is wrong, I have brought them for little Aggie Baba.' We were pleased with this. It is nice to see these poor boys 'ceasing to do evil and learning to do well.' Tell grandfather that I am not teaching quite so much as I did. I teach four hours on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and

Thursdays, and five or five and a half on Mondays and Fridays. Saturday is a holiday, and on Sabbath I have just two classes of an hour each. So he need not be afraid of my overworking myself."

This was a pretty good week's work for the middle of the hot season, and the most trying one she ever experienced in India.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK TO INDIA.

THE year, which had been a most eventful one to Dr. and Mrs. Valentine in many respects, was now drawing to a close. They had reached India at its commencement, had passed through many sorrows, and had been cheered by many instances of the Lord's approval. Friends whom they loved had been removed by the hand of death; many who had borne the name had proved unfriendly; but still, as Mrs. Valentine often said, they had reason to thank God for His mercies; they were all spared to each other. As yet their family circle was complete. Dr. Somerville's death, it is true, broke a link that bound Dr. Valentine to the past, and both he and his wife mourned his departure as a father beloved. He had taken greatly to Mrs. Valentine; and although an undemonstrative man, he showed, by his kind words and even kinder actions, how much he appreciated the successor to his own daughter Mary. Mrs. Valentine fully returned that love, and always spoke of him in the highest terms of admiration and esteem.

After her return to India, apart from her teaching others, she again went over the studies she had prosecuted at home with Professor Simpson, laid herself out for the acquiring of medical knowledge in other departments, read and regularly studied physiology and the

diseases of women and children. Several hours a week were thus set apart, and her notes show how thoroughly she entered into the spirit of the work and the progress she had made. She had been anxious, too, to learn some forms of native work which she could teach in the Zenanas and to the native Christian women connected with the Mission; and having discovered that gold embroidery work was always sure to meet with a ready sale amongst wealthy natives, she determined to learn it. A friendly man and clever workman was found; and while arranging to pay him for his instruction, she also hinted that, while doing her work, she would like to talk to him on the subject of religion. The man was pleased beyond measure. He came to the bungalow twice a week, and then the two might be seen, she with her frame before her, the pattern on the one side, and her Urdu New Testament on the other, instructing him as she turned out the gold lines. She greatly delighted in the man's conversation, his questions, and even his objections. The Mem Sahib has passed away, but the man came regularly on his Sabbath (Friday) for weeks after, to speak to her husband of the words he had heard from her lips, and of the happy hours that can never return. Let us pray that some of the words she was permitted to speak to him may yet, like good seed sown in a good soil, spring up and bring forth an abundant harvest, to the praise and glory of God.

Many meetings were arranged for, with the native Christians, during the time of the drought and subsequent famine. The sufferings of the poor people were great; and in one of her letters to the children she mentions that cattle that would cost, in ordinary years, thirty or forty rupees, were sold for one rupee, and even half a rupee; that a poor man in Agra had sold a cow

and his child for eight annas (one shilling), while thousands all over the North-West Provinces and Madras were dying of starvation. Dr. Valentine suggested to the native Christians that they should meet and each ask the Lord to have mercy upon them and send rain, taking as their warrant the passage James v. 17, 18. Many references are made to these meetings in Mrs. Valentine's letters. They met on the lawn; and when the object became known for which they were praying, they were joined by large numbers of people from the surrounding villages, who most earnestly listened, adding their hearty Amen.

After the famine had passed away, these meetings for reading the Scriptures were continued for many months. The meetings on the Wednesday evenings were of a different description. This was for the purpose of practising hymns, &c., a little "love feast," Mrs. Valentine called it, for she used to say, "Poor things! I am afraid they have not many comforts in their own little homes. Let them have one bright night a week, which they can look forward to with delight, and back upon with pleasure." Therefore she provided tea for them, with buns, bread-and-butter, and native sweetmeats in abundance.

At the appointed hour the gong was sounded, and the native Christians, bringing their whole families, came in and took their seats, tailor fashion, upon the thick "durree" which had been spread upon the drawing-room floor. The blessing asked, the feast began, little being said until the viands were disposed of, then singing and conversation filled up the time; and reports were also given in by the regular workers, and conversations with the people were narrated. Being brought together in this way, the native Christians were kept

happy with each other, feeling sure also of their host and hostess' sympathy and affection.

The Sabbath-School Convention and the Presbyterian Conference were to be held in Allahabad towards the second half of December, and they resolved to accompany the Rev. Mr. Shoolbred to enjoy the meetings and the communion of Christian friends, and, if possible, to do something for the Agra Medical Missionary Scheme. They left on the morning of 15th December, and in due course reached Allahabad. All the meetings were a treat. Friends they had not seen for years were there, and were mutually glad to meet. Most touching was the few minutes' walk along the platform with their friend, the Rev. Mr. Williamson, who was soon to go home; running over the principal events of bygone days when her father was alive, and many dear friends whom the Lord had taken to Himself.

They arrived at Jeypore on the last day of the year, bringing along with them the Rev. Messrs. Rae of Madras and Blake of Bombay, both Free Church missionaries, who had come to see Jeypore. At the railway station they were met by all their servants as well as by the boys of their school, who vied with one another to show them attention. They all followed them to the bungalow, and assisted in carrying the luggage. After having been about the grounds for some time, one of the servants told the boys to go away as they were disturbing the Sahibs. Aggie was in much distress when she heard this, and in great excitement exclaimed, "Oh, do not send them away! 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'" Mother-like, these words of her little girl were noted and remembered. At worship that night they very seriously thanked the Lord for all His kindness

during the year, and when the New Year dawned upon them they again dedicated themselves to Him and to His service, and entered upon it in faith and hope.

Deep shadows were hanging round them and saddened their hearts, but in the midst of work, and by the Lord's blessing, they hoped to get above them. A letter containing good news of the children greatly cheered them, and they took it as a token for good that it had been received on the first day of the year. On the way to the hospital Dr. Valentine took his friends and guests to see the principal sights of the city; and on the afternoon of Monday attended a Durbar, when a very valuable portrait of the Queen was presented by order of Her Majesty to the Maharajah. In the evening Mrs. Valentine had an extra treat for their native Christians, Dr. Valentine showing two magic-lanterns, with views of England, Scotland, and the Continent.

On the 2d January 1878, Mrs. Valentine notes in her journal that she had reopened her school with twenty-five scholars, and on the 3d that thirty were present, two being new ones and little Parsees. In her letters to the children she tells them of the circumstance, and of an interview which she had had with the Parsee father himself, and the state of the children, taking occasion to describe some of the manners and customs of these remarkable people. "I must not forget to tell you about two dear little Parsee girls who came to my school this year. One's name is Dhun Bai, and the other's Dosi Thui; ages seven and five. Their mother is dead, and their father is a guard on the railway, and the children are left a great deal to the care of an ayah or woman-servant. You know the Parsees do not worship idols, but, what is just as bad, they worship the sun and fire. As young as these children are, they have been taught

much of their false religion. Looking at an idol yesterday, I said to Dhun Bai, 'You don't worship that?' She said, 'Oh no, we worship the sun, and we worship fire and we never give away a piece of fire or live coal, because it is our god.' I said, 'Do you know who made the sun?' She replied, 'Yes, God.' Then I said, 'Don't you think we should worship God who made the sun, instead of worshipping it?' She said, 'Of course we worship God first of all, but we worship the sun and fire also.' I hope, if they are with us long enough, to get them to know and believe that God has said, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou serve.'"

A number of missionary and other friends visited them at the beginning of 1878, such as Rev. Messrs. Rae, Blake, Woodside, Dehra, Clifford, C. M. S., Calcutta, Dr. Morrison, and Mr. Robinson, Landour. These visits were most pleasant and enjoyable, and there is every reason to believe their friends left them highly gratified with what they had seen.

Mrs. Valentine had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the history of Jeypore and the traditions connected with it. The wonderful observatory of Jai Singh and the uses of its various instruments, as well as Amber with its palace and ruined city, these she delighted to describe to her visitors, and more especially took pride in pointing out the various institutions that had been founded, and the improvements that had taken place during the time she had been in Jeypore. As connected with all these, she never ceased to praise the liberal spirit of the Maharajah, who, amidst difficulties which she could fully appreciate, had made Jeypore one of the most magnificent cities in India. Every time she pointed out the wonders of

the place she declared that she saw it through the eyes of those who were looking at it for the first time, and their various opinions fully recompensed her for any trouble she had been put to in showing them.

It was about this time that her husband noticed how worn and weary she looked after the day's work was done; and though he repeatedly interfered and made her diminish the time she was giving to her schools and classes, her day was always fully occupied; and though she reluctantly consented to do less, she afterwards confessed that she was the better of the rest. On the 25th of the month, while waiting at the station to see some friends who were passing on to Ajmere, she got herself weighed, and her husband was distressed to find that she was fully two stones lighter than she was when she left for Scotland in 1874. She had begun to lose weight while there, but the amount of worry since, was telling on her daily. In a letter to her children she says: "Lately I have been so busy that I have merely sent you a few lines by each mail, instead of nice long letters such as I would wish to write. I generally wait till the mail comes in, to see what news we get of you, and sometimes I get so many letters to answer that I have no time left to write to you. Now this week I am commencing this letter before the mail comes in, and I hope I shall be able to tell you things that will amuse you.

"Grandmamma told Ettie in her last letter that we had a lady who had seen me when I was a baby, and her daughter, an old school-friend, staying with us. They are still here, and we are so glad to have them. This morning they have gone with papa and grandmamma to the city to see the sun procession. It is, of course, a heathen ceremony, but yet it is worth

seeing to those who have never seen it, as it shows what the heathen are willing to do and spend upon their religious ceremonies, and how devoted they are to the worship of their false gods. It is indeed a very grand show; but papa will, I suppose, tell you all about it in his letter. I have seen it before, so I did not care to go; and as this is Saturday, and I have no school, I am getting a nice quiet time to write to my darlings, which I am enjoying very much. My little Parsee girls have left. Their father has taken them to a place called Bandikui, about half-way to Agra. I am sorry they have gone, but hope they may come back again. Last Wednesday I and my guests went out to Amber, and had such a pleasant day. We had two elephants. Little Carrie was very frightened and cried at first, but afterwards she liked it. We saw hundreds of white monkeys with black faces, and we amused ourselves watching their antics. They are very tame, as they are looked upon as sacred, and are never annoyed, but are fed by the Hindus. This they look upon as a very good act, and one which will do away with many sins. They do not know that we can do nothing for our own salvation, but can only get it by trusting in Jesus.

"To-day we are expecting another friend, Captain S——. He is a very good man, and goes about the country with a large magic-lantern. This he exhibits free to the natives, thousands of whom flock to see it. Many of the slides are illustrations of the Bible, and as he shows them he describes them in Hindi, so that in this way thousands have the gospel preached to them. On Monday evening there is to be an exhibition in the city. Dear papa has made all the arrange-

ments for it, and we are hoping many may gather together both to see and hear."

"*12th February.*—Captain S—— showed his lantern last evening to nearly 2000 people, most of them boys of the college and other schools; the slides were beautiful, and every one enjoyed themselves very much. Little Aggie went, and seemed to like it very much too. The last mail brought a kind letter from Mrs. H——, which, as usual, gave us good news of you both, and made us feel so thankful. Now, darlings, this is a nice long letter. Is it not? God bless you both, and make you His own children. Believe me your own loving mamma, Isabel Valentine."

Captain S—— was an Indian officer in H.M.S. Bengal Army, and officiating superintendent of Native Army Schools. He was an old friend, and having heard of their troubles, inquired about them, and after a careful perusal of the whole correspondence he wrote an able defence to the Mission Board, giving at the same time a clear statement of the work done by Dr. Valentine for the Mission, saying, "I believe, from my experience and knowledge of the native churches, that the Mission now working in Jeypore owes its continued existence to Dr. Valentine's influence with the Maharajah. I visited Jeypore lately, preached for Dr. Valentine to the native Christians in the morning, and to a large congregation of poor heathens on a grassy plot in front of the house in the evening. In the daytime, his wife—a most devoted Christian lady—instructed a number of native boys in her verandah. I could not but admire the excellent system adopted by her, as well as the perfect control she had over so many children (probably forty). The order and discipline that prevailed, the intelligent

answers given by the boys, the way they repeated their verses and hymns, all showed to my mind how interesting is the missionary work the Valentines have on hand. After the lessons I was asked to address these heathen children for the Doctor. I also attended a Bible-class, held the same evening at his bungalow. During the week-days, Mrs. Valentine and her good mother, Mrs. Fraser, instruct some of the Sunday-school children in the various branches of an elementary education. . . . As the Maharajah was expected to leave for Jodhpore that night, the Doctor called on him, and introduced me to his Highness. I was much struck with the cordial, informal, and familiar way in which he was received."

On the 18th of the month, dear little Aggie had been playing about in the front verandah, and hearing some voices at the back of the house, she at once ran down the steps and out into the sunshine without her hat. The exposure was but for a moment or so, as she was back again into the shade as fast as her little feet could carry her, but it was sufficient, however, to affect her injuriously, and that same evening she had a severe attack of fever. The ordinary medicines were given, and the disease yielded to them; still she looked pale and lost her appetite, became restless, cross, and did not care for play. As she was able to go out on her pony or in her goat-carriage, or move about, though in a languid way, so different from her usual manner, her parents were hopeful that the sickness would pass away, and had not the slightest suspicion that this was indeed but the beginning of the end.

Mrs. Valentine was expecting many friends that week. The W——s, American missionaries, were to

pass through Jeypore on their way to America, also Mr. Z——, a German missionary. When Aggie was told that there was quite a number of baba log (little people) coming to spend a few days, she was exceedingly pleased, and in her loving way speculated what she would do, the toys she would show them, and the rides she would give them in her goat-carriage, &c.; and when she heard of Mr. Z—— and his funny large hat, almost like an umbrella, she was immensely amused, asking all sorts of questions about him, and laughing to herself at her own ideas. She said, "Can I laugh, dear mamma, when I see the funny old gentleman and his old hat?" The W——s and their children, accompanied by John, a son of the Rev. Mr. F——, of Lahore, came in on March 1st. Little Aggie was anxious to go with her papa to the railway station, as was her custom, but it was thought more advisable to keep her at home, as there were many children of the party to be accommodated in the carriages, and because, being the middle of the day, the sun was very powerful. Mrs. Valentine, after going into each of the rooms to see that all was properly arranged for her expected guests, returned to find Rani sitting on the door-step with Aggie in her lap. A cold wind was blowing at the time, and the child was ordered into the house, the ayah stating that Aggie was so anxious to see the children arrive that she had brought her out for that purpose. Mrs. Valentine always believed that her little darling caught cold at that time. When the party arrived, Aggie was so pleased to see so many children, and followed them up to their rooms, earnestly entreating her mamma to allow her to remain, becoming friends at once, and distributing her toys amongst them. That same night she was

carefully bathed and rolled in flannel and laid in bed, and the next morning, on his return from the hospital with the two missionaries, her papa was much pleased to see the child looking as bright and beautiful as ever in the drawing-room in the midst of her companions, quite as ready as any of them for a game of romps. The next night was just what the other had been, and though the child seemed better in the morning, Dr. Hendley was called in, and all the remedies he advised were carefully attended to.

As Bishop Heber so truly says, "Surely there are few lands on earth where death so daily and hourly knocks at our doors, or where men have so constant warning to hold themselves in readiness to meet their Maker as India." In spite of their hopes for her recovery, a little before five o'clock on Monday evening "our precious darling Aggie had gone home to be with Jesus." So wrote her mother in a notebook, where afterwards she jotted down as many of the child's sayings as she could remember. And from it and in letters to friends we find what a peculiarly happy child she was.

"Born on the 26th March 1874, she wanted only twenty-two days to complete her fourth year. As her mind unfolded and she learnt to talk, she became oh! so dear to all who knew her. None who ever saw her could forget her, and she was as sweet and good as she was beautiful. She had never had a day's illness from her birth, being stout and strong, with such a bright colour in her cheeks. For all poor people she had great compassion; all loafers were 'poor hungry gentlemen;' and on one occasion, when an old man presented himself, she said, 'Wait, poor hungry gentleman, till my

papa comes home;' and when his wants were supplied, she stood beside him so pleased to see him enjoying a hearty meal. When driving through the city she would, on hearing the temple bells ringing, say, 'Oh, the foolish, naughty people. I will tell Hindus not to say prayers but to gentle Jesus!' She went with me to the Zenana one day, and showed impatience to get to the house, her reason being 'Aggie going to teach the women.' She always spoke of what she would do when she became a little baby, the idea alone pressed upon her of growing big as mamma distressing her greatly. 'No, I shall never be big; I will be a little goody baby again.' Jesus dealt very tenderly with our lamb; she fell asleep without a struggle; it was more a translation than a death. 'Aggie was not, for God took her.' That Monday morning, as she lay in my arms, I said, 'Oh, darling, you must get well.' She looked at me with a look I shall never forget, and said, 'No, I won't, mamma.' 'Shall I ask Jesus to make my Aggie well, darling?' 'No, don't mamma,' was the reply. It seemed strange to me to see that active, healthy child, laid low so suddenly, yet so perfectly resigned and ready to go. The words went as a knell to my heart. I felt that my darling had received the call, and was in haste to be gone. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' Though our hearts are crushed and bleeding, yet we can say from the depth of our hearts, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be His holy name.' I do not say that we yet feel the calm of perfect resignation, for the wound is too tender for that yet, but we do not repine. We know our darling is a bright angel in the glorious home above, but oh! our hearts and our home are so

desolate! So much has gone out with that little life, and the stroke came so sudden. How gladly would any of us have laid down our lives for our treasure, but it could not be. I know you will pray for us; we need your prayers. We are all crushed, my poor Colin most of all. He is never strong. This last year he has had to bear what few men are called on to bear. His heart has been sorely tried, and now this has come over all. His health is suffering, and I tremble for him. But we are all in God's hands; that should be quite enough for us. My great solace is in looking up, in picturing my darling's joy, and in looking forward to the glorious meeting that awaits us in our home above. Do you know this Moravian hymn? I think it is so beautiful:—

'Where is this infant? It is gone.
To whom? To Christ, its Saviour tried.
What does He for it? He goes on
As He hath ever done to do.
He blesses, He embraces without end,
And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

'He loves to have the little ones
Upon His lap, quite close and near;
And thus their glass so swiftly runs,
And they so little time are here.
He gave, He takes them when He thinks it's best,
For them to come to Him and take their rest.

. . . . . .

'Dear child! so live thou happily
In Christ, who was thy faith's beginner.
Rejoice in Him eternally
With each redeemed and happy mind.
We bury thee in hope the Lamb once slain
Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.'

"In our sorrow we have received so many kind letters from friends, many from friends who have passed through a similar bereavement themselves, and have also been able to comfort us with the comfort that they had been comforted with of God. Yes, in the sorest affliction we have the glorious hopes and the sweet consolation of the gospel, which the poor heathen, by whom we are surrounded, know nothing of. But I have been very much touched by the attempts even they have made to speak comfort to us. Among the women in the city to whom I go regularly, several have spoken very nicely. One woman said to me, 'Mem Sahib, don't grieve too much. This world is full of sorrow, but don't think yours is the only sorrow. Look at me. I had two beautiful boys; both were taken away from me when they were between eight and nine years of age. Then my husband died, and this little girl is all I have left in this world. God gives them and some He takes; those He takes were never ours, they were His. Try and forget your sorrow for the one that has gone, and think of those you still have.' All this was said with the tears in her eyes. Another said, 'Grief is a terrible thing, but life and death are in no man's power.'

"Two or three mornings ago quite a pretty young woman came up to our house, bringing her old mother-in-law with her. In trying to comfort me she told me her own story. She was married as a child to the only son of this old woman, who was then a widow. This man had also another wife, by whom he had three children, two boys and a girl. This wife and two of the children died suddenly, and shortly after so did the man, leaving his old widowed mother childless, and his poor child-

wife a widow. By the Hindu law she can never marry again, nor dress in any but the plainest clothes. She is now not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and has been a widow for sixteen years; so these two poor women live by themselves with this little boy. When they talk with me in this way, I try and tell them of Him who is the resurrection and the life; but just now my heart is too tender to allow of my speaking much on this subject. I go twice a week to these women—this is in addition to the Zenana visits. They are not exactly Purdah women, *i.e.*, they can go out quite freely, at the same time they would not be allowed to attend the public preaching in the bazaar. In the one or two houses I go to, sometimes twenty-five to thirty women collect, and hear the word gladly. Oh, how I wish I had some one to help me in this work. I am not able for much; but the field is an important one, and my prayer is that the Lord may show us how to extend the work. The women would like me to go to them every day, more especially as I take my little medicine-chest and treat the simple ailments of their children and themselves. This is a great matter for the poor things, who find it impossible to go to the hospital for every little thing. The more serious cases, of course, I send to the hospital. What a great opening this would be for a properly qualified female medical missionary. The weather is getting very warm. While I write, a terrific dust-storm has come up, and we may have a shower which will cool the air. Neither my husband nor myself are well, and we propose going to the Hills by and by. Mamma will, of course, go too.

"Did I tell you that our darling Aggie was laid

beneath a mango-tree in our little graveyard on the morning of March 5th, Mr. W—— conducting the services in Hindustani, and on Sabbath, March 10th, Colin preached her funeral sermon in the Mission bungalow?" As it turned out, this was the last official work Dr. Valentine performed as a missionary in connection with the United Presbyterian Church.

On Aggie's tombstone Mrs. Valentine caused to be added the favourite saying of her beloved child, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

CHAPTER XII.

BUSY WORK—FORCED TO REST.

BUSINESS called Mrs. Valentine again to Agra, from whence she writes to her little daughter Nellie, asking her if she remembers "her old friend Polly Paterson, the dear little girl who was bridesmaid along with you at Miss R——'s wedding, and who died soon after the former arrived in Scotland;" adding, what was so highly characteristic of her own strong faith: "Once again Aggie and she are playing together so happily in heaven. Just think of it, my darling. Heaven is a place as really as Jeypore or Dollar, and such a happy place, such a beautiful place. Ask dear Mrs. H—— to read to you about heaven out of the Bible, and see if you don't think it must be so very beautiful." From the time of Aggie's death her thoughts belonged more to that glorious home above than to the earthly.

After her return from Agra it became perfectly apparent that she should lay aside her active work, and, if possible, take perfect rest. A young pundit was engaged to assist with the secular studies of the pupils, while Julia, her Bible-woman, taught the Bible-class. She still continued her boys' or young men's class for the reading of the Scriptures, who came three times a week to read and have the passage explained by her.

On the 20th April she makes the following entry in her notebook:—

"Went to the city after an absence of seven weeks, had a class with about twenty to twenty-five women, Sikhs' and Bunnyas' wives. Also went and taught at B——; only the English-reading women and servants present. On the 30th went to city; about twenty women. Prescribed for two fever cases, two ophthalmia, one bronchitis, one teething; ordered woman with consumption to go to hospital." In congenial work like this, and writing many letters in answer to many from friends about the departure of her dear child Aggie, she tried to dissipate the gloom. Those to her children are always bright, even though many allusions are made to "her precious Aggie," and how she misses her. In one of these letters she writes: "Two days ago a mad jackal came into dear grandmamma's room. She was lying in bed in the early morning; papa and I had gone out. She saw the creature's head peeping in at the door, and on her waving her hand it ran out. The next moment it was rushing towards some of the servants who were standing outside, and one of them, who goes about the garden to kill dogs, pigs, deer, &c., that destroy the garden, had a gun in his hand and fired at it. It was only slightly wounded, and flew at him and bit his hand and arm badly; the jackal then attacked Rahamally, but did not bite him, and in a few minutes it was killed with sticks and stones. The poor man who was bitten ran off to the hospital, and papa attended to the bites. They are still painful, of course, but papa thinks there is no danger.

"I think papa told you in one of his letters about the death of an old gardener, and about his having left a widow and two little children. The little boy is about

five years old, and is, or was, the baby you and Nellie took clothes to. Well, his father, besides being a gardener, was also a soldier. They have a custom here that if a soldier dies and he has a son, no matter how young he may be, he can get his father's place, if any one interests himself for the child. Papa spoke to the commander-in-chief about little Amir, and he promised to write his name down in his father's place. The object of this is that he will continue to get his father's pay, and thus the poor widow will be supported. When the child's name is written, some man has to go with him to promise that until the child is old enough to fight he will go in his stead in case he is required. The boy's uncle went with him; so now little Amir is a soldier in the Maharajah's army, and I assure you he looked very smart with his clean white clothes, scarlet turban, and waistband. He is now beginning to come to school, and I hope he may, with God's blessing, become a soldier in Jesus' army, which would be far better than any earthly advantage he could gain. Don't you think so?

"The weather is getting very warm now, and we are beginning to wish we could be up in the nice cool climate of Landour. By and by, before very long, we intend going uphill, but wish to wait a little, so that dear papa may be able to go also. Landour is such a beautiful place; it is 7500 feet above the sea-level, and the climate is charming. The highest range is somewhere over 22,000 feet high. When the rising and setting sun shines on them, or by moonlight, they look so beautiful. You have both seen them, but, I fear, remember nothing of them. Perhaps some day, if God spares your lives, you may see them again."

Both her dear children were spared to see the glorious Himalayas, but she had gone to her eternal rest.

Describing a visit to one of her city houses, and her reception and work, she gives an account of some of the manners and customs, which will be found interesting.

"Yesterday morning I went to a new house in the city, and had such a nice gathering. I think I must tell you of the morning work, so that you may, in imagination, go along with me and enjoy it as much as I did. About six o'clock in the morning Julia (my Bible-woman) and I started off, having first put my little medicine-chest in the carriage, and taken a Hindi New Testament, a couple of hymn-books, and the 'Peep of Day.' Sometimes I also take some nice large coloured Scripture pictures, which the women and children enjoy looking at very much. We drove in at the Chandpole Gate (or Moon Gate), that being the nearest gate to our house. After driving along for a bit, we saw a woman with a little girl sitting at the corner of the street; they stood up as we drove near, and, looking very pleased, said, 'You have come.' This was Bada, the widow woman, and her little girl Gunga, that, I think, I have mentioned before. She had invited me to her house, promising to get a number of women together to listen to us. I had made several attempts to go before, but until yesterday I had not been able to do so. We drove along slowly through some of the back streets to allow the women to keep ahead of us, as we did not know the way. At last the road got so bad that the carriage could go no farther; so we got out and followed our guide through the funniest little zigzag lanes you can imagine; at last we turned into one, when the woman said, 'This is the street I live in.'

"The little girl Gunga, whom her mother had been carrying all the way (though you must know she is six years old, and is to be married next winter), now

scrambled down and ran off ahead in great excitement, popping her head in at the door of each house we passed, calling out that the Mem Sahib had come, and they were all to make haste. She did not call the women and girls by their own names, but addressed them as 'the mother of Mahadeb,' or the 'daughter-in-law of Buldeb,' &c., which is a funny custom they have. The last house in the lane was Bada's. It is built of stone and is a two-storied house. The rooms are built all round a square which is open to the sky. I was pleased to see she had it swept clean and made tidy. She placed a large stool for me and Julia in the middle of the square, and in a few moments the women came flocking in. At first they were frightened, and some of them, after peeping at me, went off again. However, about a dozen sat down at my request. I told them I was very happy to see them, and asked them if they were all well. This pleased them immensely, both because they found I could talk to them and understand their language, and because I took an interest in them. One or two who had sick children brought them to me, and after strongly advising them to use soap-and-water, I gave them any little medicine I thought they needed. On seeing this, some who had not come in before, but were peeping at me from the door, ventured nearer, and soon I had quite a large number. I then told them I had come to tell them of the love of God in giving His only-begotten Son to die for them. They listened very attentively while I told them the old, old story. I then asked them if they ever sang. They said yes. 'Well,' I said, 'Julia and I will sing you a Bhajan, which, I think, you will like, and I hope you will learn to sing it too.' I then read it over to them, explaining it as I went on. It is a beautiful native hymn and a great

favourite; it speaks of Jesus as the only Saviour, and invites all sinners to come to Him. After reading it, Julia and I sang it to them, much to their delight. We then left, promising to come back again, which they begged might be very soon. Several of them came along to the place where we had left the carriage. We next drove to a Bania's (grain merchant's) house, where I have been frequently, and where I have often from twenty to twenty-five women, but sometimes I have a difficulty in this house of getting the women to keep quiet. There are so many of them, and when half the number are sitting still, the others start off to attend to some household duties; and you must know that natives can never do anything quietly, so that while the room is being swept or the brazen plates and vessels scoured, their tongues keep time with their hands. However, they are beginning to understand that I wish them to be quite still for a few minutes while I talk to them, and most of them now listen attentively. The singing always attracts them, and some of them even join us. I have had a good many sick women and children at this house, to whom I have given medicine, and most of them are now quite well, and of course are grateful. One poor woman has been ill for five years. I hinted to her some time ago that she should go to the hospital, but as I saw she did not like the idea, I told papa about her and he prescribed some medicine. She was a little better last week; yesterday morning she was not with the other women, and on my asking for her, the woman of the house put her hands together and said, 'Oh, Mem Sahib, she is *so* ill. She is not able to walk as far as this, but she begged of me to ask if you would not take pity on her and go and see her at her own house. It is not far, but the carriage cannot go.'

'Well,' I said, 'go on and I will follow.' So she led the way, and Julia and I had to walk pretty quick to keep up with her. On arriving, I found the poor sick woman very much worse. I saw there was nothing I could do for her but again urge her to go to the hospital. I told her they had a ward for women only; that two nurses were there night and day to attend to the patients, and that she could have a woman from her own house with her to give her food, &c., and I was hopeful, with God's blessing, she would there get well. She listened quietly, and then with a sad smile said, 'It is all true that you have said. I know the arrangements are all very good, but our customs will not allow of my going. My own and my husband's family would look upon it as a life-long disgrace were I to go.' I said, 'I know your customs, but surely in a case of life and death your friends would not care about customs.' She replied, 'Oh, yes; if I must choose between the hospital and death, they would far rather I died.'

"Poor creature! my heart was sad for her—sad to see her suffering so much and I unable to help her, and sad to see her and her people so tied down by their fearful caste customs. I have written you a long letter, my darling Nellie, but I do so want both my little girls to be interested in the poor heathen in this country that I write and tell you so much about them."

On the 24th of May Mrs. Valentine wrote from Meerut to her little daughter Ettie, and by it we find that she with her husband and mother were *en route* for the Hills. Next day they arrived in Dehra, and stayed at the house of their old friend the M——s, who had been removed from the Mission station of Subathu to Dehra. There the Sabbath was spent attending the Hindustani service in the girls' school, conducted in the

morning by the Rev. Mr. H——, and in the evening by the Rev. Dr. M—— in English. They arrived at Landour in the forenoon of May 27th, in a sharp shower of rain, with hearts full of gratitude to find themselves once more among the glorious old hills, so full of many happy recollections and associations. "Now, in the dear old Hills we shall have rest and quiet, and regain spiritual and physical strength. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.'

'Would you taste the tranquil scene?
Be sure your bosoms be serene:
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life;
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race.'"

Sorely as they had been tried already, there was yet more to be borne, for here in this quiet retreat the most painful experience in connection with the "Jeypore case" was passed, and, together with the sad trial of their dear child's death, nearly broke their hearts, and would have destroyed their peace but that their minds were stayed on God. The decision of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of 1878 is here referred to, which reached them on 19th June 1878. It has been truly said that nothing can quiet and ease the undefined anxieties connected with the future like a firm trust in the superintendence of God over everything, however trifling. When this is the case we repose with confidence, feeling sure that, if it is good for us, such and such happiness or desires will be granted, or, if it should be ordained otherwise, that support and comfort will come with the trial.

It is no part of our intention in this Memoir to enter

at large into the merits of the so-called "Jeypore Case," or the nature of Dr. Valentine's appointment as private physician to the Maharajah, held with the approval of the Mission Board, as well as founder of the Jeypore Mission, an appointment which was as unique in its character as it was far-reaching in its influence. That he was the acknowledged medical missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, their "Missionary Record" monthly showed, no one dreaming of challenging the fact for years; accounts of the work were there published; and from time to time ample testimony was given from brethren visiting that interesting city of the self-denying labour of Dr. Valentine and his wife. That no missionary's wife worked harder than she did for the cause of Christ, nor more successfully, every one was prepared to state; and on a perusal of the old "Records" we find no more interesting accounts were sent home than those from Jeypore, both in the Monthly and Children's "Records," written by Dr. and Mrs. Valentine. It was natural, therefore, that both these ardent workers, whom any Church might well be proud of having, should feel "stricken with grief" when "an attack" was made, in the public newspapers, upon the character and status of Dr. Valentine as a missionary. *That* attack was heartily and clearly refuted, not only by the members of the United Presbyterian Mission Board itself, by the Synod of the Church, which ratified and approved of the Board's decision thereon, but also by his many influential friends in India connected with every mission having representatives in the North-West Provinces.

Unfortunately the "Red Book," which contained all these charges and their refutation, was not put into the hands of all the members of Synod when the decision of

the Board came up for consideration. The Mission Board fully exonerated Dr. Valentine, after searching inquiry, not only from all the direct charges brought against him, but also from those which were characterised by the press as "malignant expressions by individuals." But though the Mission Board and Synod had sanctioned his appointment as physician to the Maharajah, and agreed to recognise him as their medical missionary—nay, had ordained him to be a minister of the Church—in order to avoid making a precedent, they by a majority of two decided that after his return to India, while he held the appointment of physician to the Maharajah, he could not be recognised as an agent of the Church.

After so many years of energetic labour, when success so distinguished had been gained by him, this very naturally was felt as a great wrong, an injustice that no amount of mere conventional courtesy would remove. To the members of their Church in general, and to the public at large, the real state of the case was not fully known. The general impression seemed to be that some sort of a slur rested on the person who had been thus treated. The simple fact that his time-honoured name thenceforth ceased to appear in the "Missionary Record" left an unpleasant void, of which the worst was, that it never could be understood aright by many whose opinion he valued.

Having given many years of continuous effort and anxiety to mission-work under the Board as their recognised agent, and rejoicing to consider himself such, he felt it a cruel blow to receive the decision that he was to be no more regarded as a missionary. He would very much rather have thrown up his appointment with the Maharajah than that such should be the issue.

From the Red Book it can be seen that, after some months' residence in Jeypore, he was even desirous to do so, thinking that he could do more work for the cause of the gospel as a free agent, but was distinctly enjoined by Dr. Somerville, the then Secretary of the Board, to retain his post at the Maharajah's court, as it had plainly been acknowledged by all at home that his entrance to that influential position there had been a providential dispensation, distinctly tending to the furtherance of Christianity in Rajputana.

By one or two mails before, they had heard the decision of the Mission Board was in their favour by a majority of fifteen to four. Their friends wrote out to them rejoicing in the justice that had been shown them, never doubting that the Synod would confirm that decision. But while it did so to the fullest extent as far as Dr. Valentine's character and status were concerned, by a majority of two it resolved as follows :—

"I. That the Synod approves the rule ordinarily observed in conduct of our Medical Missions, by which the agents should derive their emoluments solely from the funds of the society by which they are appointed, and should pay over any fees which they may occasionally or statedly receive to that society.

"II. That whatever exceptions have been made to this rule in reference to Dr. Valentine, have been made on grounds reflecting the highest honour upon Dr. Valentine, and which seemed to all parties at the time to render these exceptions advisable in the interests of our Indian Mission.

"III. That the Synod recognise the value of the services which Dr. Valentine has rendered, and of the work which he has performed as a missionary, and

expresses their full confidence in his Christian character and integrity.

"IV. That, taking into consideration the whole circumstances of the case, the Synod are of opinion that the special interests of our mission in Rajpootana will be promoted and the principles on which our missionary operations are conducted will be best conserved, if the anomalous position at present occupied by Dr. Valentine is brought to an end. In ordering this decision to be intimated to Dr. Valentine, the Synod entertains the opinion that he may be able in the meantime to do more extensive good by remaining in his honourable and influential appointment under the Maharajah; express their confidence that should he resolve upon this course, he will continue to use all the opportunities afforded him in that position for the promotion of Christian truth and the glory of his Master; and, at the same time, assure him that should he be required at any time, in fidelity to the cause of Christ, to withdraw from his position at the court of the Maharajah, they will cordially welcome and facilitate his return to the position of one of their missionaries."

At this decision there were strong and influential dissents, both formal and informal, the latter taking shape in the following address of sympathy:—

"We, the undersigned ministers and elders of the United Presbyterian Church, deeply regret the decision in the Jeypore case, at which the Synod arrived on the 21st of May 1878, at a comparatively thin meeting, and by a very narrow majority. We beg leave to express our deep sympathy with you at this untoward result; but at the same time congratulate you on your complete vindication from the slanders which have been so long directed against you, and which you have borne in such

a Christian spirit. We fully accord with the resolutions of the Foreign Mission Board to the following effect:—'That the arrangement of the Mission Board with Dr. Valentine was in effect, that while he occupied the position of private physician to the Maharajah, he should use whatever time his duties in that position allowed, and the opportunities it should afford him, for the introduction of the Gospel, and the furtherance thereof in the city and state of Jeypore, and that while he held the other appointments referred to, his arrangement with the Mission Board remained unchanged. That Dr. Valentine preached the Gospel regularly on the Lord's day, and as the agent of this Board, was the earnest and zealous instrument of opening schools, carrying on bazaar-preaching, and effecting other mission work in Jeypore; that an infant church was gathered by him; and that his Christian influence in his official position has been most helpful in maintaining and extending the cause of the Redeemer in that state.' We also accord with that portion of the Synod's decision which declares, 'The Synod recognises the value of the services which Dr. Valentine has rendered, and of the work which he has performed as a missionary, and expresses its full confidence in his Christian character and integrity.' In addition, we take occasion to express in this way our unabated confidence in your Christian character, and our sense of the valuable services you have already rendered to our Church and the cause of Christ. We feel confident that in your future course you will keep in view the same great objects in regard to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ which we alike have at heart, and which formed a bond of union in the past; and we assure you that we shall follow your course with special interest, and shall rejoice if in any

way we can be mutually helpful in the work of the Lord."

This address was signed by eighty-eight leading ministers and elders of the Church.

When the news reached them on that morning of June 19th, Mrs. Valentine was terribly distressed on account of her husband's grief; her logical mind saw the injustice of the decision of the United Presbyterian Church; and when the final decision came, it was as if everything in which she had placed confidence in this world had been taken from underneath her feet, causing her to cry out in her sore agony at the time, "Is there no honour or justice left in the Church?" It went as an arrow to her heart, and was a wound which was never healed.

A friend writing about her at this time from India says:—"She was a woman of singularly transparent character, with a high sense of honour; and the idea that the missionaries in this country who testified against her husband should have acted in the manner they did grieved her above measure, for their own sake, the sake of the work, as well as of the grievous injustice to them."

Dr. Valentine's impulse was to send in his resignation as a minister of the Church, and he wrote home to friends to say so; but to this Mrs. Valentine was very much averse. She still believed matters would be righted. "The Synod has been misled; an assembly of such men as the professors, ministers, and members of the United Presbyterian Church would not allow such an unjust decision to stand." She was clearly of opinion that they should ask the Mission-house to be handed over to them at a valuation—the ground had been given to Dr. Valentine as a present from the Maharajah—she

would wait and obtain funds—have the house occupied with Zenana ladies. But one by one her hopes were doomed to disappointment. The rest they had sought for in coming to the Hills of course had vanished; restless nights and feverish days, and the load upon their hearts which the pure mountain air and beautiful scenery were unable to lift away; still Mrs. Valentine did her utmost to cheer her husband. Her hopeful spirit rose at once, and comforting words kept it up; but the very calmness, the exertion to sustain herself and cheer him and her mother, told upon her already weakened condition. They took their morning walks, mixed with their dear Christian friends, attended the delightful Bible-readings at private houses, and joined in the week-day and other services in the Union Church. In every way they used such means as they thought would strengthen their bodies, restore their health, and draw their hearts away from these trials and sorrows of earth, living as much as one could in presence of that unseen world and with the blessed Saviour.

Ever since the death of her third child, little Aggie, Mrs. Valentine's mind wandered, if possible, more than ever towards her two children in Scotland, and, as she herself said, she had most intense longings at times to clasp them in her arms; but she did her utmost to keep down the feeling, believing that it was better for them to be out of India. What Anglo-Indian has not experienced this difficulty with regard to his children—the natural desire to do the best for them, and the wish to have them beside him? Many kind friends now advised Dr. Valentine to send for his two children, his wife's health being in a feeble state, and their home so lonely; and at last he became convinced that the only hope of her recovery was either to send for the children or that

she should go to them. After much thought and prayer the latter plan was agreed upon; and though at first the excitement was almost too much for her, after a little her spirits revived. A new object was thrown into her life. The month of June came to a close, when they must return to the city, where, owing to the want of rain and famine, cholera had broken out. Still, though feeling anything but able to face such an amount of fatigue as would be required, Dr. Valentine returned to his post on the 5th of July, always a sad day with Mrs. Valentine, being the anniversary of her beloved father's death. Committing each other and all dear to them to the keeping of their Heavenly Father, Mrs. Valentine accompanied her husband as far as the end of the Landour Bazaar, trying to talk cheerfully to each other in spite of the weight each knew was on the other's heart. Writing afterwards in acknowledgment of the telegram received of Dr. Valentine's safe arrival at Saharanpore, Mrs. Valentine says: "I have been thinking of you constantly since the course of the road hid you from my sight, and my heart has been rising in prayer to our Heavenly Father that He would protect you by the way, and from sickness and danger at Jeypore; and above all, that He would give you that joy and peace which He alone can give, and which none can take away. Keep up your heart; God is for us, and none can be against us. All difficulties will be removed, or we will get strength to overcome them.

'March on then right gladly,
The sea will divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We will join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.'

Keep up your heart for my sake; I know you will."

The last paragraph refers to the state of matters Dr. Valentine might and did find in Jeypore. Writing to her father-in-law, she says:—

"Colin returned to Jeypore last Friday, and in case he may not be able to write you this week, I must try and send you a letter. You will be glad to hear that he was feeling better before he left. The news from the Synod was a great blow to him; it made him quite ill, and for some days I was frightened to see how low he was, both in body and in mind. But thank God he was able to look a little on the bright side of things. In his last letter to you he spoke of the possibility of my going home this year and bringing out the children, and as this may have made you wonder what it meant, I must tell you all about it. You know when we were arranging to leave dear Nellie and Ettie in Scotland how opposed you both were to it, and how Grannie, with tears in her eyes, begged me to try and persuade Colin not to leave them, and how I said I would never take the responsibility upon myself. Well, I have kept this resolve, but since our darling Aggie has been taken from us, dear Colin has not been like himself. Whenever Nellie's or Ettie's name has been mentioned his eyes fill with tears. Since coming up here, we have seen a great deal of an excellent school that has been established for the express purpose of enabling missionaries and other Christian people to keep their children in India till they are on a bit. The school is kept by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. S——, dear old friends of papa's and mamma's. The governesses are all true Christian ladies, the education given of the highest order, and all conducted with a view of making the religious training the chief aim. The S——s are Presbyterians; and as for climate, there is not a better in the world. Well, con-

sidering all this, friends have been advising us to bring out our children for a few years, when they are at an age not to forget us, and when their presence has cheered our desolate home for a while, they would then be sent or taken back to Scotland. I feel convinced, for dear Colin's sake especially, that this is the right thing to do. Many of the children in the school are the daughters of missionaries and ministers; also of officers and civilians who can well afford to send their children home, but who are so satisfied with this school, and who believe in nothing making up for parental influence and love, that they keep their children out for some years. After hearing the advice of friends, and seeing things as they are, Colin was the one to propose this step, so he is now quite changed in his opinion.

"Well, we have not quite (though almost) made up our minds to get Nellie and Ettie out this year. The question is how it is to be done? Colin suggests my going home for them. If I went, I could only be absent from India three months, leaving at the beginning of October, returning by the end of the year. But before I could go and return with the little ones, £300 would be spent, and this we can ill afford at present. And even if we could, if there was no necessity for it, it would be a sinful waste of money. At one time Colin thought I would require to go home for my health; and in that case it would have been a necessity; but I feel better already, and I trust the stay in this cold climate will quite set me up. We have therefore been writing to Mrs. O——, our friend in London, who was long in India, and knows a great many people who are always coming out in October or November. She is a Christian lady, and will arrange for our children as carefully as if they were her own. If she knows of

any one coming who would care for the children on the voyage, they could be met at Bombay or Calcutta, and with this arrangement, including even clothes, they could reach Jeypore for £100. In a couple or three weeks at farthest we shall have decided finally whether they are to come or not. Once we do, I will write again to you, also to Mrs. O—— and Mrs. H——. I have already written to the latter, telling her pretty much what I have told you. Till you hear again don't speak of this to any one, not even to the children. When you write to Colin, don't allude to what I have said about his being in low spirits; but if you approve of our plan, write and say so to him; it will cheer him. The one thought that makes him hesitate is its being a trial to you. Undoubtedly it will be, but yet I know, for all our sakes, you will approve of it. The schools here have no summer holidays, but give three months in winter, so every year for three months they would be with us in Jeypore; or if we needed a change we could come up, or if they were sick we could be with them in a few hours. We have not thought over all this without taking it to God in prayer; we seek His guidance in every step; pray for us that we may be guided aright.

"The rains have set in grandly. I trust all fears of a famine will be averted. Dear Grannie's cheery letter did us all good. She writes so very nicely, I wish she would write oftener. Kiss our darlings fondly for us if they are with you. If Mrs. O—— does not know of any one coming out this autumn, or if we decide to bring out the children, I shall have to come home myself. But more of this again."

During their stay at Landour both Dr. Valentine and his wife had been most anxious to get up Hin-

dustani services in the Landour Bazaar, and as Dr. Valentine had to leave for the plains, Mrs. Valentine promised to interest Mr. W—— in the matter. She refers to this in the following letter:—

"I have not much to report since my letter of yesterday. I have been with you in spirit this morning picturing your arrival in Jeypore. God comfort and support you. After tea I got in the servants and began reading the 'Way of Salvation' to them. I intended reading only a part of it and then a chapter from the Testament, but they were so deeply interested, and I found so much of the pure gospel in it, that I read it right through. I would be so glad if you would make up a nice little parcel of Hindi books, one of each kind, and send them to me. I spoke to Mr. W—— about a Hindustani service. It seems Mr. F—— of Lahore (American Presbyterian Mission), and Rev. Dr. R—— of the Landour and Mussouri U. C., held a service on Friday evening in the bazaar somewhere. Mrs. W—— is greatly in favour of our having the children home, and has again told me of her expenses and her life-long regrets at having parted from her children when young. I am well and trying to be happy, but I must confess I long much for you; and now, since we have entertained the idea of getting out the children, I have such a yearning for a sight of their dear faces, that I should feel much happier and be able to get more good from being in the Hills if this matter were settled. I feel sure, with God's blessing, I wouldn't need to go home on my own account. Let me know what you think of this. I know it is as much in your heart as mine, and we must try and bear each other's burdens.

"I came upon such a beautiful hymn or poetry in one of my books. One verse is—

> 'Hast thou within a care so deep
> It chaseth from thy eyelids sleep?
> To thy Redeemer take that care,
> And change anxiety to prayer.'

"If we could always do *that*, what a world of suffering we would ease ourselves of! Take care of yourself. Eat well, sleep well. Trust in God; put all your cares on Him, and He *will* sustain you. May His love be ever over you, and may you feel the everlasting arms supporting and the Divine voice guarding and strengthening you in every step you take. At the Wednesday evening service, while we were in church, a very heavy shower came on, but suddenly the sun shone out, and when we stepped out of the porch my first thought was, 'Oh, how I wish Colin could have been here to see this and enjoy it!' The clouds were all gone from overhead, except here and there a small flake which stood out against the clear deep blue of the sky. Amongst the Kuds and on the hill-tops the broken clouds were resting. The snows were just visible here and there through thick masses of clouds. The Doon was almost like a sheet of water, with here and there green patches. The sun was just setting, and threw that peculiar golden tint over the whole scene. Overhead on one side, and seeming to reach from the Landour hill across to the Club, was a lovely rainbow, and just above it the moon, nearly at its full. I wish I had the gift of word-painting; I should like to describe it to you as I saw it, but I can't; you must just fancy it; I must leave it to your own imagination to fill up the picture. We had asked the W——s to

tea. Mr. W—— came up the hill with us, but we found Mrs. W—— here asleep on the sofa when we came in. We had a quiet, pleasant evening. Mr. W—— had prayers before he left, and of course you and your peculiar circumstances were specially remembered, and you were commended to a Father's care. After they went and I retired for the night into my own room, our wee darling Aggie seemed to come so vividly before me. I saw her sweet face as I have not seen it for a long time; and such a sense of loneliness came over me, such a yearning—but you know it all. I was very, very sad, and lay awake a good while; but before falling asleep I was able to look up and think of our darling as she is, and I was comforted and had a good sleep. To-day I feel very well. Perhaps I should not tell you all this, but I feel when I am writing to you that I like to tell you everything that is in my heart, the dark as well as the bright side."

About this time Mrs. M—— paid Landour a visit, a lady well known in Calcutta as an earnest worker in connection with soldiers, and she now held Bible-readings in the house of her friend Mrs. M——, both ladies belonging to the American Episcopal Methodist Church. These readings became so popular that they had afterwards to be held in the Union Church. Frequent mention of these meetings is made in Mrs. Valentine's letters to her husband, but we quote from one to show how greatly their sympathy cheered her.

"I like Mrs. M—— and Mrs. M—— very much. I think they took my heart by storm because they spoke so very highly of you. They had heard something of your troubles, and as they introduced the subject, I told them something about them. They expressed deepest sympathy, and said they had longed to know the truth.

for they had always loved you and looked upon you as a pattern missionary, even before they ever met you. Mrs. M—— from Calcutta said she would tell everybody how cruelly you have been used. Then putting her hand on my shoulder she said, 'The Lord's people are a tried people. Dr. Valentine has been an honoured servant of God; his whole soul is in the Lord's work. The devil has not been able to bear to see him so honoured and owned of God, and he has stirred up this strife; but,' she added, 'God is stronger than he is, and he will bring Dr. Valentine out of this trouble, and will yet more abundantly bless him and honour him in letting him work for Him.' I felt encouraged by her words."

This is a typical example of how friends in their kindness wished to know about the "Jeypore case," and, after hearing her clear statement of facts, were convinced and expressed their sympathy. This, however, kept the matter constantly before her, and prevented her receiving that thorough rest which she went to the Hills to obtain.

One letter only will be inserted here from among the many valuable testimonials—a letter that will be regarded both with respect as well as with mournful interest by all members of the Church. It is from the pen of the late Dr. Macgill, Secretary to the Mission Board:—

"9 DOUNE TERRACE,
EDINBURGH, *January* 14, 1880.

"MY DEAR DR. VALENTINE,—Since I saw you in the body, I have perhaps more frequently seen you in the spirit than you can easily realise. Your whole 'case,' if I may refer to the circumstances which, in a very painful way (as one sympathising with you in your

troubles from the hands of your adversaries I have found it the case), had gained a sad power over my mind,—a power utterly beyond the right of those adversaries to trouble either you or me. My whole feeling regarding the case and its wretched materials looks infinitely smaller *now* to me than it did for months before your precious wife was admitted to see it from the heavenly side. She has seen it from that side now; and although I can only look from the earthly side, yet even *here*, seeing so much of what is mean and earthly in it, I am truly sorry for all the reasonable distress which it occasioned to you and me. I had not taken for granted that either of us could have been so much annoyed by 'unreasonable men.' I do not expect that any set of men will trouble me so much again, whether in or out of India. I hope you have finally closed the question with *them*. *I* think I have *done* with them, not in virtue of any change of mind in regard to them or their case, for my mind has long ago been made up on the whole of its agents and its incidents. Well may you (not they) cast the whole history over your shoulder. I have a strong conviction that you can leave it with those who have the conscience to examine fully the case, and to record according to their truth. I am confident your righteousness will be brought forth as 'the light and your judgment as the noonday.' The uppermost thought in my mind when I wrote the first line of this letter was to say, that to the pure and just mind of precious and dear Mrs. Valentine,—now in her pure and lofty region,—regarding that wretched Jeypore case, is to view it in its wretched worthlessness, and to leave it *all behind*, so far as you can, to the just judgment of God, where, if I know it at all, you *can* quietly leave it. When I think of those billows that have

passed over you in bereavement, so sad and touching after bereavement, I would say, as a friend, Let it not trouble you more. If *they* can rest, *much* more can you, though I have difficulty in seeing how *they can* in the face of what they know, and what others know. Mrs. Macgill (who wrote when I could not) joins in sincerest sympathy with yourself and dear Mrs. Fraser. I am glad to tell you, though still idle, I am progressing.—Ever affectionately yours,

"H. M. MACGILL."

How gratifying, too, it must have been to know that Dr. Valentine had the unqualified confidence of the Maharajah, and his support; that a letter was received from him in October 1874—"a nice, friendly letter"—and that though he knew all about the disputes and the honour that had been conferred upon Dr. Valentine, namely, his ordination, he never changed towards him. In all the schemes for the benefit of his people he supported Dr. Valentine. He was a man much before his time, it may be said, "being fifty years in advance of any of the people by whom he was surrounded." He was wonderfully shrewd, and weighed any matter brought before him in its pros and cons, and talked the whole subject over with Dr. Valentine before it was laid before the Durbar officially. He was well aware that it required great tact and judgment on the part of Dr. Valentine to steer clear of the two great difficulties in his path, namely, the medical men connected with the Residency, who always looked upon the medical appointments as their particular right, and the officials about the Court, who, in the first instance, were jealous of his influence with the Maharajah, and who disapproved of many of the innovations, and of the fact

that a missionary should be spreading his religion. The last time Dr. Valentine was with the Maharajah at the palace after the death of Mrs. Valentine, the latter noticed how sad his physician was, and, if possible, was more tender and considerate towards him than usual. "You ought not to grieve about anything in this world," he said. "It is a bad world, full of lies, corruption, and all manner of wickedness; it is good for those who have gone that they are done with it. As for you, I have always seen that those who are God's people have not much pleasure in this world, and they have many trials and much sorrow; but there is a reason for this; if they had no sorrow they would become pleased with the world, and not be God's people at all."

This was a remarkable statement for a heathen man to make. He was a strange combination of intelligence and superstition. Though he professed not to believe in many of the superstitions of Hinduism, yet no one was more careful in their observance.

It had always been a great joy to Mrs. Valentine to hear, from time to time, of the opportunity her husband had of speaking to His Highness about Christianity; for after Dr. Valentine presented him with a beautifully illustrated copy of the Old and New Testaments, while explaining the pictures, the Maharajah very soon by that means gained an extensive and accurate acquaintance, not only with the historical portions of the Scriptures, but also with its teachings and doctrines; and often in Durbar did he ask Dr. Valentine to explain the Christian doctrine relating to many acts of life. The Maharajah, showed a complimentary deference to his physician's position as an acknowledged missionary by expressing a belief in his honesty and

truthfulness as of value amidst legislative discussion. For often, when a difference of opinion had arisen between himself and any members of the Durbar, he would call to him and say, "Doctor Sahib, you have heard our discussion; you are a Christian minister and speak the truth, tell us what is your real opinion on this matter."

CHAPTER XIII.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

WHEN their little child died, Dr. Valentine had been most anxious that his wife should go home, feeling sure the voyage and change would have done her much good, as she was far from well. The worries of the Jeypore case, and her arduous duties (Mission and Zenana), occupied far more of her time and strength than she was then able to give. There were great difficulties in the way, however. Friends in India advised against it; and after much prayer and thought, the idea was given up, and the visit to the Hills was arranged instead. Again Dr. Valentine urged upon her to go home and bring the children back. There would be the sea-voyage, and, if necessary, medical advice of the best description to be had at the end of it, as well as the company of the children to cheer her. But to all this she replied, "I don't quite agree with you, and I'll tell you why. My health is improving; every one says I begin to look so different to what I did when I came up. I feel stronger, and if my mind could only be at rest, I feel certain, with God's blessing on the means used, that by October, when I return to Jeypore, I would be as well as you could wish me. Mrs. O——'s reply will be here at the latest the middle of September; if there is no arrangement made then, I will start off at

once. In the meantime, the necessity of going home on *my* account is removed. Let us ask the Lord to make the way clear to us."

In another letter she gives an account of how she and her mother, as well as their friend Miss M——, connected with the American Zenana Mission, Calcutta, who was living with them, were occupied.

"We have been to church this morning, and had a fine sermon from Dr. R——, from Song of Solomon i. and 7th: 'Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest.' We are to have the Communion this evening. We came home between the services, and I am very glad we did so, as we have had such a delightful time with the servants. I told Rahm Ally I wanted to read a little to them. In a few minutes Rani came to say all were in the verandah. I found all the Jhampaneese, and of course Rahm Ally, Durzi, Rani, Jelly, and Isri seated nicely, with chairs placed for us. As I sat down, Rahm Ally asked if we might sing '*Yahan dukh ham páte hain.*' Idri commenced, and it is wonderful how well we got on, Miss M—— helping us with her voice, though she does not know the Hindi words. I then began reading a very simple 'Life of Christ' that you sent up. The faces of the Jhampaneese were a perfect treat; I never saw any natives more delighted. They drew closer, and looked so earnest, every now and then putting in a word to show they were following me. When I had read all about the object of Christ's coming, and then His birth and the account of the Shepherds, I thought I would stop, and said so. They all looked so disappointed, and Rahm Ally said, 'Is that all, Mem Sahib? We want to hear more!' I said, 'Well, I'll read more; but if any one would like to go, let them.' They all said, 'Oh no, we won't go.' Miss

M—— then sang, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' in Bengali. Before she commenced, I read the hymn to them in Hindi, so that they knew what she was singing about. When she was done, I read about Christ in the Temple, and the preaching of John the Baptist, and that finished our little meeting. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time. The Paharees say this is the first time they have ever heard of Yesu Masih. Poor creatures! Oh, if they only felt their need of coming to Him! While writing this letter, I was surprised to hear somebody singing, '*Yesu Masih mera jan bachariya,*' so nicely. I went on writing not to disturb her, and found it was Jelly sitting in the verandah singing away to herself as happy as possible. She has got the tune perfectly. After dinner we must start off to church, so I must close. I hope you are having a happy Sabbath."

"Now I must give an account of our doings yesterday. We went straight to the A——s and spent an hour with them. The old Colonel was very hearty. He came and sat beside me, asking very kindly for you, and then about your affairs, what you were doing, &c. I had a copy of your correspondence in my pocket, which I gave him. He expressed deep sympathy with you, and said the clear course to him was, that the United Presbyterian Mission should withdraw from Jeypore, &c. He only wished they would let him decide the case. He sent love to you, and said he was sure it would all come right, and not to worry; but he added, 'Oh, though I say that, I know I would do the very same thing myself—worry my very life out.' From there we went to the A——s and took tiffin. . . . Then we went to Dr. R——'s. The old man had only a few minutes to spare, but during that time he asked all about you and

your affairs. He is so charmed to hear that you are getting support from home. He thought you did the right thing in answering as you did. He is indignant that the missionaries should dare to write to you objecting to your working independently, and he laughed heartily at the grand way you silenced them by using their own words when they tried to prove that your work could hardly be termed a rival or hostile one, seeing that, according to their previous statements, you were 'no missionary,' &c. Dr. M—— (of the American Presbyterian Mission) says I am to tell you that you need feel *no* restraint in the matter of baptizing converts and establishing a church. He hopes the Board will refuse to carry out the decision of the Synod, and to carry on the matter until the Synod meets again, when a more righteous judgment may be hoped for. . . . What a very interesting time you must have with the boys. I just long sometimes to be back to my work. Do you know I have been thinking it would be a good thing to put up a largish Kutcha house, more like a shed, out beyond the Malees' house. It should not cost more than Rs. 30 or Rs. 40 for the school. I could superintend it quite as well as if it were in the verandah, and with a good teacher, I think it would get on better. My chief reason for wishing this is because of our children. It would not be nice for them at their age to see so many dirty half-naked boys sitting about the verandah; besides, there is more or less danger of sickness and infection. The bigger boys could always come up to the verandah for their Bible lesson or English-reading lesson. What do you think of this idea?"

The work in Jeypore occupied much of her thoughts. The verandah school had suffered by her absence, not-

withstanding that a Brahmin had been got to teach the secular classes, while Julia, the Bible-woman, assisted Dr. Valentine with the Bible-classes. They were anxious to get a good Christian teacher, but experienced the usual difficulty in doing so. No missionary is willing to part with a good Christian agent. Writing to her husband on the subject, Mrs. Valentine says: "I shall see Mr. L—— about a teacher for the school whenever he comes up. Mr. L—— says we are almost sure to get one from Futtehgurh. I do hope we will, so as to get the school into good working order again. I suppose we will scarcely get a good man under Rs. 16 a month. I was asking Mr. V—— about Jaisree. He thinks we might arrange for his being trained along with his normal class as a teacher, we paying for him, and of course he would be free to come to our Mission when his studies were completed. I am glad Chintu Ram is to teach the verandah school in the meantime. It is the very thing mamma suggested, and I intended writing to you. I am pleased to hear Nursingh Lall (a Brahmin) joins the class with Kulloo's family; it shows his caste prejudice is not very strong. Your New Testament class must be very interesting. . . . Mr. L—— is so nice. He has been with us for the last hour; he spoke so very warmly about you. He admires you and your work exceedingly; says you need no vindication in India, for there is but one opinion of you in Mission circles outside your own Mission; and puts down their opposition to narrow-mindedness and jealousy. . . . Yesterday at the meeting our subject was *patience*. I gave as my text Psalm xxxvii. and 9th, and Hebrews xii. 1st and 2d. I had been feeling rather impatient all the week, but yesterday, in thinking of these passages, I felt a great calm come over my spirit. I did

not feel like making any remarks, but after reading my verses, Mrs. M—— looked at me as if she expected something, and I merely said I thought we had the secret of patience in these verses, viz., resting on the Lord and looking unto Jesus. I am trying to do both to-day, but somehow I feel restless.

"Mrs. H—— came to us last night; she seems very pleased to be with us. She is making me read German with her, and says I read very well. . . . Your dear wee note, written on Sabbath, is just in. I am so thankful that your services were so interesting. It is a fine thing to be able to speak and work for the Master. May He add His blessing to all you do in His name. You will have got my envelope with the telegram."

Mrs. Valentine had written to her friend Mrs. O—— about the children, who had got a lady to write to her brother-in-law in America, asking if they could bring out the children on their return; if so, he was to communicate with Mrs. O—— in London direct, who was to telegraph the one word "yes" if Mr. N—— could bring them. The following quotations from her letters show the result of these arrangements, and the systematic manner in which she worked, and the accuracy of her calculations:—

"I cannot tell you how thankful I felt when the telegram came. I told you in my letter yesterday of my restlessness; the reason was, I had for a month past fixed upon the 17th as the day I should receive the telegram, much to the amusement of mamma, the W——s, &c.; and when it actually came on that very day, they were quite astonished. God has been very good in opening up the way for our darlings. He is indeed the hearer and answerer of prayer. . . . My daily prayer since we thought of sending for the children has

been in effect that the Lord would direct us in this; that if it was not in accordance with His will, He would put obstacles in the way, and not allow us to carry out our plan; but if it was good for us, He would remove them, and let us indeed see that He was guiding us. God has indeed removed all difficulties and arranged for us; let us put all doubts and fears from our hearts. He who has helped us hitherto will help us all our journey through. One thought comes constantly into my mind and saddens me: it is to think how delighted our precious Aggie would have been to see her "poor sisters." But oh! I know this is want of faith. Our angel child is far happier than any earthly joy could have made her, and perhaps she knows of our plans and rejoices with us. You know one of the last intelligible things she said to me was, 'I am so sorry for my poor girls, because they are in Scotland.' . . . May God give us grace and strength to do our duty to our remaining darlings, and may He protect them from all evil."

"I spent the interval between the services at the G——s'. You will be glad to hear that the faithful words I was enabled to speak to her some time ago are bearing fruit. I had another long talk with her; she seemed really seriously impressed. She goes to all Dr. R——'s meetings, and seems to enjoy his sermons so much. She has refused an invitation to a great fancy ball that is to take place soon, and to which she was looking forward with great pleasure. She was telling me she would like to learn Hindi, so as to be able to read the Bible to her ayah. Altogether I was very much pleased with her. May the Lord grant that she may indeed become one of His own people. . . . The G—— girls promised to come up this morning at seven o'clock

to take a walk with me. I hardly expected them, but punctually to the hour they arrived, and we walked all the way round the big Chukker. It was a charming morning, and they enjoyed themselves very much. When we came in I gave L—— a lesson in Hindi. I think she will learn it very quickly."

Writing to her father-in-law on the same day, 26th September 1878: "I was so glad to hear from your last letter that you had entered into our plans for our dear children so unselfishly. The two years since we left them have been sad years, but we feel that all our trials through which we have been made to pass have been part of the all-things that work together for our good. I expect dear Colin up (D.V.) on the 7th; it will be three months since he went down. However, though the separation has been a great trial, yet being up in this fine climate has been the means of restoring my health, with God's blessing. I feel quite strong now, and as well as I have done for years past. I trust I may be able for more work this year. Though Colin is not to allow me to do much teaching myself, I will superintend what I trust may be a great work. The weather now is charming. It is so cold I am wearing almost as many flannels as I did in Scotland. We had a grand fancy bazaar yesterday for our Union Church up here, which is still considerably in debt. We cleared £140, which we considered very good. The bazaar was held in what is now called the Municipal Hall, where dear Mr. S—— of the Baptist Mission, Cawnpore, &c., used to hold his services. My mind wandered back to those days, and as I stood behind my stall, I thought of all the dear ones who have since then entered into their rest. What changes have taken place since then! How sweet to know that they have all

been ordered by a loving Father, and that the unknown future is also in the same unerring hand."

When Dr. Valentine came to spend the few days in Landour before taking Mrs. Valentine and her mother back to Jeypore, the rains in the Hills had ceased. The country was at its best, greenness and grandeur everywhere around, a clear sky overhead, with a sun which permitted them to roam about all day long. The distant mountain-tops covered with snow stood out sharp and clear in the distant horizon, and the complete change from the heat of the plains and the reunion with his dear wife was an unspeakable source of thankfulness and joy to both. Most pleasantly did the days pass, between the delightful morning walks round the hills, visits to friends, a picnic to the mossy falls, the Sabbath and week-day services in the Union Church, and Bible-readings at the houses of friends. They resolved to leave on the 25th October. The morning came all too soon. They walked all over the place, spoke of the Lord's kindness to them since they had come there, and looked forward with hope and confidence to the future. The luggage was all sent on ahead, and they started. But first they must go up to wish their kind friends the W——s good-bye. They lingered around the top of the hill, feeling a greater degree of reluctance to part from the old scenes and the dear old friends than formerly, and as they passed down and waved their adieus to friends they met by the way, this feeling continued. Reaching Rajpore about four o'clock in the afternoon, they discharged their Jhampanies and drove into Dehra to their dear friends the M——s, where they remained a few days. On the Saturday morning the grave of her dear father was visited—the last visit, as it proved to be. After breakfast they drove

to the gardens of the Dehra Doon, spending the day at Arcadia, where she took much interest in watching the process of picking and preparing the tea. Sabbath was spent in attending the Mission services in the Dehra girls' school and reading Farrar's "Eternal Hope." She was deeply interested in this book, following with clear and logical interest the various arguments advanced; deeply regretted its publication, considering its arguments as falling invariably short of the hopes excited,—and even if true, the general tendency of the book, in her opinion, ignored the great argument of the Apostle, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come."

They reached Jeypore on the morning of December 1, and though the house and all the rooms and everything wakened memories of her little child, she bore up nobly. In a letter to Mrs. L—— she touchingly describes this:—

"Oh! how well I can sympathise with you in the feelings you describe with regard to the death of your precious baby. It was a terrible trial coming back to this house, every object in which reminds us of our darling. Her little empty bed, her toys, her books, her scribblings on the wall, all, all tell of joys gone, never in this world to return; and it is only when we can think of her as she now is that we are comforted. None but those who have felt the loss can tell what the blank is, what the yearning; still we know it is our Father who has done it, and done it in love, and that should be enough for us."

She at once, in her old energetic way, set about gathering up the fragments of the work she had left when compelled to leave for the Hills. The lower

classes she did not again attempt to teach. James, the native Christian from Beawr, assisted by Julia the Bible-woman, and Jaisree, one of the most advanced of their scholars, carried on this department of the work. A class of young men from the city, some from the Maharajah's college, public offices, &c., was taken by her, when she instructed them in English, Hindi, and arithmetic. The Bible lessons she gave were her chief delight, and into that she threw her heart and soul; and by careful and prayerful reading and meditation she prepared herself, and presented the words of life to these lads in a form they could not fail to understand, while her earnestness arrested their attention. One lad, a newcomer, at first showed signs of making light of these lessons, advancing frivolous and foolish objections; but quietly and firmly she spoke to him, telling him, in a tone that admitted of no manner of doubt, that the book he was reading was the very Word of God—that it was the book which thousands of the very wisest men who ever lived had accepted as such. The tone, manner, and solemnity which pervaded her speech struck the lad; he became one of the most candid of her scholars, and while never having accepted of Christianity, he accepted the Scriptures as the Word of God. His questions ever afterwards were marked by a sincere desire to know exactly what was meant, and to conform his life to its teachings, short of touching his caste and publicly confessing Christ.

Her visits to the Zenanas were again resumed. She received a kindly welcome from the ladies of the old houses, and one or two new ones were opened to her. The work was, if possible, more interesting than formerly, and on her return home she had much to tell of what she had seen and heard and been enabled to do.

The humorous as well as the sad side of these visits were related to those about her, but as the children were now on their way back to India, they were not committed to paper. More than ever did she become impressed with the importance of this work, and as she had often hoped in the past, she prayed now and longed for the time when the present Mission-house would be handed over to them to be occupied by one or more Zenana lady missionaries, whose work she could open up and superintend. Up to the very last she believed that the Synod would do this act of justice. Had she lived, she would have been doomed to that disappointment which her removal spared her experiencing.

Preparations were made by her for the return of the children, and everything for their happiness that could be thought of was done to bring back to them and to her the dear old days when they were all together. As no information had been forwarded as to the name of the vessel or time of its sailing, Mrs. Valentine and her husband were kept very anxious, and it was only a short time before their arrival at Bombay that they received the particulars. But they had great comfort in their entire trust in the wisdom and kindness of the American missionaries, who, notwithstanding their own large family, had kindly agreed to bring them out. Mrs. Fraser left Jeypore on December 1 for Bombay to meet the children and bring them up. She was detained in Allahabad for a few days on account of sickness, and after her arrival in Bombay she was unable to find any one who could tell her when the "Cella" had sailed or might be expected to arrive, causing much anxiety to the poor mother.

A few days after Mrs. Fraser left, duty called Dr Valentine to Sambbar, and he insisted upon his wife

accompanying him. In the train they had the unexpected pleasure of meeting old friends who could revive pleasant memories of old Simla days and people. They went on to Sambbar, and thoroughly enjoyed the salt lake, that most wonderful natural phenomenon of Upper India. Years before Mrs. Valentine had made herself acquainted with the traditions and scientific theories that had been advanced to account for its existence; and had space permitted we would have liked to insert these.

Notwithstanding the Synod's decision, Dr. Valentine, though unconnected with the United Presbyterian Church, assisted by friends at home, continued his missionary labours. The work at Jeypore, in all its branches, was being carried on, and matters were brightening around them. The young women had been set to do embroidery-work for the purpose of earning something towards their support. While at Landour Mrs. Valentine had opened up a sale for as much of this kind of work as the young women could produce. She had a special class for training the female Christians for Zenana-work, and occasionally took them with her when she visited the Zenanas in the city. Every evening the whole of the native Christians came up to the bungalow for the purpose of reading the Scriptures with Dr. Valentine, who was going through the Old Testament systematically, carefully explaining it as they went along. They were very happy at this time, the work going on to their satisfaction, with the prospect of so soon seeing their children. After the native Christians had read their chapters and gone to their homes, they sat around the fire and read Farrar's "Life of Christ," that part in which he describes the examination before Pilate. The scourging

and the walking through the streets manacled and bleeding greatly touched her, and she remarked, "And He suffered all this for us!" A week or two after, writing to her mother, she mentions that she had to part with her Bible-woman under rather painful circumstances, adding, "I am a little anxious about my Zenana-work, but the Babu says Adelaide and Harriet will carry it on in the meantime;" and still further tells her of the progress of the work. "We are opening two girls' schools in the city, or at least the Babu is. We have a new inquirer, who seems very earnest. May the Lord bless the seed that is being sown in his heart. He eats with the Christians, and seems rather a nice man. That Sepoy, too, who comes on Wednesdays, declares his intention of joining us. Christiana's brother, too, is learning, but as yet he does not seem to be in earnest."

The Babu referred to is Babu Chintu Ram, who was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay when on his way up-country with Messrs. Shoolbred and Steel. The Doctor very generously handed him over to the new Mission, where he laboured with great earnestness and fidelity for many months. Adelaide and Harriet were his wife and sister-in-law. The latter in a few weeks after Mrs. Valentine's death followed her to the tomb.

On the 25th of December a telegram from Mrs. Fraser was received, saying that the children had arrived, both well, and that they would start immediately for Jeypore. The parents' hearts were overflowing with gratitude to Almighty God for His goodness, and in the fulness of her heart she wrote to a dear friend:—

"I am so glad to hear such good accounts of your

dear children. God bless the wee lambs, and long spare them to be a blessing to you and the world! Our darlings are not with us yet, but we had the joy of receiving a telegram from dear mamma yesterday, saying that they arrived safe and well. We hope to have them with us on Monday evening. I cannot pretend to say what our feelings are at the prospect of seeing them again. My heart is too full to write of it. As I look over this last year, with all the varied way the Lord has led us, I am constrained through my tears to say, 'He hath done all things well.' With regard to the dear children coming out, we have been led step by step in a most wonderful manner, and I don't think in all my experience I have had such a manifest sense of God's guiding and overruling providence."

On Saturday the 28th December Dr. Valentine went to Agra to meet the children, and stayed with his dear friends the V——s of the Church Mission, and was, while there, permitted to be of service to them, as Mr. V—— was then in a dying state. On Monday the 30th, the children arrived, and met their father at the railway station, "Nellie boisterous with delight, and little Ettie looking shy, and not very sure that it really was her father after all. Though they had grown greatly and were much taller, yet the dear faces were the same." Starting from Agra,—after bidding, as it turned out, farewell to the Rev. Mr. V—— at the station,—as they came along in the train, their merry voices and loud laughter made him feel that they were the same dear old children, taking a lively interest in all the strange sights they saw, animals, men, houses, &c. Little Ettie had no recollection of Jeypore, but Nellie remembered many things about the house and compound, servants, and circumstances that had taken

place so long before, that the accuracy of her memory surprised her father greatly.

At one of the usual stations for being detained, Dr. Valentine telegraphed to his wife that they were coming along; and as they walked about the platform, he could not help recalling to mind how just a year before, according to the day, he and Mrs. Valentine had returned from Allahabad when little Aggie was with them, and how she ran into the refreshment-room and enjoyed *choti hazari*.

On their arrival at Jeypore, about nine o'clock at night, there was Mrs. Valentine walking along the platform looking out for them. She had soon spied them out, and, in a moment more, mother and children were locked in each other's embrace. Tears of joy poured down her face as she kissed them over and over again. When home was reached, she hastened with them to the light, saying, "Let me see your dear wee faces. Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "you are my own dear children, the same dear children." Writing to an intimate friend a few days after, she says: "You can imagine with what feelings we clasped our darlings to our hearts after an absence of two years, especially as we had in the interval had a season of such deep sorrow. Oh, the gratitude that filled our hearts that night as we drew round the family altar!"

Next morning the whole family were astir by daylight, and rambled through the garden and grounds, Nellie amusing her parents greatly by her recollection of the old places, recalling many circumstances in connection with them that had escaped their memories completely. For several days, the children themselves, and the arranging of their clothes, occupied most of their mother's time, but once these were arranged she

again continued her regular work. The hours after the native Christians had read their chapter and had gone home were devoted to the children. Music, hymn-singing, and games made them feel as if life were indeed beginning again. Many old friends paid visits at this time, and many happy scenes connected with past days were recalled, of school-fellows who had been scattered all over the world, and many of them who had passed away for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST DAYS.

MRS. VALENTINE was greatly cheered at this time by a visit from Rev. Dr. R—— and his wife; she enjoyed beyond anything the services he conducted in the verandah and drawing-room to crowded audiences, many educated and English-speaking native gentlemen being present. It was a constant source of delight to her to have the dear old man in her own home, and to hear him speak so lovingly and earnestly for Christ. These were the last English services she was permitted to join in.

Another circumstance greatly pleased her. Two of the native Christians, James and Kaisri, had expressed a wish to get married. Mrs. Valentine wrote to the lady-superintendent of the Dehra Mission School informing her of the circumstance, and stating the kind of wives it would be good for them to have, viz., those who had given evidence of truly loving the Lord Jesus Christ, and who had manifested a desire for engaging in mission-work, and explaining how anxious she was to employ the young women in Zenana and Mission work. After some little correspondence the matter was arranged, and the young men proceeded to Dehra Doon, were married, and returned with their wives on the 16th February (1879). On their arrival, every one was

greatly pleased with the brides, Mrs. Valentine's heart in particular overflowing with gratitude. She took this as a renewed token of the Lord's favour in her work, and as a blessing to Jeypore.

On the afternoon of the 19th she prepared a feast for the native Christians in honour of the arrival of their new friends. Everything was arranged by her in the most tasteful manner, her interest in the welfare of the native Christians being real and genuine. She rejoiced with them in their joy, wept and sympathised with them in their sorrows. They were all her children; she loved them as such, and rejoiced, too, that she was in a position to assist them in their necessities. The marriage feast was but another expression of that love which she felt for them, and the young wives were at once placed upon the same footing as the older Christians in her sympathy and love.

In the evening they had a magic-lantern exhibition, and after several hymns were sung, they were committed by Dr. Valentine to the love and care of our Heavenly Father, and they returned to their own homes, feeling that they had in her found a loving friend, upon whom they could with perfect confidence rely. Bukshi, who had been married to the native Christian Kaisree, lived in Dr. Valentine's compound, so that Mrs. Valentine had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with her. She found out what she had been taught, and in what department of the work she could take part. Annie Peters, the wife of James, lived with her husband in the city, but she spent the day frequently at the bungalow. In this way, Mrs. Valentine became thoroughly acquainted with them, and they with her; and she assisted them in many ways when assistance was greatly needed. She was delighted to find Annie

Peters an accomplished girl; she could not only read and speak English remarkably well, but she could play the harmonium, sing both English and Hindustani tunes, and was clever with her needle. Her companion, Bukshi, although not so far advanced, had excellences in her character peculiar to herself, which qualified her for carrying on, under careful superintendence, mission-work. As Hindi was the language in which the work in Jeypore was carried on, they were at once set to learn it, and they soon became proficient in its use. The verandah school was removed to the city, James teaching the boys, while his wife taught the girls in another room. The children of the compound, who were not able to go so far, remained under Mrs. Valentine's care, as well as the young men, who still came to her for instruction. The school, however, taught by James, was visited by Mrs. Valentine twice a week, when she took the classes herself, explained to Annie any difficulties connected with the strange Jeypore language of the children, and the manner and subjects in which she wished them to be instructed. Bukshi and her husband's sister were posted to a large school in another part of the city.

This was a most interesting school. Arrangements could be made for converting it into a regular Zenana, into which twenty or twenty-five *purda* women could be gathered, and to whom Mrs. Valentine explained the Scriptures until the sun was high in the heavens. The Wednesday-evening meetings increased in interest. Mrs. Valentine had an immense fund of Hindustani maxims, stories in prose and rhyme, which she repeated and entertained the people, extracting from them many a moral lesson. The arrival of the children had so brightened her life that she felt encouraged in her own

particular work. Several inquirers of a superior class were coming to the bungalow to talk with her husband, and there was everything at the present moment to cheer them, causing them to be thankful and happy. This was apparent all over her work and life. She was pleased with her children; they were a great source of comfort to her. Enthusiastic little Nellie enjoyed the fun of sitting down with the native Christians on the floor, tailor-fashion, while the staid, wise, industrious Ettie, whose little busy fingers were never idle, equally enjoyed the scene from her position by the table where she stood with her fancy-work, only stopping to inquire the point of some story that had amused the company. The newly-married friends had brought with them quite a number of new native tunes, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the meetings. The time passed pleasantly away.

It had been resolved to send the children to the Woodstock Girls' School, Landour, an institution which owes its origin to the Rev. Mr. Woodside, and, like other large-hearted schemes instituted by him, is calculated to influence, for good, generations yet unborn. The preparations for their departure occupied a good deal of Mrs. Valentine's time as well as Mrs. Fraser's; but when all was ready, she insisted that, though the change would no doubt do her good, she could not spend the summer at Landour, holding her strong ideas about wifely duty, that a wife's place was by her husband's side; that she must first think of him, next her children, and lastly herself. No; so long as her health did not necessitate a change, her clear duty was to remain in Jeypore for her husband's and the work's sake. Looking forward hopefully to the pleasure that awaited them in spending the month of October in the

Hills, when the children would again return, she sent them away under care of her mother on the morning of the 25th March (1879). Any one seeing her face could guess how deeply her heart was touched at the parting; but brushing the tears away that welled up into her eyes, she parted with them with a loving smile, remarking, "Poor wee things! they will be very happy at school I am sure, and it will be such a pleasure to see them again in October." Poor wee things indeed! The kiss that rested on their lips was the last they ever received from their loving mother. Instead of good-bye, it was farewell for ever in this world; though her little darling Ettie and she are united now.

The indisposition of one of the children kept Mrs. Fraser away much longer than she intended, though she was most anxious to be back in Jeypore to look after her daughter, who required her assistance doubly, as another little child was expected soon. It was with great reluctance that Mrs. Valentine gave up for the time her school-visiting and Zenana-work. The hot season was coming on, and she and her husband enjoyed long drives in the moonlight after the evening Bible-class was dismissed. These moonlight drives were continued each month to the end. "How delightful they were!" writes Dr. Valentine. "What a number of things we talked about!—her childhood, old Agra, Jhansi, Mussourie, dear papa, his sayings and doings. With deep emotion she spoke of this and that friend who had left this world, but with joy mentioning all whom she believed had gone to be with Jesus. Gratitude for the past and hope for the future of time and eternity, were themes she dwelt upon again and again."

To a dear Indian friend, now living in London, she writes, giving an account of the work at that present time:—

"JEYPORE, 3*d April* 1879.— . . . You ask about our work. I am thankful to say it is getting on encouragingly. We have now five schools in the city and one at our own house. Three of these are for girls as well as boys. The average attendance, on the whole, is two hundred and fifty. Of course, all the children are receiving daily religious instruction. Then I have gatherings of women in the city, to whom either I myself or one of my Bible-women go and talk and sing *Bhajans*. I also have a little Zenana-work, though just at present, owing to some peculiar conjunction of the planets, or stars, or something, most of my houses are closed. I believe the heavenly bodies will soon be in a more propitious state, and then I hope to get on again. My husband's work is also being blessed, I am thankful to say. I think I told you he baptized six persons at the end of last year. Since then two new inquirers have been with us; one is now urgent for baptism, and we hope before long to see him admitted into the Church. All we want is peace to carry on the Lord's work in this field where He has placed us.

"We have a large Sabbath-school at our house for heathen children; the average attendance is a hundred and ten. This is very good, considering we are more than a mile from the city, where the scholars live. We have a prayer-meeting in the city every Friday, attended by Hindus and Mohammedans. The Maharajah is as friendly as ever. A few weeks ago he presented my husband with his photo; later on, he drove him home in his own carriage, going out of his way to

do so. Ten or twelve days after, Colin prescribed for him, and at the present time one of the Maharanis is under his treatment. I mention these facts in case a report, that has been widely spread, should come to your ears, but one that is untrue, namely, that 'Dr. Valentine is no longer physician to the Maharajah; for although his pay is going on as usual, the Maharajah does not avail himself of his medical advice, having fallen out with him.' This report has been widely spread by our so-called friends, and arose, I suppose, on the strength of the fact that the Maharani who died persisted in having native doctors, in spite of the Maharajah's advice, as she believed all English medicines were adulterated with cows' flesh and blood. You see, however, in spite of this evil report, the Maharajah is as friendly as ever."

There was one thing that grieved her more than even the bitter persecutions through the newspapers and otherwise, more than the personal insults to which they were subjected from those who had been kindly and hospitably treated, and who, before the days of strife, had acknowledged their work to be a great and good work,—and that was the harm that all this dispeace was doing to the native Church, and the attitude she and her husband were compelled to take with their missionary brethren. She never got over the injustice they had done them; it ate into her very soul, disturbed her mind, and spoiled her usefulness.

"Oh, how happy we might have all been!" she used often to say; "how mutually helpful we might have been to each other! It is terrible to feel that men who ought to stand side by side should have such feelings and destroy each other's work. But, painful as it is, we must accept of the situation."

During the time that Mrs. Fraser was at the Hills, Mrs. Valentine and her husband were greatly cheered and encouraged in their work by the progress made by the inquirers and the earnestness displayed by the native Church in volunteering to assist in the work. Dr. Valentine had on all occasions tried to impress upon the native Christians that the very highest object that they could set before themselves was to work for Christ, at such times and in such a manner as to convince the heathen by whom they were surrounded that they were doing so from love to Him who had done so much for them. He also carefully pointed out that it was necessary to have paid agents, and that they who ministered in holy things were entitled to be supported, and suggested the advisability of having regular collections on the Lord's day. This scheme was heartily entered into, and was a source of much thanksgiving.

Mrs. Fraser returned from the Hills about the beginning of May, and, as previously, assisted in the morning classes of lads from the city, which greatly relieved her daughter. Another circumstance occurred at this time which caused her much satisfaction, and was made the subject of much thankfulness. In writing to a friend she says: "This is our meeting in the city. Colin will go. I never attempt to go now, but shall drive over and see the poor B——s, and perhaps call to inquire for Major J——. You will be glad to hear that we have to-day bought the house in the city out and out. Will you please bring me a quantity of steel knitting-pins? I am getting the girls in the school taught to knit, and shall require a good quantity, say a couple of rupees' worth."

Friends at home, feeling strongly the injustice the Synod had done Dr. Valentine, resolved to support

him in his work in Jeypore. They wished him to build a church in Jeypore, but this was a much more difficult thing to do than they had any idea of, the chief difficulty being in obtaining ground. Besides, Dr. Valentine was convinced that the best way to influence the city was to have a house within the city itself. On various occasions he had attempted to obtain this, as will be seen by the minutes of the Mission Board, but he was not then able to accomplish the desired object.

Shortly after returning from the Hills, a large house that the proprietors wished to sell was heard about, most conveniently situated for their purpose. It was discovered, however, that the house was deeply mortgaged, and months were spent in collecting the creditors together and arranging their claims before the title-deeds were signed and the house actually came into Dr. Valentine's possession. All through these negotiations the exertions of Babu Chintu Ram were simply invaluable. During the time the arrangements were being made for the transfer of the property, Mrs. Valentine paid many visits to the house. She fixed upon the various rooms in which the different kinds of work could be carried on. The Zenana rooms, the girls' school, the church, &c., &c. To her it was granted to see the purchase completed, but on the Sabbath it was intimated to open it for public worship, she lay on her death-bed. One sows, another reaps.

The meeting referred to in her letter was held in the house of Babu Chintu Ram, where popular lectures were delivered to educated native gentlemen. The subject of religion was always introduced, and most pleasant and profitable conversations took place, oftentimes con-

tinuing until a late hour. Though Mrs. Valentine was cut off from active bodily work for a time, she was by no means idle, for we find her writing to friends to enlist their aid and sympathy for some children who required to be placed at school, clothing them and sending them on their way. At another time it is to collect clothes for soldiers' children going home. Her heart was touched at the thought of their being forced to go from the warm climate of India to the cold of England very badly protected against the change. Again she is to be found in the beautiful fern-house in the public garden, which she and her husband took such an interest in, they having brought from the Hills a large collection of ferns for it, besides four fern-trees from Darjeeling. As it was on the way to the hospital, and as Mrs. Valentine drove there with her husband every morning, returning home by herself, they would turn in to the fern-house to admire its artificial beauty, bubbling fountains, &c., &c. The wonderful things in the house caused a great attraction to the city people, who came in large numbers to see it, and in the morning many women of the city took advantage to visit it. Scarcely a morning passed but Mrs. Valentine had an opportunity of speaking a word for Christ to them. It may be truly said of her that she lost no opportunity, that she was

> "Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair,
> Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
> Sowing the seed by the fading light,
> Sowing the seed in the solemn night."

At one time it was a holiday in the city, and the women, from ten to twenty of them, came out in the early morning dressed in their best clothes, singing

their uncouth wild songs. They landed in the fern-house. A Mem Sahib was there; they stood at a distance, drawing their veils more tightly over their faces, and peeping at her through an opening formed by the fingers of the hand. To their surprise the Mem Sahib advances and enters into kindly conversation with them, learning much about themselves and their homes that was exceedingly interesting. More especially she inquired what were their hopes as to eternity, and managed to tell the simple story of the woman of Samaria, directing them to Jesus. When she turned to leave, most profound were their salaams. On another occasion it was a number of women from some distant village; they formed part of a wedding party, and many of them had never seen a Mem Sahib before. They were indeed very much surprised when she not only spoke to them, but did so in their native language, and some of them said they thought that all the Sahibs and their ladies were so full of anger towards them that they would not speak to them. Two very intelligent women among them said they were well acquainted with the Mem Log (English ladies), as several of them taught a school in their town. On inquiring what town they came from, she found they were inhabitants of Rewari, and that the ladies were the Zenana ladies of the Delhi Mission. This led her to ask them what the ladies had taught them. "Oh, they teach sewing and knitting," was the answer, "and the ladies are full of love." "But don't they teach anything out of a book? What book is it, do you know?" inquired Mrs. Valentine. "Who knows?" was the reply, "but they say it is their religious book." This led her to repeat the old, old story of Jesus and His love in her own clear, graphic way, a theme which, instant in season and out of season,

she was delighted to tell, and her heart was gladdened by the exclamation from these women who heard the story for the first time, "How sweet and full of love all this is!"

She asked those of them who lived in Jeypore if they would not like to hear more about this loving Jesus, offering to instruct them. They at once gave their address and the name of their house; but after sending some of their people to look for it, she was unable to find it out. The bread, however, was that day cast upon the waters, and may yet be found. On returning to the bungalow, Mrs. Valentine had her New Testament class in the verandah with the young men who came from the city. The native Christians now met on the lawn in front of the house to read their evening chapter, and to engage in the evening devotions. They read regularly through the Old Testament from the beginning, and by means of the various aids at their disposal had entered somewhat minutely into an examination of the passages read. These inquirers were increased in number. They had been enabled to introduce what they had long been trying to do—native instrumental music. One of the converts had quite a genius for composing and singing native hymns, and they were looking forward to the coming cold season with delight, when they would be enabled to send him out, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Isa Das, Dr. Valentine's first convert, to the surrounding villages to preach and sing the songs of Jesus.

Mrs. Valentine was very cheerful at this time, her children at the Hills occupying much of her thoughts; delighting to think of their return home, and above all that they were growing in knowledge, in grace, and in favour both with God and man. She had herself been

at the same school, and knew every foot of the walks, khuds, and streams, and was able to picture to herself their gathering wild flowers and ferns in the spots where years before she had played. She looked forward to spending the month of October in Landour, and she loved to think how delightful it would be to have the children with them, to take them out walks in their holidays, and have one or two nice picnics to some of the beautiful waterfalls she and her husband had visited together in past years. The children's home-life for the cold season was all marked out, and it was to be "so happy." In these moonlight drives she often dwelt upon the memory of her parents, friends, their doings and sayings, of the delightful meetings in her father's house for the reading of the Bible. The fresh and sometimes peculiar, yet always devout, views of Divine truth that were advanced by the missionaries of different denominations, as well as laymen, who, unfettered with the theology of the schools, viewed the Word of God in the light of their own experience, had been greatly enjoyed by her, and, young girl as she was at the time, she gained an amount of systematic theological knowledge that is rarely acquired by one so young. The instructions thus received had been of the most incalculable value to her when systematically teaching the Bible to her women's class, or combating the captious opposition advanced by the Hindi or Mohammedan friends who visited them.

We have already seen what a hopeful temperament she had, and her implicit faith in the guidance and goodness of God was something quite remarkable. She delighted more than ever at this time in quoting hymns and recalling the happy hours spent one delightful autumn evening with Dr. R—— of Irvine in the house

of a friend there. When a temporary doubt took possession of her or any of her friends, she delighted to repeat a verse of some appropriate hymn; and during many sleepless nights she would be over and over again heard repeating—

> "O Lord, how happy we should be
> If we could cast our care on Thee!" &c.

From extracts from letters preserved we are enabled to relate some of the things that occupied her attention during these last months. The infant child of Babu Chintu Ram was continually ill with fever in the city, and finding that the only hope for the child's life was purer air, Mrs. Valentine insisted upon the whole family coming up to the bungalow for a couple of months. By the blessing of God and the means used, the child recovered, and she had the pleasure of seeing them return to their home with the child well and hearty. Then there was a girl aged seventeen in very delicate health, hopelessly ill indeed with consumption, to whom Mrs. Valentine daily ministered many comforts, and who lived to see her dear patron laid in the tomb, though she only survived her a few weeks. She was, too, gratified to study the character and conduct of Chintu Ram's wife, and to see how she gathered her whole family round her at night and held family worship with them in the most solemn manner. She sympathised with the native Christians in all their relations of life, was sure that their lot was in many respects a harder one than many believed, therefore every red-letter day in her family was taken advantage of to provide some little treat for them, "something that would bring them all together and make them happy something that would be pleasant and profitable at the

time, and to which they could look back with delight." The expense of getting up these little treats was not much, except when little presents were given; but the amount of forethought and labour was sometimes considerable in arranging that everything should pass off without a hitch. In a letter to the children dated 11th June she describes one of these little treats, given on the occasion of Dr. Valentine's birthday. She was more than usually anxious about this love-feast, as she felt it would be the last she would be able to give for some time to come. Alas! alas! it was indeed the last she was ever able to provide and superintend.

It proved more than usually successful. Thirty-four native Christians were present. When the European friends had left, the meeting became less formal, and it was kept up until a late hour of the evening. Daniel, one of the native Christians, delighted all of them by singing his own hymns. For the first time he sang his hymn, "Speak for Jesus." Mrs. Valentine was so delighted with the sentiment it conveyed and the tune to which it was sung, that she requested him to sing it over again, when she and the whole of the company caught up the chorus and accompanied him. The hymn henceforward became a great favourite, and the last meeting that she was present at on the Wednesday evening (9th July), she sang it with the composer with more than her usual vigour, suggesting at the close one or two verbal alterations, which she considered would be an improvement. All through their married life she had kept the birthdays of herself, her husband, and children, giving presents to each and receiving from them in return, and on this last birthday she presented her husband with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, published at the Oxford University Press. She said,

"I have had a difficulty to know what to give you this time, but thought of this as the best present for a birthday. The references, &c., will assist you in your Bible class."

Their dear friend, Mr. J—— of Simla, sent Dr. Valentine a small book entitled "Daniel Quorum and his Religious Notions," by Mr. L. Pearse. This book he read aloud to her more than once right through. She was greatly delighted with its keen quiet humour, its strong common sense, and above all the thorough practical way in which the doctrines of our holy religion were expounded and enforced, often remarking, "This is a book as nearly as possible a model for dealing with our people here."

As the hot season went on, Mrs. Valentine used often to sit for an hour in the interval of work and read a chapter or two of the book with great delight; her remark to her husband was, "Let us have a talk with our dear good friend Daniel; it will do us good." It is consoling for her friends to remember, on looking back, how the very last days of her life were spent; how many sweet seasons of intercourse they had with her, and how it was so apparent to all there was a calm restfulness about her, that she was indeed filled with the peace which passeth all understanding. Her exalted Christianity was the most impressive of lessons to all around; her brightness, her sweetness, her utter unselfishness alone, made more than one wish to serve God as she served Him. There are no sermons to be compared with those which a long consistent happy Christian life preaches. God's will was indeed hers; in the midst of many vexations and worries, one could yet see she trusted in Him, that she was at rest. There was no prating of patience and resignation, and gloomy

looks. No; she waited His good time for a deliverance from it all, and abounded in interest in the earthly life that still lay around her, doing her part in the world in one way if not in another, and entering into even the very smallest details if it was to give pleasure to those who were near and dear to her.

Several years before, two mechanical speaking dolls had been bought for the children, but in some way or other the arrangement had got out of order. She took them to pieces, and thoroughly repaired them, and at her leisure moments re-dressed them. She bought a number of new pets for the children, and taught them some clever tricks, quite pleased to think of the pleasure it would give her darlings when they returned in the cold season. She also arranged that a small plot of ground should be allotted to each, that they themselves might tend and care for it, and had it planted with flowers and vegetables, picturing to herself the pleasure it would give them to present a bouquet of flowers or a dish of vegetables from their very own gardens. She was greatly gratified to see that quite a number of school and other children, both in the compound and the neighbouring village, had learnt a number of new hymns, which they sang very correctly and sweetly. After the lessons were over, three or four of them went and sat in the north side of the verandah, and sang these for about half an hour before returning to their homes.

But now her working days were drawing to a close; and the well-laid plans that she had formed for the future, she was not permitted to carry out in this world. As the day of her trial approached, her friends felt some little anxiety on her account, but she herself was full of hope that the same God who had been with her in

the past would lead her safely through the present trouble. She dismissed her classes for ten days; she arranged the various articles in the rooms with her own hands, as she would like to have them; her whole house was set in order; her servants and bazaar bills were paid, and her account-books made up as correctly and neatly as before. The places where she wished several flowering-trees to be planted were pointed out and the trees put down. On Wednesday the 9th of July their love-feast was held as usual on the lawn, and she was more than usually interested in the proceedings, joining in the singing of the native hymns with much vigour. The meeting broke up; it was the last time she was to preside among them, for when another Wednesday came round her gentle spirit was in the land of eternal day.

"For a month or two," writes Dr. Valentine, "I had, Indian fashion, been sleeping outside on the lawn, and got up at the first streak of light, dressed, and took a walk round the garden. My wife also got quickly out of her room, and joined me generally about 5 or 5.30, and took a short turn round the garden with me. Then *choṭi hazari* was brought, and, along with our little 'Daily Bread Book,' as we called it, we read and talked together over the passages read. On the morning of the 10th July we took, as usual, a drive round the Ramnarvas Gardens, and as I had a call to make in the city that morning, I was unable to drive home with her, as I had done the two preceding evenings. On returning to the bungalow, I found her with her boys reading the New Testament. After they had been dismissed the other scholars sang one of their beautiful native hymns, which delighted her greatly. After breakfast and worship,

she came into my study, and we had a talk about some new forms of work she was most anxious to see introduced, and, because it was greatly in her mind, she talked once more of the Agra Medical Mission Training Institution, and the necessity, as soon as we again heard from Dr. H——, of calling a meeting and trying to get it set a-going. She longed to see this agency commenced, knowing practically the value of it, and then and there a plan was drawn out for both schemes, and each of us went to our several duties. In the evening, as I had to make a call in the city, she drove out with her mother to pay a visit to the tomb of her darling Aggie, which was now finished, but which she had never seen. She was wonderfully composed and self-collected, went and wiped off some leaves and sand that had gathered over it, and laid down some fresh flowers. With the tears still wet on her cheek she gave the keeper some directions about the training of the roses that had been planted, and left. When I returned home, she and her mother were seated on the lawn, and she was reading aloud several passages which she had selected from the book 'Daniel Quorum.' She continued reading for a few minutes longer, when the book was laid aside, and we talked about it and passed on to other subjects. She seemed more than usually happy, spoke of our trip on the Continent, laughed heartily at several amusing incidents that had taken place, till the twilight deepened into night, and after tea we called up the native Christians to read with them, the chapter happening to be the fourth of Deuteronomy, where Moses reminds the children of Israel of all the way the Lord had led them. We were later that evening than usual, and after every one had retired to rest we two sat for some time afterwards

talking of the way the Lord had led us, and enjoying the coolness.

"On the morning of the 11th I saw her descending the steps of the verandah earlier than usual. She said this would be the last time she would walk round the garden for some days to come, remarking that when she came again she would see a great difference in the young trees just planted. As the atmosphere was close and steaming, we had the tea-tray for *choti hazari* taken to the south side of the bungalow, where there was a slightly cool breath of air. There we sat while she pointed out the passage in the little text-book with a smile:—'July 11—I am with thee to save thee.'

"As we read the precious promises we applied them to ourselves and our present circumstances, assured that He who had perfected His strength in her weakness in the past would be with her still and make our hearts rejoice. Promise after promise and assurance after assurance coming in rapid succession on the gaze was as a voice from heaven saying unto us, 'Fear thou not.' She had no fear, and we believed that in the course of an hour or two it would be all over and well with her. But before returning to the house she expressed a wish to visit our native Christians 'for the last time.' She asked, with more than her usual tenderness, after those who happened to be sick, said a kind word to each of them, and on leaving gave them her salaam; Kulloo, who had been in our service for ten years, poor old Kulloo offering up a prayer for her safety as she left them, never to return.

"The day passed wearily away. The trials of the previous years, and the effects that they had produced on her nervous system, now made their appearance. At last baby was born, and she was able to rejoice in

the knowledge that though this new little daughter was small, 'it was healthy and lifelike.' She spent a restless night, and, not liking her appearance, I telegraphed on Saturday for Dr. M——, but unfortunately the telegram was kept in the office, about a couple of hundred yards from Dr. M——'s bungalow, for five hours before delivery, so that he lost the train. High as the pulse had been all night, it became still higher, so that it was with difficulty I could count it. Excessive prostration set in, and I began to fear that the end had come; but, by means of stimulants and strong soup, she revived. Taking in the whole position, she asked me about herself. I answered, 'Not so well as we should like you to be, but after this nourishment and a good sleep I am very hopeful you will wake better.' She looked hard at me as if scanning my every expression and would see into my heart. 'Tell me what you think about me. You know I am not afraid to go, if it is the Lord's will.' Feeling her pulse herself she observed how high it was, adding, 'This is all so sudden.'

"I endeavoured to look calm and collected, and tried to soothe her, reminding her of the portion we had read that morning in the little daily text-book, 'My times are in Thy hands; fear not,' &c. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I know all that, and that the Lord of hosts is with us.' The nurse now entered the room with a pleasant countenance, and my wife said to her, 'Nurse, I am not well, I am very ill; I am going away to be with Jesus.' The nurse tried her best to soothe her also, and I urged upon her that the most important thing for her was rest, entreating her to be quiet, and to compose her mind and try to fall asleep. When I had prayed with her shortly, she said, 'That is all right now. We are all

in God's hands; we will leave ourselves with Him. I will now take the nourishment, and anything you think right. But if you think I am dying, do not give me any stimulants or anything that will make me insensible, for I wish to deliver up my spirit into the hands of God with all my senses about me. 'Nurse,' she continued, 'you must not think that I am afraid to die. Jesus is my Saviour; I will go to be with Him.' 'Oh, yes,' we both answered, 'but we hope you have many days of usefulness before you.' She was very patient, took whatever was given to her without a moment's hesitation, and tried to compose herself to sleep; but the sickness again returned; she became nervous and sleepless, which gave her much concern. After I had prayed with her, she said she would like to pray also, and in a firm quiet tone, evidently, however, with suppressed emotion, she began, 'O Lord, I should like to live for the sake of my darling husband, my poor old mother, and my children; they are very young yet, and need a mother's care and a mother's love. *But not my will*, but *Thy* will be done. Perhaps this is the way Thou intendest to draw their hearts more closely to Thyself.' She continued in prayer for some time, and having finished, added, 'Now we must leave the issue with God. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me.'

"I had given her a little more medicine to promote sleep, mentally praying that it might produce the desired effect, but it proved the opposite; she became excited and would not be kept from talking. No, she had one or two things she wished to say so long as she was able. 'The missionaries have treated us cruelly,' she said; and when I urged her not to think of them

now, she answered, 'No, darling; I merely mentioned it to say how it grieved us that Christian men should have acted as they have done. But tell them that I forgive them—forgive them from the bottom of my heart.' Speaking to the nurse, she said, 'Do you know, I think I shall recover, and I will tell you why. God has visited me in thought, and said you will have a little girl in place of Aggie. I loved Aggie so much, O so much! But with regard to Aggie there are things that I deeply regret. I think sometimes I did not do my duty to her as I ought to have done. The Lord has given me this little girl just as one other trial, to see if I would do better, and for this reason I think I shall get well again.' 'Oh, darling,' I remarked, 'what more could you have done for Aggie than you did? But the Lord has given you this little one, and we all believe that you have many days before you to love it and train it for Jesus. If you would only try and get rest; it is so important.'

"She said, 'Well, then, read me some of the hymns the children sing so sweetly.' Thinking it would soothe her, I did so. She repeated many of the lines after me, adding, 'That is one dear Nellie sings, and that is wee Ettie's favourite, dear children!' The beautiful hymn that she loved to repeat, and which had given her so much comfort in her times of trial and sorrow, 'Take it to the Lord in prayer,' was joined in by her with much earnestness; sometimes she repeated the line once or twice, 'Take it to the *Lord* in prayer.' In this way I went on reading, noticing that she was becoming drowsy and gradually lowered my voice, and was glad to see that at last she had fallen asleep; but so light was it, that though I rose as gently as possible, she noticed me and cried out, 'Don't leave me; take hold of my

hand.' I did so, and in a few minutes more she fell into a deep sleep. This continued for perhaps a couple of hours, and she awoke refreshed. We expected Dr. M—— early in the morning, and though the pulse and temperature were still alarmingly high, we all thought her better; and when the Doctor arrived, he too was hopeful that the worst was past.

"The Sabbath hours passed away, but she remembered that it was the day on which we had intended to open the new Mission-house in the city, and she thought of her seventy girls, while we tried to encourage her by remarking that we believed she would have many, many happy Sabbaths with them and 'her women' in the same house. The thought evidently gave her pleasure, adding to our words, 'If it is the Lord's will.' And yet there was a feeling that all might not be well with her, for she at one time appeared anxious that her mother should take rest, saying, 'Perhaps you will require to look after the children, and must keep yourself strong;' and at another saying to me, 'If I go away, you will know what I would like to say to all my friends.' She slept a good deal during the night, and on Monday morning said she felt better than she had yet been, and Dr. M—— left, hoping all was well. The weary hours of that day passed away full of hopes and fears, and at night she fell asleep. I was sitting beside her listening to her quick breathing, when she started in her sleep and looked wildly in my face, exclaiming in terror, 'What was that?' I said, 'Nothing, dear; you have had such a nice sleep, for which I have been so thankful.' She looked wildly about for a minute, then screamed out, 'Oh, my God!'

"Immediately fits of shivering set in, so severe that the bed shook under her, and her mother had the greatest dif-

ficulty in keeping her in her arms. While she continued to scream out, 'Oh, my God, my God!' Everything we could think of was done to promote heat, and in the end it was followed by profuse perspiration, which literally poured from her. She became quieter, took the medicine and nourishment we offered her most eagerly, crying out, 'Pray for sleep—just sleep.' It was not until about three o'clock in the morning that sleep came, but then it was not natural. She breathed heavily, and the pulse could not be counted. When the morning light had broken in we changed her clothes and pillows to make her more comfortable. She moved about so as to adapt herself to them, saying, 'Oh, this is so pleasant.' It was impossible not to see that the end was near. She continued quite conscious until about two o'clock in the afternoon. Several of the native Christians and servants wished to see her for the last time, and were permitted to do so. Our dear and sincere friend Major J—— also came in, and seeing how near the end was, knelt down and prayed. She breathed and moaned heavily. At last it ceased, her eyes opened, and, without a struggle, she breathed out her gentle spirit into the hands of God who gave it.

"After she had been laid out, I went into the room to see her once more. There was a sweet smile playing over the lower part of the face, but the painful contraction of the eyebrows told of the struggle she had passed through. The contraction spoke of earth, the smile of heaven. In an hour or two afterwards the contracted look had smoothed out and she lay as if in a pleasant sleep.

"Those who gazed on the quiet brow and saw the look of perfect peace there, thought involuntarily of the sacred words, 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

Thus passed away one of the best of wives, best of daughters, most loving of mothers, and as devoted and devout a Christian, with a true missionary spirit, as ever entered the realms of bliss. Her friends could in sincerity thank God for her sweet life, and all its blessed teachings, and for her holy dying. Hers was no dead faith, contenting itself with mere words; grace had been given her to live out all the lessons. She herself thought the truths she held were living truths, not mere lifeless doctrines. Death is a cruel spoiler to those who are left sorrowing the loss of departed friends, but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

On the morning of Wednesday, about seven o'clock, she was carried in her coffin into the drawing-room, where Dr. Valentine read the latter part of the 7th chapter of Revelation in Hindi, and said a few words both in English and Hindi. Babu Chintu Ram offered up a prayer in Hindi, and then the procession was formed, a great concourse of native friends and her scholars following, and as they passed the houses of the servants, the poor women whom she had so often assisted manifested their grief in the usual vehement manner. The native Christians had wished to carry the body all the way to the graveyard, but when this was not allowed, they lifted the remains tenderly from the carriage at the gate and bore it to the tomb. The Rev. A. S——, of Ajmere, read the funeral service of the Church of England, after which Dr. Valentine again read the same part of the 9th chapter of Revelation, and said a few words in Hindi. The native Christians then sang one of her favourite hymns, "Agur Main farishta hoti." Their last flowers were thrown on the

coffin, the slabs of the tomb adjusted, and the mourners turned sorrowfully away.

Her whole life may be fitly summed up in the following beautiful lines, she having fulfilled every sentiment contained in it :—

"My Lord, in me Thy mighty power exert;
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart,
Sweeten my temper, and subdue my will;
Make me like Jesus, with Thy spirit fill.
I want to live on earth a life of faith;
I want to credit all the Bible saith;
I want to imitate my Saviour's life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife.
I want to bring poor sinners to Thy throne;
I want to love and honour Christ alone;
I want to feel the Spirit's inward power,
And stand prepared for death's important hour.
I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesus' name;
I want a living sacrifice to be
To Him who died a sacrifice for me.
I want to do whatever God requires;
I want a heart to burn with pure desires;
I want to be what Christ my Lord commands,
And leave myself, my all, in His dear hands.
O Lord, pour out Thy spirit on my soul,
My will, my temper, and my tongue control;
Lead me through life, to glorify Thy grace,
And after death to see Thee face to face."

THE END.

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